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# THE NEW WONDER WORLD

*A Library of Knowledge*

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IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

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- I. THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLES
  - II. INVENTION AND INDUSTRY
  - III. THE NATURE BOOK
  - IV. EXPLORATION, ADVENTURE, AND  
ACHIEVEMENT
  - V. STORY AND ART
  - VI. SPORTS, PASTIMES, AND HANDI-  
CRAFT
  - VII. THE HISTORY BOOK
  - VIII. THE LITERATURE BOOK
  - IX. THE CHILD IN THE HOME
  - X. THE WONDER OF LIFE
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SIR GALAHAD

*From a painting*

"My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure."

# THE NEW WONDER WORLD

*A Library of  
Knowledge*

CHECKED 1986



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CHICAGO

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*Volume VIII*

CHECKED 1984



THE  
LITERATURE BOOK



*The first time I read an excellent book, it  
is to me just as if I had gained a new friend;  
when I read over a book I have perused be-  
fore, it resembles the meeting with an old one.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

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## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

THOSE of us responsible for providing worth-while experiences in literature for children view the extensive array from which to select with a feeling of bewilderment. We go back in our thinking to the rare old tales we read as children; surely the children whose lives it is our privilege and responsibility to guide must have an opportunity to read these stories. Then we recall the vast fields of our inherited store that we did not find time to read, and we hope that the children of to-day will have even wider opportunities than we had to revel among the stories and poetry bequeathed us from several centuries past. But once we begin to reflect on the innumerable worthy readings which have been written since we were children, we stop short and ask ourselves how, out of this total bewilderment of wealth, we can help the child select the best for him.

The editors of this volume faced a similar quandary when they began to select the contents of this book. The problem was not only one of selecting literature worthy of inclusion, but also of selecting a great enough variety to satisfy the range of reading interests of individual children, for we know that children at a very early age tend to have preferences. Not that children should be encouraged to read the same type of story always, but that through going to "The Literature Book" they may browse to satisfy this specific interest and in so doing become interested in some of the poetry or other style of stories found there.

As a result of the child's reading experiences we want him to have met the charm of a quantity of desirable readings and also to have acquired a taste for a variety in style and content. He should be able to appreciate the simple, forceful style of Selma Lagerlöf while reading "The Seventeen Cats" from *Marbacka* as well as the curt humor of Mark Twain in *The Facts in the Case of the Great Beef Contract*; he should be able to rollick through the ludicrous pictures presented by Cowper in *The Diverting History of John Gilpin* and also pause to reflect on the subtle beauties of "The Moonlit Rain," "The Clover Globes," and "A Blue Wave's Ledge" in *The Shadow People* by Frances Ledwidge. His interest in the lives of people worth knowing should prompt him to read and enjoy the life of Kipling. Through happy earlier experiences in literature he should be eager to turn at times in his reading to myths and old legends. Some of these have been included in this volume. As a result of this contact with a variety of authors, styles, and forms in literature his more genuine preferences and appreciations will grow and he will extend his reading to sources beyond "The Literature Book."

## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

The organization of the content within "The Literature Book" was planned to make the volume as appealing and as serviceable to the child as possible. Upon opening the book to get acquainted with its contents he immediately notices Hamlin Garland's *The Coming of the Circus*. What could have more popular appeal to children than this idea? If he is interested in Greek life he can turn to the section of Greek legends in *The Best of Good Reading*; for his reverie he may turn to the poetry found in *Wild Ballad Makers*; or he may take the volume and read it through from the beginning if he chooses to do so. No matter what his desire may be, the editors hope to facilitate that desire through the organization of each section.

There is another factor concerning a volume of literature which should be considered because of its importance. The family and the school groups of children have access to this collection of readings will acquire a common background of literature which will form the basis of many a valuable, spirited discussion based upon individual reactions to different stories, poems, or incidents connected with their reading. True, there will be other books beyond this one collection, but references in this volume to selections common to their other reading experiences will be understood by all. Such discussions may prove invaluable in developing appreciations for literature and the desire to read more of it. These two results above all others are what the editors most want for the readers of "The Literature Book."

Rona G.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In Volume VIII we acknowledge with thanks, the courtesy of the following publishers, in allowing us to use text and illustrations on the pages named:

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# THE LITERATURE BOOK

• YOU remember that once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a king named Shahrazar who loved so well to hear stories that he had one told every night; and how after the story was told the king had the story teller's head cut off; and how his beautiful wife, Shahrazad, managed that her story could never end in one night, so that the king's curiosity saved her head; and how this went on and on for a thousand and one nights. You know that these tales have been collected and handed down from one country to another, and that you can read them in "The Arabian Nights."

You know too that long before man learned to put his ideas into writing he told stories, both in verse and prose, which have come down to us as myths and folklore; and that when man first learned to use written words he wrote stories; and that the story teller has always held an important place in the life of his people; and that the story form of writing seems to give most pleasure to people.

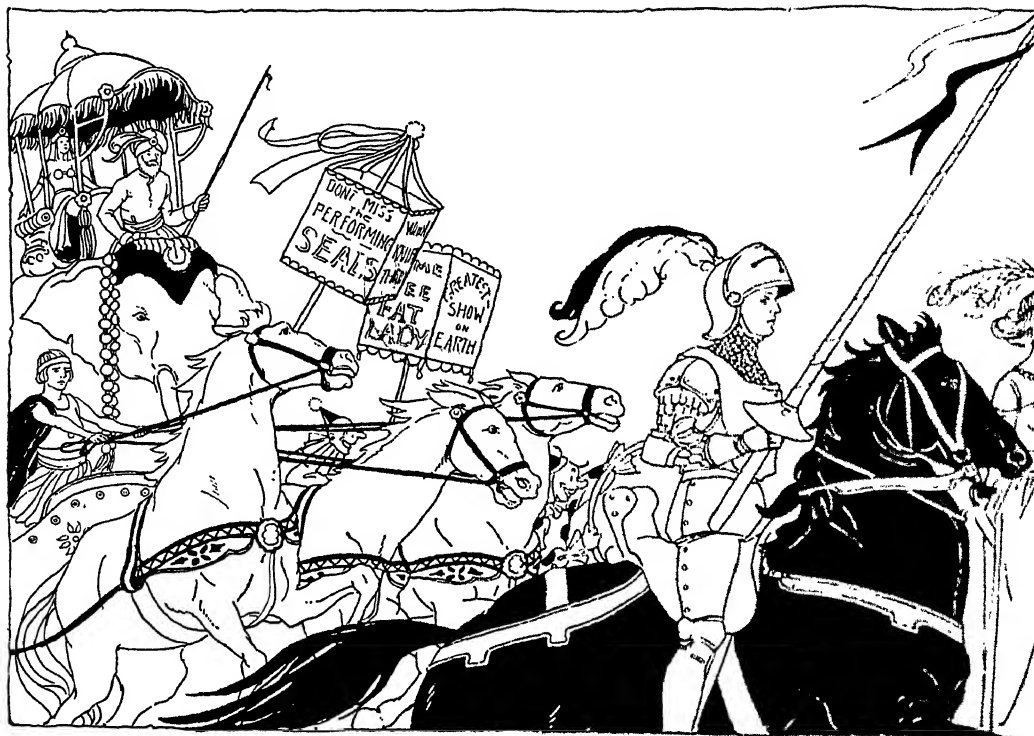
Do you remember how when you were very small you asked over and over again, "Tell me a story"? And then how thrilled you were when you could first read stories for yourself! And aren't you glad that there is an older "Storyland" as well as one for the smaller child?

Here are stories about people from many lands. Like the monkey that blew into the conch shell and found to his surprise that it talked, you will be surprised at the things you hear and see when you delve into the stories in this book. Perhaps you will help King Priam defend Troy, or ride with Sheridan, or gallop along with John Gilpin; you may help young Lochinvar steal his bride away or listen as the "Skeleton in Armor" tells his ghostly story; you may even shed a few tears over "Rab and His Friends," and you are sure to laugh at Polly and her scrapes. And the finest part of it all is that you can read the stories just for fun; you may be sure you will not be called upon to tell them for one thousand and one nights to save your head.



THE LIBRARY OF THE POET LONGFELLOW

A portrait of Emerson hangs over the secretary; one of Hawthorne is in the center; and one of the poet himself is on the easel.



## FROM RECENT TALES

### THE COMING OF THE CIRCUS<sup>1</sup>

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

THERE were three great public holidays in the lives of the Sun Prairie boys, the Fourth of July, the circus, and the Fair. To these was added The Grange Picnic, which came in about 1875 and took place on the 12th of June. Of all these, the circus was easily the first in importance; even the Fourth of July grew pale and of small account in the light of the "glittering, gorgeous Panorama of Polychromatic Pictures" which once a year visited the county town, bringing for a single day the splendors of the outside world in golden chariots, mystic as the clouds at sunset. The boy whose father refused to take him wept with no loss of dignity in the eyes of his fellows.

Lincoln and Owen always went, for they had an understanding with their father whereby they earned the half-dollars necessary for their

tickets. This silver piece seemed big as the moon when it was being earned, but it came to something small and mean when it was exchanged for the blue slip of cardboard which was the "bearer" to the pleasures of the circus. Lincoln and Owen had earned their money by herding gophers. Rance was paid for herding raised chickens.

June was usually the month of the circus. In those days the most "colossal of circuses" did not travel in special trains, but came by country in the night, and bloomed out under canvas under the rising sun, like mystic splendid flowers, as permanent as granite in the eyes of the awed country lads who came upon them timidly from afar.

No one but a country boy can rightly understand the majesty and allurements of a circus.

<sup>1</sup> From "Boy Life on the Prairie," by Hamlin Garland, published by Allyn and Bacon Company.

pass from the lonely prairie or from the dusty cornfield to the town and to face the "amazing aggregation of world-wide wonders" was like enduring the visions of the apocalypse.

From the moment the advance man flung a handful of gorgeous bills over the farmyard fence, to the golden morning of the glorious day, Lincoln speculated and argued and dreamed of the glorious "pageant of knights and ladies, glittering chariots, stately elephants, and savage tigers," which wound its way down the long yellow posters, a glittering river of Elysian splendors, emptying itself into the tent, which housed the "World's Congress of Wonders."

The boys met in groups on Sunday and compared posters, while lying beneath the rustling branches of the cottonwood trees. Rance, who always had what he wanted and went where he pleased, was authority. He had seen three circuses before — Lincoln only one. From the height of his great experience, he said: "No circus is ever as good as its bills. If it is half as good, we ought to be satisfied."

The important question was: "Shall we go in the afternoon or in the evening?"

The evening was said by some to be much the better. Others stood out for the afternoon. Milton suggested going to both, but such extravagance was incredible, even to Rance. No one was known to have done such a preposterous thing.

"Well, then, let's go down to the parade in the morning, and hang round and see all the fun we can, and go to the circus in the evening."

To this Lincoln made objection. "We'd all be sick by that time."

The justice of this remark was at once acknowledged. Only one thing remained to do, — see the usual morning parade, then lunch, and go early to see the animals. They parted with this arrangement, but at the last moment their plans were overruled by their parents, who quietly made ready to go in the big wagons and family carriages; and the boys were bidden to accompany their mothers, who considered a circus much more dangerous than a Fourth of July.

Early on the promiscuous day, Lincoln and Owen, seated on a board placed across the wagon box behind the spring seat on which the parents sat, jarred and bounced on their way to the county town, envying Rance, who galloped

along in gay freedom on his horse. Milton was another unwilling guest of his parents, and sat in the back seat of the old family carryall, sharing with Lincoln a sense of being thrust back into childhood.

Other teams were on the road: young men and their sweethearts in one-seated "covered buggies," and parties of four and six rumbling along in big wagons trimmed with green branches. The Richardsons went by with the box of their lumber wagon quite overflowing with children and dogs. This caused Mr. Stewart to remark, "Such men would pawn the cook-stove to go to the circus," but Lincoln did not share his disgust. It seemed to him that poor folks needed the circus quite as much as any one — more, in fact.

Carriages came streaming in over every road, till by ten o'clock the town was filled as if it were the Fourth of July. Accustomed to the silence of the fields, and the infrequent meetings in the schoolhouses, the prairie boys bowed with awe before the coming together of two thousand people. It seemed as if all of Cedar County and part of Cerro Gordo had assembled. Neighbors greeted one another in the midst of the throng with such fervor as travelers show when they meet unexpectedly in far-off Asiatic cities.

The children waited in nervous impatience for the parade, which to them was not a piece of shrewd advertising, but a solemn function.

A circus without a parade was unthinkable. It began somewhere — the country boys scarcely knew where — far in the mystery of the East and brought before their faces, — the pageantry of "Ivanhoe" and marvels of the "Arabian Nights." It trailed a glorified dust, through which foolish and slobbering camels, and solemn and kingly lions, and mournful and sinister tigers, moved, drawn by mountainous and slow-moving elephants, two and two, chained and sullen, while closely following, keeping step to the jar of drums and the blaring voices of golden trumpets, ladies, beautiful and haughty of glance, rode on parti-colored steeds with miraculous skill, their voices sounding small in the clangor of the streets.

They were accompanied by knights corseleted in steel, with long plumes floating from gleaming helmets. They, too, looked over the lowly

people of the dusty plains with lofty and disdainful glance. Even the drivers on the chariots gave off the same weary and contemptuous air as they swayed on their high seat, or cried in far-reaching voices to their horses, who did not disdain to curvet for their rustic admirers.

The town boys, alert and self-sufficient, ran alongside the open chariot where the lion-tamer sat, surrounded by his savage pets, but Lincoln could only stand and look, transfixed with pleasure and pain,—the pleasure of looking upon it, the pain of seeing it pass. They were wistful figures, these farm boys, standing there in the dusty, ill-fitting garments, sensitive, subtle instruments on which the procession played, like a series of unrelated grandiose chords.

As the lion passed, vague visions of vast deserts rose in their minds. Amid toppling towers these royal beasts prowled in the vivid moonlight. The camels came, reaching long necks athwart the shadows of distant, purple pyramids, when on hot sands at sunset, travelers, with garments outblown by the sirocco, passed near a crouching Arab. Mounted on elephants with uplifted trunks, tiger-hunters rode through long yellow grass. Feudal tournaments lived again in the troops of glittering knights, and the wealth of the Indies shone in the golden chariots of the hippopotami. The jungles of Hindoostan were symbolized in the black and yellow bodies of the tigers. The heat of Africa shone from their terrible eyes.

All that Lincoln's readers, histories, and geographies had taught him seemed somehow illustrated, illuminated, irradiated, by the gorgeous pageantry of this parade.

When it passed, he found his legs stiffened and his hands numb. Owen's unresisting fingers, close clasped in his, testified to a similar interest.

Upon this trance, this sleep of flesh and riot of imagination, the voice of their father broke sharply.

"Well, boys. That's all of it. Now we'll go and get some dinner." In such wise does practical middle age jostle the elbow of dreaming youth!

Lincoln drew a deep sigh and turned away. He had no desire to follow the chariots, but he wished they might all come his way again.

Out on a vacant lot on a back street, in the

shade of their wagon, Mrs. Stewart lunch, and while the horses munched over the endgate, the boys tried to eat small success. The cold chicken without savor, the biscuits like cotton only the jelly cake and cold tea had interest them. Eager to get to it they heartily wished their parents them go alone. It was humiliating to tag along behind, Lincoln leading the hand, but the time for rebellion yet come.

At last, after agonies of impatience mother put things in order and brought her own clothes as well as those of six children. The family set out, joining the throng of people converging upon the grounds.

The country folk tramped heavily unaccustomed sidewalks, while the town people, lighter shod and defter, seemed another race of beings. Their women were much gayer and more graceful. The men wore summer suits that fitted and stylish hats, and went unattended by elders, like blackbirds. The bankers drove their families down in fine carriages, and the Attorney, going by in a white "Morning" coat with a wide black band, said, "Good-morning, Neighbor Stewart," and Lincoln bowed his head while his father saluted.

As they came out upon the green lawns, the white tents, the fluttering flags, the pictures of the side-shows, the people, the pictures of the side-shows, the ticket-sellers and lemonade men, enchanted the country boys, who were glad to keep in the protecting shadow of their resolute and stalwart father.

The tumult was benumbing. On one side of the path was a long line of enormous canvas screens, on which were painted the wonders within, <sup>was</sup> a pig playing violin, an armless man sewing with a bearded lady, a fat boy, a man taking a hat from a bottle; and on a stool before the door stood alert and brazen-voiced youths, contemptuous, and alien of expression, who recited the virtues of each show, and inviting the crowd to enter.

Lincoln could have listened to these day, so fascinated was he by the line of faces, so different from those he knew

were so wise and self-contained, so certain of themselves, these men. To them the noise, the crowd, the confusion, were merely parts of their daily life.

"You have still a half an hour, ladies and gentlemen, before the great show opens," one called with monotonous, penetrating, clanging utterances, like a rusty bell. "Still a half an hour to see the wonders of the world, Madame Ogoleda, the snake woman. Walk in — walk in; only a dime to see this wondrous woman and her monstrous serpent. The Bible story related. The woman and the snake. Only a dime apiece."

"He *is*! He *is*!" called another, "The fattest boy in the world. He weighs four hundred and eighty pounds. See him eat his dinner. Only a dime to see the fat boy eat a whole ham!"

"Professor Henry, court wizard of Beelzebub himself. Come in and see the great and marvelous man. You can see a glutton eat any day, but this is your only chance to see the magician of Mahomet. The Magi of the East! The King of Conjurors!" called a third.

Carried along by the pressure of the crowd, the boys neared "the Grand entrance," their blue tickets crushed to a pulp in their sweaty hands. The stern and noisy gatekeeper snatched at them, and a moment later they were inside the tent, with the circus just before them. But, somehow, the breathless interest of the morning was gone. The human drama before the side show had put the wonders of the menagerie on a different plane.

Slowly but surely the power of "the circus" reasserted its dominion over the boys, as they moved slowly round the circle of the chariots, wherein strange birds and animals from the ends of the earth were on view. The squalling of parrakeets, the chatter and squawk of monkeys, the snorting of elephants, the deep, short, gusty elemental *ough* of the lions, the occasional snarl of the leopards, restlessly pacing, with yellow-green eyes glaring, the strange, odd, hot smells, — all these made the human fist very small and of no account.

These beings whose footfalls were like velvet, whose bodies, swift as shadows, and as terrible as catapults, whose eyes emitted the blaze of undying hate — these monstrous, watery, wide-mouthed, warty, uncouth creatures from rivers

so remote that geographers had not reached them; these birds that outshone the prairie flowers in coloring; these serpents whose lazy, glittering coils concealed the strength of a hundred chains, — these features and forms too diverse to be the work of Nature stupefied Lincoln. He stumbled on, a mere brain insecurely toppling on a numb and awkward body. All the pictures of his school books, all the chance drawings in the periodicals open to him, all the stories of the sea and far countries, resurged in his brain, till it boiled like a geyser; and then, to crown it all, came the men and women of the ring.

Stumbling along behind the broad shoulders of their father, hearing and not heeding the anxious words of their mother, "Keep close to us, boys," the boys passed from the pungent air of the animal tent out into the ring of the circus, which crackled with the cries of alert men selling fans, ice cream, sticks of candy, and bags of peanuts.

The tent seats were already packed with an innumerable throng of people, whose faces were as vague to the boys as the fans they swung. Overhead the canvas lifted and billowed, the poles creaked and groaned, and the ropes snapped with the strain of the brisk outside wind. To Lincoln it seemed nearly a quarter of a mile around that ring, and he feared the performance might begin before they got safely out of it and seated. The feel of the sawdust under his feet was a thing long to be remembered.

Greetings and rude jests passed between those already seated and the families wandering along with faces upturned like weary chickens looking for a roost. Hearing a familiar voice, Lincoln looked up and saw Mr. Jennings pointing to a vacant strip of plank near him.

"There's our place, mother," said Mr. Stewart.

"Away up there? Good land!" exclaimed she, in dismay.

"All a part of the show," replied her husband.

They climbed slowly up the terraced seats of thin and narrow boards, and at last found themselves seated not far from the Jennings family.

"Where do we put our feet?" inquired Mrs. Stewart.

"Anywhere you can get 'em," replied Milton.

"They don't improve on their seats," said Mr. Jennings. "It seems to me the seats used to be a good deal wider."

"You were young then, Neighbor Jennings."

"I guess that's the truth of it."

The boys did not think of making complaint. It was enough for them that they were in place and awaiting the wonders of the performance.

The band was already beating upon Lincoln's sensitive brain, with a swift and brazen clangor, and suddenly at a signal twelve uniformed attendants filed into the ring and the gates were closed. Then the band flared out into a strongly accentuated march, and forth from the mystic gateway came the knights and their ladies, riding two and two on splendid horses, like King Richard and his knights.

They were superb horsemen, these riders, and the prairie boys were able to understand and appreciate their skill. Nothing was lost on the boys; every turn of the knee, every supple twist of the waist was observed, never to be forgotten. The pride and joy of the action, the ringing cries, the exultant strength of the horses who seemed to enjoy it quite as much as their riders,—these things sank deep in Lincoln's brain.

The color, the glitter, the grace of gesture, the precision of movement, all so alien to the plains—so different from the slow movement of stiffened old farmers and faded and angular women, so far from the shy and awkward manners of the beaux and belles of the country dances; the pliant joints and tireless limbs, the cool, calm judgment, the unerring eyes, the beautiful muscular bodies of the fearless women—these and a thousand other impressions, new and deep-reaching, followed so swiftly that Lincoln had no time to enjoy them fully. He could only receive and taste—he could not digest and feed.

Oh, to be one of those fine and splendid riders, with no more corn to plough, or hay to rake, or corn to husk! To go forth into the great, mysterious world, from which those grand men and lovely women came! To be always admired by thousands, to bow and graciously return thanks, to wear a star upon his breast, to be able to live under the shining canvas in the sound of music! In such course Lincoln's aspirations

ran. He had no desire to serve as ringmaster. To be the manager and wear a white vest and tall hat were of small account, but to be equestrian was to his thinking the finest career in the world.

One by one the glories of the arena passed and when the ringmaster announced "concert" which was to follow, Lincoln awoke to the sad fact that the circus was ended.

"Shall we take a little more time to see animals?" asked Mr. Stewart.

Lincoln shook his head. The day had been too exciting. His temples were throbbing with pain, and the smells of the animals were intolerable. Only the lions and tigers were able to interest him, and when he came out into the clear, sweet air and felt the fresh wind in his face, he wished he were at home. The end of all holidays was the same to him—sickness, weariness, pain, and aching muscles and a gorged brain, blotted out all the pleasures that had gone before.

On the way home, he had no words to say, no thoughts which were articulate. His brain was a whirling cloud, wherein all his impressions were blurred into bands of gray and brown and gold and scarlet. Only in the days which followed, the splendid men and women of the circus reasserted themselves. And when on Sunday he lay with Rance under the rubber poplars, he could pick out and dreamily review the events of the day.

One by one the specially beautiful women and the most wonderful men were recalled and compared with those of other circuses. Deeper down, more impalpable, more intangible, subtler,—so subtle that they ran like aromatic wine throughout his very blood and became impressions of the glory which they had brought into the prairie into new relief and enhanced the richness of the growing corn. The splendid pageant which had come and gone lived in his world like the memory of golden crimson clouds at sunset.

He had a dream now. The world was full and filled with graceful men and women, as well as with innumerable many-colored and glittering, harsh-throated birds and venomous serpents. "Some day, when I am a man," he thought, "I will go forth and look upon the realities of my dream."



THE SEVENTEEN CATS<sup>1</sup>

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF

THERE was a cow-girl at Mårbacka named Britta Lambert, who had been on the place from the time of the Paymaster of the Regiment. She was little and ugly, with a face like old parchment, and she had only one eye. In the company of humans she was crabbed and surly, but she loved animals. If a cow was expected to calve in the night, she would make up a bed in the barn and sleep there. Every day she would heat water in the brew house and carry great bucketfuls down to the barn so that the cows might have warm mash. When the hay ran low in the cow house, along in April, and the cows had to chew on rye straw, she was not above sneaking over to the stable and stealing hay from the horses.

The barn in which she ruled was very old and so dark you could scarcely see your hand before you; the passageways were narrow, the floor was worn full of holes, and the cows stood in cramped little stalls, which Britta did not think to keep clean. Nevertheless, steady contentment reigned in the old cow house. There was no fear of a cow's overfeeding, or getting anything sharp in her fodder, or that aught would go wrong with the calving. There were lots of calves and plenty of milk. The mistress at Mårbacka never had any anxiety concerning the cow house.

But there was one species of animal Britta Lambert loved even better than she loved the cow, and that was the cat. She believed that cats had some sort of supernatural power to protect her and her cattle. The worst thing one could ask of her was to drown a kitten now and then, lest there should be more cats than cows to care for. When anyone stepped

inside the dark cow house he was met on all sides by the uncanny gleam of green cat-eyes. The cats got under his feet and sprang on to his shoulders—for that Britta had got them into the habit of doing.

When Lieutenant Lagerlöf took over Mårbacka, on the death of his father, there were no less than seventeen cats in the barn. They were all of the tortoise-shell variety, with not a black or white or gray one among them. For Britta Lambert believed it was only the red cats that brought luck.

Now the Lieutenant was a great lover of animals, and he had no antipathy whatever to cats; but to feed and house seventeen of them in the barn—that, he thought, was a bit too much. The cats, to be sure, were vigilant hunters of rats and field mice, but they also pursued little birds; there was hardly so much as a sparrow left at Mårbacka. Besides, the milk they consumed would have fed three calves.

Anyway, it's a sorry business having to do away with cats. So the Lieutenant, rather than distress Britta Lambert and the other women-folk, said nothing to them about a certain plan he had in mind. He merely gave the wink to old Bengt, the former stableman, who still pottered round the place at this and that.

Then, in some mysterious way the cats began to disappear—not all at once, but by gradual elimination. Britta Lambert thought she noticed that one and another of her precious tabbies was missing, yet she was not quite sure about it, since the cats were all so much alike in color and markings. She attempted to count them as they came up for their milk,

<sup>1</sup> From "Mårbacka," by Selma Lagerlöf, copyright, 1924, 1926, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

but that was not so easy, for they pushed and crowded each other at the milk-trough. Then, too, it was almost pitch dark in the barn. She complained to the old housekeeper and the young mistress.

"You see," she said, "'t is this I fear me, that if you do away with the red cats, you'll do away with the luck in the cow house. No good can come to folks as begins by being ungrateful to them that's helped us all up to now."

Fru Lagerlöf and the housekeeper both assured her they had no evil designs upon her cats. They thought she would soon have them back again — the whole seventeen.

All the same, Britta noted that the cats were becoming fewer and fewer. She suspected this one and that one, but none would confess to guilt. The only one of whom she could never have believed anything so sinful as that he would harm a cat, was the Lieutenant. She knew that his mother had taught him better.

"This'll never do, Master," she said to the Lieutenant every time he came into the barn. "You don't know how worried I am! The cats are leaving me."

"I don't see but they're running in front of my feet the same as usual," the Lieutenant replied.

"If there be thirteen left, 't is all and no more," wailed the cow-girl. "I'd hate to be standing in the shoes of the one that's doing this! And worst of all, the farm'll suffer for it."

Now in those days the Lieutenant was a strong young man and an ambitious, enterprising farmer. He had big plans for Mårbacka. The estate was not extensive, but the soil was rich and the fields, spreading in one continuous stretch of expanse, were level and clear of stones. It would be no fault of his if the farm did not some day become the finest in the whole Fryken Valley. He had money at his command, for his father-in-law, Squire Wallroth, who was a man of means, admired his son-in-law's initiative and enterprise, and gave him the support he needed.

The Lieutenant set about reparcelling the land for rotation of crops. He dug ditches a fathom deep for drainage, and sowed timothy and clover in the meadows, so that they would produce something besides wild flowers; he bought a threshing machine, which did away

with their having to stand in a barn all winter, beating out the grain with flails, and he procured some tall, fine-bred cattle from manors down by the Ness. He did not let cows wander in the woods from spring autumn, and half starve, but sent them to pasture in the open meadow. Everything could be thought of to enhance the value of the farm was done: he carried on protracted negotiations with the peasants on the west side of the dale for the purchase of lands adjoining; he built cottages for his workmen, that they might have decent homes, with outbuildings and a bit of ground where they could keep a cow and a pig.

Nor were his labors in vain. Within a year the farm paid back all he had laid out on it. There was such a harvest of hay he hardly knew where to store it all for the winter. For every bushel of peas sown he got twenty bushels in return, and when he planted turnips the ground gave forth such a blessed abundance it was more than his own folk could gather in. So he went word to the neighbors to come with horse and cart, and take home all the turnips they could.

However, there was one serious obstacle to this work of improving the farm, and that was the little river Ämtan, which meandered in all sorts of graceful bends and curves down the dale, where his fields lay. Ordinarily, the stream was not much bigger than a forest brook, but as soon as there came a good fall of rain it overflowed its banks, converting his corn meadows and oat fields into little lakes.

The Lieutenant decided that something must be done about the river. Where it flowed through his own property he deepened its bed and straightened its course. But little good came of that, for the peasants who owned the land below Mårbacka let the river run on in its tortuous, sluggish way. Whenever there was a heavy rain it flooded their acres as well as his.

What was the good of all his labor with the soil, if Ämtan could at any time wash away his haystacks and rye-shocks? He would not be able to develop his property as he wished until the river was mastered.

He talked with the neighbors, and they seemed to be in favor of having the river properly dredged. A surveyor was consulted who drew, measured, and made calculations.

after which the Lieutenant convened a meeting of all interested parties at the parish public room.

More than a few obstacles had been surmounted by the time he had got thus far along with the project. The morning he was to drive to the meeting he felt quite happy, thinking that now the most difficult part of the work had been accomplished. But as he was getting into his carriage, right in the middle of the seat sat one of the red barn cats staring blankly at him.

There was nothing strange in that, however. The barn cats all loved to ride. Britta Lambert had trundled them in her wheelbarrow from the time they were tiny kittens, and in that way they had become as fond of riding as children, and would jump into all the farm vehicles. But they were not in the habit of venturing into the family carriages.

"So you'd like to come along to the meeting, would you?" said the Lieutenant. "Scat!"

The cat dignified to take itself off, but not before it had given the Lieutenant a sardonic look that made him feel positively uncomfortable.

Between the stable and the road the Lieutenant had to pass through three gates. On each of the gateposts sat a red barn cat. Nor was there anything strange in that. Cats like to sit on gateposts to sun themselves and watch everything that moves on the ground below. But that morning the Lieutenant thought the cats all had a sinister look; they blinked at him as if they knew what would come of his trip. He was beginning to think Britta Lambert was right — that they were little witches and goblins in the guise of cats.

Now it is not a good omen to meet a lot of cats when one sets out on a journey, so the Lieutenant spat three times for each cat, as his mother had taught him to do, and thought no more about them during the drive. He went over in his mind the whole plan of the ditching and prepared himself to lay the proposition before the meeting clearly and convincingly.

But instantly the Lieutenant stepped inside the parish room, an unmistakable air of wariness and opposition assailed him. The peasants sat there immovable, with tight-shut faces. He began to surmise that they had changed

their minds, which proved to be the case. All his arguments were overruled.

"We understand, of course, that this ditching would be a good thing for Mårbacka," said their spokesman, "but it's of no importance to us."

When he came back from the meeting he felt rather depressed. The matter of the dredging was settled for some time to come. The river could go on creating havoc. If a stray herd of cattle trampled his fields he could drive them out, but the river must be left free to choke and destroy all in its path.

In the midst of these broodings on his frustrated hopes, he got up and went over to the servants' hall to see Bengt.

"It did n't go through, Bengt, that about the river," he said.

"That's too bad, Lieutenant!" the old man sympathized. "The Paymaster of the Regiment always said the farm would be worth twice as much if it was n't for Ämtan."

"I say, Bengt" — the Lieutenant lowered his voice — "there are n't so many cats in the barn now, eh? . . . Perhaps we'd better let Britta keep what's left of them."

"Just as you wish, Lieutenant."

The Lieutenant lowered his voice a bit more, as if fearful lest the walls of the old manservants' room might hear what he said.

"Where did you drown them, Bengt?"

"I took 'em down to the river. I was afraid they'd come floating up and be seen, if I drowned them here in the duck pond."

"H'm, in the river — I thought so!" The Lieutenant stood reflecting a long while. Suddenly he burst out: "There's a lot that's queer in this world!"

"Ay, there is that," old Bengt agreed.

As long as Lieutenant Lagerlöf lived he had to let the river do as it would with his fine fields. Year after year he saw it overflow its banks and spread out in innumerable lake-like ponds, from Mårbacka down through the whole dale. And every time it occurred he would tell about the red cats that sat on the gateposts the morning he drove down to the meeting. Could it be possible that they knew how badly things would go for him? And was it true that one who did violence to a cat was punished? He wondered about that to the end of his days.



### THE BEDQUILT<sup>1</sup>

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

OF all the Elwell family Aunt Mehetabel was certainly the most unimportant member. It was in the New England days, when an unmarried woman was an old maid at twenty, at forty was everyone's servant, and at sixty had gone through so much discipline that she could need no more in the next world. Aunt Mehetabel was sixty-eight.

She had never for a moment known the pleasure of being important to anyone. Not that she was useless in her brother's family; she was expected, as a matter of course, to take upon herself the most tedious and uninteresting part of the household labors. On Mondays she accepted as her share the washing of the men's shirts, heavy with sweat and stiff with dirt from the fields and from their own hard-working bodies. Tuesdays she never dreamed of being allowed to iron anything pretty or even interesting, like the baby's white dresses or the fancy aprons of her young lady nieces. She stood all day pressing out a tiresome monotonous succession of dishcloths and towels and sheets.

In preserving-time she was allowed to have none of the pleasant responsibility of deciding when the fruit had cooked long enough, did she share in the little excitement of pouring the sweet-smelling stuff into the stone. She sat in a corner with the children and stoned cherries incessantly, or hulled strawberries until her fingers were dyed red to the bone.

The Elwells were not consciously unkind to their aunt, they were even in a vague way proud of her; but she was so utterly insignificant a figure in their lives that they bestowed no thought whatever on her. Aunt Mehetabel did not resent this treatment; she took it as unconsciously as they gave it. It was to be expected when one was an old-maid dependent in a busy family. She gathered what comfort she could from their occasional careless kindnesses and tried to hide the which even yet pierced her at her brother's rough joking. In the winter when they all sat before the big hearth, roasted apples, and drank mulled cider, and teased the girls about their beaux and the boys about their sweethearts,

<sup>1</sup> From "Hillsboro People," by Dorothy Canfield. With permission of Henry Holt and Company, publishers.

## FROM RECENT TALES

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she shrank into a dusky corner with her knitting, happy if the evening passed without her brother saying, with a crude sarcasm, "Ask your Aunt Mehetabel about the beaux that used to come a-sparkin' her!" or, "Mehetabel, how was 't when you was in love with Abel Cummings?" As a matter of fact, she had been the same at twenty as at sixty, a quiet, mouse-like little creature, too timid and shy for anyone to notice, or to raise her eyes for a moment and wish for a life of her own.

Her sister-in-law, a big hearty housewife, who ruled indoors with as autocratic a sway as did her husband on the farm, was rather kind in an absent, offhand way to the shrunken little old woman, and it was through her that Mehetabel was able to enjoy the one pleasure of her life. Even as a girl she had been clever with her needle in the way of patching bedquilts. More than that she could never learn to do. The garments which she made for herself were the most lamentable affairs, and she was humbly grateful for any help in the bewildering business of putting them together. But in patchwork she enjoyed a tepid importance. She could really do that as well as anyone else. During years of devotion to this one art she had accumulated a considerable store of quilting patterns. Sometimes the neighbors would send over and ask "Miss Mehetabel" for such and such a design. It was with an agreeable flutter at being able to help someone that she went to the dresser, in her bare little room under the eaves, and extracted from her crowded portfolio the pattern desired.

She never knew how her great idea came to her. Sometimes she thought she must have dreamed it, sometimes she even wondered reverently, in the phraseology of the weekly prayer-meeting, if it had not been "sent" to her. She never admitted to herself that she could have thought of it without other help; it was too great, too ambitious, too lofty a project for her humble mind to have conceived. Even when she finished drawing the design with her own fingers, she gazed at it incredulously, not daring to believe that it could indeed be her handiwork. At first it seemed to her only like a lovely but quite unreal dream. She did not think of putting it into execution — so elaborate, so complicated, so beautifully

difficult a pattern could be only for the angels in heaven to quilt. But so curiously does familiarity accustom us even to very wonderful things, that as she lived with this astonishing creation of her mind, the longing grew stronger and stronger to give it material life with her nimble old fingers.

She gasped at her daring when this idea first swept over her and put it away as one does a sinfully selfish notion, but she kept coming back to it again and again. Finally she said compromisingly to herself that she would make one "square," just one part of her design, to see how it would look. Accustomed to the most complete dependence on her brother and his wife, she dared not do even this without asking Sophia's permission. With a heart full of hope and fear thumping furiously against her old ribs, she approached the mistress of the house on churning-day, knowing with the innocent guile of a child that the country woman was apt to be in a good temper while working over the fragrant butter in the cool cellar.

Sophia listened absently to her sister-in-law's halting, hesitating petition. "Why, yes, Mehetabel," she said, leaning far down into the huge churn for the last golden morsels — "why, yes, start another quilt if you want to. I've got a lot of pieces from the spring sewing that will work in real good." Mehetabel tried honestly to make her see that this would be no common quilt, but her limited vocabulary and her emotion stood between her and expression. At last Sophia said, with a kindly impatience: "Oh, there! Don't bother me. I never could keep track of your quiltin' patterns, anyhow. I don't care what pattern you go by."

With this overwhelmingly, although unconsciously, generous permission Mehetabel rushed back up the steep attic stairs to her room, and in a joyful agitation began preparations for the work of her life. It was even better than she hoped. By some heaven-sent inspiration she had invented a pattern beyond which no patchwork quilt could go.

She had but little time from her incessant round of household drudgery for this new and absorbing occupation, and she did not dare sit up late at night lest she burn too much candle. It was weeks before the little square began to take on a finished look, to show the pattern.

Then Mehetabel was in a fever of impatience to bring it to completion. She was too conscientious to shirk even the smallest part of her share of the work of the house, but she rushed through it with a speed which left her panting as she climbed to the little room. This seemed like a radiant spot to her as she bent over the innumerable scraps of cloth which already in her imagination ranged themselves in the infinitely diverse pattern of her masterpiece. Finally she could wait no longer, and one evening ventured to bring her work down beside the fire where the family sat, hoping that some good fortune would give her a place near the tallow candles on the mantelpiece. She was on the last corner of the square, and her needle flew in and out with inconceivable rapidity. No one noticed her, a fact which filled her with relief, and by bedtime she had but a few more stitches to add.

As she stood up with the others, the square fluttered out of her trembling old hands and fell on the table. Sophia glanced at it carelessly. "Is that the new quilt you're beginning on?" she asked with a yawn. "It looks like a real pretty pattern. Let's see it." Up to that moment Mehetabel had labored in the purest spirit of disinterested devotion to an ideal, but as Sophia held her work toward the candle to examine it, and exclaimed in amazement and admiration, she felt an astonished joy to know that her creation would stand the test of publicity.

"Land sakes!" ejaculated her sister-in-law, looking at the many-colored square. "Why, Mehetabel Elwell, where'd you git that pattern?"

"I made it up," said Mehetabel quietly, but with unutterable pride.

"No!" exclaimed Sophia incredulously. "Did you! Why, I never see such a pattern in my life. Girls, come here and see what your Aunt Mehetabel is doing."

The three tall daughters turned back reluctantly from the stairs. "I don't seem to take much interest in patchwork," said one listlessly.

"No, nor I neither!" answered Sophia; "but a stone image would take an interest in this pattern. Honest, Mehetabel, did you think of it yourself? And how under the sun

and stars did you ever git your courage start in a-making it? Land! Look at all tiny squinchy little seams! Why the side ain't a thing *but* seams!"

The girls echoed their mother's exclamation and Mr. Elwell himself came over to see they were discussing. "Well, I declare," said, looking at his sister with eyes more meaning than she could ever remember, "beats old Mis' Wightman's quilt that a blue ribbon so many times at the county

Mehetabel's heart swelled within her tears of joy moistened her old eyes as that night in her narrow, hard bed, too and excited to sleep. The next day her in-law amazed her by taking the huge potatoes out of her lap and setting one younger children to peeling them. "you want to go on with that quiltin' pa," she said; "I'd kind o' like to see how goin' to make the grape vine design on the corner."

By the end of the summer the family had risen so high that Mehetabel was little stand in the sitting room where she kept her pieces, and work in odd minutes almost wept over such kindness, and firmly not to take advantage of it by her work, which she performed with thoroughness. But the whole atmosphere world was changed. Things had a new now. Through the longest task of milk-pans there rose the rainbow of of her variegated work. She took her the little table and put the thimble knotted, hard finger with the solemn priestess performing a sacred rite.

She was even able to bear with some of dignity the extreme honor of her minister and the minister's wife admiringly on her great project. She felt quite proud of Aunt Mehetabel as Bowman had said it was work as fine he had ever seen, "and he didn't like finer!" The remark was repeated to the neighbors in the following week they dropped in and examined in a silence some astonishingly difficult *town* which Mehetabel had just finished.

The family especially plumed themselves on the slow progress of the quilt. "O

has been to work on that corner for six weeks, come Tuesday, and she ain't half done yet," they explained to visitors. They fell out of the way of always expecting her to be the one to run on errands, even for the children. "Don't bother your Aunt Mehetabel," Sophia would call. "Can't you see she's got to a ticklish place on the quilt?"

The old woman sat up straighter and looked the world in the face. She was a part of it at last. She joined in the conversation and her remarks were listened to. The children were even told to mind her when she asked them to do some service for her, although this she did but seldom, the habit of self-effacement being too strong.

One day some strangers from the next town drove up and asked if they could inspect the wonderful quilt which they had heard of, even down in their end of the valley. After that such visitations were not uncommon, making the Elwells' house a notable object. Mehetabel's quilt came to be one of the town sights, and no one was allowed to leave the town without having paid tribute to its worth. The Elwells saw to it that their aunt was better dressed than she had ever been before, and one of the girls made her a pretty little cap to wear on her thin white hair.

A year went by and a quarter of the quilt was finished; a second year passed and half was done. The third year Mehetabel had pneumonia and lay ill for weeks and weeks, overcome with terror lest she die before her work was completed. A fourth year and one could really see the grandeur of the whole design; and in September of the fifth year, the entire family watching her with eager and admiring eyes, Mehetabel quilted the last stitches in her creation. The girls held it up by the four corners, and they all looked at it in a solemn silence. Then Mr. Elwell smote one horny hand within the other and exclaimed: "By ginger! That's goin' to the county fair!" Mehetabel blushed a deep red at this. It was a thought which had occurred to her in a bold moment, but she had not dared to entertain it. The family acclaimed the idea, and one of the boys was forthwith dispatched to the house of the neighbor who was chairman of the committee for their village. He returned with radiant face.

"Of course he'll take it. Like's not it may git a prize, so he says; but he's got to have it right off, because all the things are goin' to-morrow morning."

Even in her swelling pride Mehetabel felt a pang of separation as the bulky package was carried out of the house. As the days went on she felt absolutely lost without her work. For years it had been her one preoccupation, and she could not bear even to look at the little stand, now quite bare of the litter of scraps which had lain on it so long. One of the neighbors, who took the long journey to the fair, reported that the quilt was hung in a place of honor in a glass case in "Agricultural Hall." But that meant little to Mehetabel's utter ignorance of all that lay outside of her brother's home. The family noticed the old woman's depression, and one day Sophia said kindly, "You feel sort o' lost without the quilt, don't you, Mehetabel?"

"They took it away so quick!" she said wistfully, "I had n't hardly had one real good look at it myself."

Mr. Elwell made no comment, but a day or two later he asked his sister how early she could get up in the morning.

"I dun'no'. Why?" she asked.

"Well, Thomas Ralston has got to drive clear to West Oldton to see a lawyer there, and that is four miles beyond the fair. He says if you can git up so's to leave here at four in the morning he'll drive you over to the fair, leave you there for the day, and bring you back again at night."

Mehetabel looked at him with incredulity. It was as though someone had offered her a ride in a golden chariot up to the gates of heaven. "Why, you can't *mean* it!" she cried, paling with the intensity of her emotion. Her brother laughed a little uneasily. Even to his careless indifference this joy was a revelation of the narrowness of her life in his home. "Oh, 'tain't so much to go to the fair. Yes, I mean it. Go git your things ready, for he wants to start to-morrow morning."

All that night a trembling, excited old woman lay and stared at the rafters. She, who had never been more than six miles from home in her life, was going to drive thirty miles away — it was like going to another world. She who



had never seen anything more exciting than a church supper was to see the county fair. To Mehetabel it was like making the tour of the world. She had never dreamed of doing it. She could not at all imagine what it would be like.

Nor did the exhortations of the family, as they bade good-by to her, throw any light on her confusion. They had all been at least once to the scene of gayety she was to visit, and as she tried to eat her breakfast they called out conflicting advice to her till her head whirled. Sophia told her to be sure and see the display of preserves. Her brother said not to miss inspecting the stock, her nieces said the fancywork was the only thing worth looking at, and her nephews said she must bring them home an account of the races. The buggy drove up to the door, she was helped in, and her wraps tucked about her. They all stood together and waved good-by to her as she drove out of the yard. She waved back, but she scarcely saw them. On her return home that evening she was very pale, and so tired and stiff that her brother had to lift her out bodily, but her lips were set in a blissful smile. They crowded around her with thronging questions, until Sophia pushed them all aside, telling them Aunt Mehetabel was too tired to speak until she had had her supper. This was eaten in an enforced silence on the part of the children, and then the old woman was helped into an easy-chair before the fire. They gathered about her, eager for news of the great world, and Sophia said, "Now, come, Mehetabel, tell us all about it!"

Mehetabel drew a long breath. "It was just perfect!" she said; "finer even than I thought. They've got it hanging up in the very middle of a sort o' closet made of glass, and one of the lower corners is ripped and turned back so's to show the seams on the wrong side."

"What?" asked Sophia, a little blankly.

"Why, the quilt!" said Mehetabel in surprise. "There are a whole lot of other ones in that room, but not one that can hold a candle to it, if I do say it who should n't. I heard lots of people say the same thing. You ought to have heard what the women said about that corner, Sophia. They said — well, I'd be ashamed to tell you what they said. I declare if I would n't!"

Mr. Elwell asked, "What did you think that big ox we've heard so much about?"

"I did n't look at the stock," returned sister indifferently. "That set of pieces gave me, Maria, from your red waist, come just lovely!" she assured one of her nieces. "I heard one woman say you could 'most see the red silk roses."

"Did any of the horses in our town race?" asked young Thomas.

"I did n't see the races."

"How about the preserves?" asked Sophia.

"I did n't see the preserves," said Mehetabel calmly. "You see, I went right to the room where the quilt was, and then I did n't want to leave it. It had been so long since I'd seen it I had to look at it first real good myself, then I looked at the others to see if there was any that could come up to it. And then people begun comin' in and I got so intere in hearin' what they had to say I could think of goin' anywheres else. I ate my lunch right there too, and I'm as glad as can be I did, too; for what do you think?" — she glanced about her with kindling eyes — "while I sat there with a sandwich in one hand did n't the head of the hull concern come in and open the glass door and pin 'First Prize' right in the middle of the quilt!"

There was a stir of congratulation and praise. "What an exclamation. Then Sophia returned again to the attack. "Did n't you go to see anything else?" she queried.

"Why, no," said Mehetabel. "Only the quilt. Why should I?"

She fell into a reverie where she saw again the glorious creation of her hand and hand hanging before all the world with the marvellous highest approval on it. She longed to make her listeners see the splendid vision with her. She struggled for words; she reached blindly at unknown superlatives. "I tell you it looks like —" she said, and paused, hesitating. Vague recollections of hymn-book phraseology came into her mind, the only form of literary expression she knew; but they were dismissed as being sacrilegious, and also not sufficiently forcible. Finally, "I tell you it looked well!" she assured them, and sat staring at the fire, on her tired old face the supreme conviction of an artist who has realized his ideal.



MARASH, SON-OF-PALOK<sup>1</sup>

BY ELIZABETH CLEVELAND MILLER

"BRRR, brrr," called the little goatherd, Marash, making his way through the green thorny bushes. The goats loved these bushes. Their long, shaggy brown coats caught on the thorns, but they did not care so long as they could stand on their hind legs and, pawing with their forefeet against the bush, nibble the tender green leaves at the top.

"Brrr, brrr, brrr, come along there, come along," said Marash.

The setting sun sank behind the hills and vanished. The mountains behind Marash took on a rosy color.

He and the goats followed the path to a rough wooden bridge and now they walked on over it.

Marash was dressed the way all the little boys in his village were dressed. Long white wool trousers, braided on the seams with broad black braid—last Easter his mother had finished them—a rough homespun shirt wound at the waist with a gayly colored sash, and a

tiny white felt skullcap around which he had twisted a dingy cloth to keep the midday sun from the back of his neck. He carried a stick and now and then he poked the goats with it, but mostly he coaxed them along by making the burring sound with his lips and calling to them.

From the bridge Marash could see the scattered stone houses and the rough thatched roofs of his village and his own house standing a little higher than the others where the mountain sloped from the river.

He hurried. He poked a lazy goat. He was hungry. It was nice to be going home at sunset sure of corn bread and goat's cheese and perhaps, if there were guests, a fresh-killed chicken or even a kid.

Marash and the goats took the crooked stony road into the village. Other boys were bringing in their goats. He greeted them as ceremoniously as his father greeted his friends: "Long

<sup>1</sup> From "Children of the Mountain Eagle," by E. C. Miller, copyright, 1927, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

life to you! Are you comfortable and at peace?"

He drove his goats up the slope to his house door and then in through the door itself and to one side of the dark lower room where he penned them behind a wicker fence work. Then he climbed the stone steps leading to the upper story.

This upper part was all one room with a rough wooden floor. Through the big cracks between the boards the smell and sound of the animals came up. But this seemed very natural and cozy to Marash. Everybody kept animals in the house. Moreover, much fresh air came in through the badly built walls and through the tiny windows that were holes without panes and closed only when the family slept.

The cold mountain night had set in and Marash shivered a bit as he went up to the fire. The fire was built in the center of the room on a sort of raised hearth of earth; and the bright flames of the blazing faggots which his big sister had just piled on shot up like a slim tower nearly to the low brushwood ceiling hung with black and furry festoons of soot from years and years of fires.

How comfortable it all looked to Marash! He could hear his mother somewhere in the half darkness stirring up cornmeal and water for the evening's bread. His father and two friends, tall handsome men all three, were sitting on little low three-cornered stools close to the hearth. Marash could see the tiny saucepan with coffee that his father had just tucked against the red ashes at the fire's edge.

Against the wall stood the carved wooden cradle that Marash always remembered seeing, that he himself had been tied in long before he could remember anything. To-night he passed near it to see if Lul was asleep. Lul was a nice baby and always had a smile for him. But to-night she was sleeping, tied as all her brothers and sisters had been tied before her, her hands and arms bound against her and her body and legs lashed firmly to the stiff board that stuck out beyond the end of the cradle. Her mother loved her and she wanted Lul to be straight and strong and she was sure that no child who was not tied day and night in just this way could ever grow up with straight back and legs; so she fastened Lul down carefully and tightly and Lul was used to it and seldom cried.

Marash sat down by the hearth. He took off his goatskin moccasins and bright-colored woolen slippers and socks that Pren his sister had knitted so firmly and well. His father, who had just handed to his friends tiny coffee cups without handle or saucer, wished them long life and good fortune, picked up Marash's damp moccasins and socks, reaching easily to the ceiling he hung the little to one side of the fire beside his own ones to dry.

Marash stretched his toes to the flames. His mother poured the bread batter into a round flat pan and covering it with ash, she was now putting it in the ashes to bake. Marash watched her as she piled the red embers on the top. He knew it would be done; and he taken out brown and steaming bread, the mark of the cross on its under side. Bread in the mountains was a serious and sacred thing and no loaf in a Christian family was baked without this holy sign on one side. Marash knew this and he knew he must be very careful of bread. If he dropped a piece on the floor he always picked it up quickly, pressed it to his lips and forehead, first with one and then the other, as fast as he could several times, and he always felt a little bit ashamed of such carelessness.

A hen was squawking downstairs. "Oh, Pren is cutting a hen!" thought Marash. He knew she was killing it, but he used the word that all his people used when they meant an animal was being killed to eat.

The great iron hook over the fire was empty but very soon his mother hung a black pot over it and, just as he thought, in with the hen, piece after piece, and the water bubbled merrily.

The heat made him sleepy and he slipped over to where his father was sitting and leaned against his knee.

He was waked by his father's voice, "Marash, room for the table, Marash," and he saw his mother setting the low round wooden table at the knees of his father and the two men who had left their stools and were sitting cross-legged on the floor.

The corn bread was baked and three huge steaming pieces were set one before each man. A bowl of wet white cheese smelling strong

and deliciously in Marash's nostrils was set in the middle and the men began to eat.

• Marash watched. He was hungry but not impatient. It never occurred to him that he could eat before the guests had eaten.

Eggs next, a sort of omelette in a central bowl. The men used bits of bread to pick up the hot food. Each ate carefully from that part of the bowl in front of him and each left some. Marash knew they would. Then the hen not too hot, because there were no knives and forks, and it had to be picked from the steaming bowl with the fingers.

Marash listened intently when one of the men after sprinkling the breastbone of the fowl with crumbs held it to the firelight to read from it the fate and fortune of the house and family.

"Good comes to you," he said. "Surely a member of your house shall gain great wisdom." Marash always liked to hear the fortunes. He wondered about this one.

The men left some chicken, of course. His mother, his sister, and himself had yet to eat.

His mother took away the little table and swept the crumbs into the fire. The men lit their cigarettes. The long silver holders with a great amber ball at the end of each glistened in the dim light. They settled back to smoke and talk.

And now Pren was bending over him with a can of water. Marash knew it was time to eat. He held out his hands. The water ran over them and fell soaking steamily into the dirt hearth. He wiped them on his head cloth which he had unwound and tucked into his girdle.

The table was set farther from the fire this time so as not to disturb Palok and his guests. Zina and the big sister Pren sat by it each leaning on one knee drawn up against her in the fashion of women. Marash sat near and took what they gave him or reached in as they made room. A good supper and plenty. Marash munched the coarse bread with relish. He dipped the eggs out of his side of the bowl. He would have liked more eggs, but the rest were Pren's and his mother's. It never occurred to him to eat over a little farther into their part. All his nine years he had seen people eat out of a single bowl like this and he had never

seen anyone try to get more than his share.

Even when he ate with his little boy-and-girl cousins and no grown-ups were at the table each was very careful of the other's rights. And they seldom quarreled. If they did they seldom struck each other. A blow was a very serious thing in these mountains. He knew men had been shot year after year in a feud between one family and another, all because long ago one man had insulted another by striking him. And only last year his uncle had had to pay a lot — a whole bag it was — of silver kronin to another man because his uncle's little boy and the other man's son had had a fight and had hurt each other quite badly. His uncle had been much displeased about it all. He had not wanted to pay the kronin. He was not sure his own son was to blame, but the council had said he must. Marash had seen the council, sixteen of them, eight from his own family who talked for his uncle's side and eight from the other family, all sitting quietly in a circle in a broad green field early last spring. They had decided how much his uncle must pay and his uncle had paid.

Yes, a quarrel was bad, and hitting anyone — that was pretty serious, too serious, unless it was just fun and battling with the other goat-boys while the goats drank at the river.

Marash went back to the fire, sucking a chicken bone. He seated himself opposite his father and the two friends. He was not sleepy any more and he wanted to sit where he could watch their faces as they talked. They were talking very earnestly; it was something important.

Marash always listened by the fire. Sometimes he heard very interesting things. Often he heard both sides of a village dispute about land or animals and sometimes he would decide which side was the right side, but he never said anything. When he was big and tall like his sixteen-year-old cousin Nush, and could carry a gun and talk with the men, then he would tell them which side he thought was right. Until then he would listen. Sometimes there were old stories of long ago, of his grandfather, of trouble and fighting. Marash listened. Best of all there was the singing. Such great stories as one heard in the songs! Names he knew, sometimes even names of men who had stayed a

night at his father's house. Men who had done brave things and men who had done shameful things and betrayed their people.

And there was one thing that Marash had learned at the fire when he was very, very young. He found it was a great sure law of his people, and it could not be broken for shooting or for money. It was called a "bessa" and it meant a promise, your given word. Among his people once you had given your word it could never be broken. There was a proverb, "A cow is tied by the horns, but a man by his word." And once you had given your word you could not get away from it any more than the cow could get away when the rope was round her horns.

To-night Marash listened and watched the faces of his father and the two men. One of the men, the blue-eyed one, was speaking.

"Yes, it is true," he was saying. "They are going to make a school in Thethi. There will be room for fifty children. I'm going to send my boys."

The other man spoke. He had a long thin face and his dark eyes shone above his long black moustache. "Well, I've no son — yet," he sighed a little — sons were very important in the mountains — "but I'm going to send Lukja. She must be ten and she's a good smart girl. She'll take her knitting and her mother can manage at home without her."

Palok looked at Marash. His eyes swept over him, proud and glowing. Marash straightened himself a little. He loved to have his father look at him like that.

"By Heaven," he said. He had a big deep voice. Marash liked to hear him talk when he was in earnest. He thought neither of the other men was as tall nor as strong as his father and neither had such a flowing and handsome moustache. "By Heaven," said Palok again, "my boy is going!"

Marash wondered where it was he was going. What was a school and what did you do there? He was sure it was a very wonderful thing else his father would never have spoken of it in such a tingling voice.

Marash looked into his father's eyes — gray, steady eyes they were. There was fire in them now. He turned to the man next him. "Do

give everything I own, my fields and anir this house, everything I have in the w if I could read from a book and write."

Marash did not know what real reading writing were but he thought he understood father because Palok used for the word "r the mountain word "sing" there wa other word in the mountains for "read." for "write" he used the word that mea Marash "draw" or "design" the same Pren used when she embroidered his w shputa with gold thread on the instep.

How funny, thought Marash, that his wanted to draw pictures like the ones made on his shputa; and as for sing why, Palok could sing wonderfully. M was puzzled. But he did not say any Children never asked questions at th when men and women were talking. If y not understand you listened until som was said that explained things, and if n was said — well, you just remembere listened the next day harder than ever.

Palok was speaking again, slowly, ser His face was sad. "Look at me. I am poor man." He touched the silver chain h on his chest. "I can use a gun as bra anyone when I must, but" — he put hi to his forehead, a fine forehead it wa know nothing."

Marash gave a little involuntary c the breath. What was this his fath saying? He knew nothing? His Palok? Why, there was not a man valley who knew more than he did. O there was not. That was why Mar so proud when anyone called him by name, "Marash, Son-of-Palok." Was father always on the important coun a friend of the "Bairaktor" — the chi the villages in the valley? And here sitting by his own fire and before his owi saying as seriously as if he meant it his heart, "I know nothing." Maras not believe his ears.

"If I could read and write." Marash The men were talking about the prie next village. "He is the only man in t who can read and write," they said.

Then this reading was not just

been to the church last St. Mark's Day and he had seen the priest looking at a big book and "singing" words. So that was "reading." And writing? Marash listened.

"Yes," said the dark man, "I was there one day when the priest got a piece of paper sent him by the Archbishop. And he opened that paper and looked at it and then at me and said, 'The Bishop has sent word about your sister's trouble.' And he explained everything to me from that paper that the Archbishop had marked with black ink. He wrote a letter for me then to my sister. All the words that I said he wrote so my sister knew what I wanted her to do."

Now at last Marash understood. Reading and writing. It was n't just singing and embroidering slippers. It was knowing what somebody hours and days away had thought. Perhaps you might never see that somebody, but you could tell what he thought or what he wanted from the paper, just from the marks on the paper.

Marash pondered. Yes, his father was a very wonderful man but he could not do that. And it flashed over Marash why his father had looked at him in that proud longing way. His father wanted him, Marash, to know how to do these wonderful things — to read and to write — and that was why he was going to send him to school, because there at the school someone could tell you how.

The men were silent, thinking. Marash crept around nearer to his father. His father's arm went around his shoulders, but his father was looking into the fire, not at Marash.

Marash heard his name. His mother had spread a blanket in his corner for him. Well, he was sleepy; and the men would sing now and he could lie over there and think of all these new things. He unwound his girdle and took off his hat. He smoothed the rumpled scalp lock that crowned his shaven head. Yawning, he curled himself up in the corner.

The men had begun to sing. The dark man sang first, his hands to his ears, and after each line he would pause and the other man would repeat the chant in the high shrieking nasal tone the men always used in singing:

"A hundred houses mourned the chief,  
A hundred houses left without a leader."

Marash heard. The story was a long one. The voices rose and fell. They filled the house. The spell of them crept over Marash and lulled him. Together the men sang the last line and were silent.

"Glory be to your mouth!" It was Palok's voice and the men acknowledged his thanks.

They sang again, and yet again. The night wore on. Marash slept to wake fitfully and watch the faint flicker of the little torch of pitch pine that lay in a bit of wire netting his father had hung from a rafter.

"School!" thought Marash; and he would find out how to read and to write and — he shuddered delightedly — when he was big, a man, he would, yes, he, Marash, would *know more than his father*. There seemed something almost wrong in a thought like that; but had not his father wanted it, that very thing? So it was not really wicked, after all, but good, a sort of miracle.

Yes, he would know more than his father! He also would be a friend of the "Bairaktor." People would come to him for advice and for counsel — to *him*, Marash, Son-of-Palok — the man who could sing from a book and make marks that spoke on paper.

So many things the books would tell him, about everything, about all the world. He wondered, sleepily, about the world. There were other valleys he knew, besides the one in which he lived. And there must be people in them, children like him, boys who kept goats. He had gone once over the northern mountain pass, "neck" he called it, and had seen other villages from the high land. That was the way the world was — necks to cross and valleys beyond, and always more necks and more valleys until you came to the edge. Marash puzzled.

When he could read he would find out these things — things his father could not tell him. He would find out about the valleys of all the world, he. Marash, Son-of-Palok.

The pine torch was out. The fire was so low that Marash knew only by the sound of breathing where his father and his friends were sleeping stretched on the floor, their feet to the warm ashes.

"Valleys of all the world!" whispered Marash, just before sleep caught him.



### THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT<sup>1</sup>

BY MARK TWAIN

**I**N as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distressful thing was this—and I assert here that every fact in the following résumé can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government:

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef.

Very well.

He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late; he followed him

to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him through his march to the sea. He arrived late again by a few days; but hearing that Sherman was going out in the *Quaker City* en route to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the *Quaker City* but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America and started for the Rocky Mountains. After sixty-eight days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he got within four miles of Sherman's headquarters he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and even in death, the bold navigator partly filled his contract. In his will, which he had like a journal, he bequeathed the contract

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from "Sketches Old and New," by Mark Twain. By permission of Harper and Brothers, publishers.

his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill, and then died:

• THE UNITED STATES	
<i>In account with</i> JOHN WILSON MACKENZIE,	
of New Jersey, deceased, . . . . .	Dr.
To thirty barrels of beef for General Sherman, at \$100, . . . . .	\$3,000
To traveling expenses and transportation . . . . .	14,000
Total . . . . .	\$17,000
Rec'd Pay't.	

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. *He* left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's Office, when Death, the great Leveler, came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on *him* also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-bejoyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were: "Weep not for me—I am willing to go." And so he was, poor soul. Seven people inherited the contract after that; but they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard—Bethlehem Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time; but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me everything, and, weeping, gave me the beef contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavor to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States.

He said, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

I said, "Sire, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence—kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State.

He said, "Well, sir?"

I said, "Your Royal Highness: on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

"That will do, sir—that will do; this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef."

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said, "Speak quickly, sir; do not keep me waiting."

I said, "Your Royal Highness, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

Well, it was as far as I could get. *He* had nothing to do with beef contracts for General Sherman, either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior.

I said, "Your Imperial Highness, on or about the 10th day of October—"

"That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you before. Go, take your infamous beef contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army."

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them; I would infest every department of this iniquitous government till that contract business was settled. I would collect that bill, or fall, as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General; I besieged the Agricultural Department; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. *They* had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent Office.

I said, "Your August Excellency, on or about—"

"Perdition! have you got *here* with your

incendiary beef contract, at last? We have *nothing* to do with beef contracts for the army, my dear sir."

"Oh, that is all very well — but *somebody* has got to pay for that beef. It has got to be paid *now*, too, or I'll confiscate this old Patent Office and everything in it."

"But, my dear sir —"

"It don't make any difference, sir. The Patent Office is liable for that beef, I reckon; and, liable or not liable, the Patent Office has got to pay for it."

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go to. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury.

I said, "Most noble, grave, and reverend Signor, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken——"

"That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury."

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends. To his clerk, rather — he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favored young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and

nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth Assistant Junior Clerks all through my eventful career from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed on of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me, without changing more than two, or maybe three, times.

So I stood there till I had changed five different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading:

"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Great Turk?"

"What do you mean, sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out. Will he visit the harem to-day?"

The young man glared upon me awhile, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was not if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After awhile he finished them, and then yawned and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honored Imbecile: on about ——"

"You are the beef-contract man. Give your papers."

He took them, and for a long time he sacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the Northwest Passage, as I regarded it — found the long-lost record of that beef contract — he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to me. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced — I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give me. The government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenz said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He did n't die at all — he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian, of course. You don't suppose it was the superintendent of a Sunday school, did you?"



"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name? I don't know his name."

"*Must* have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I don't know."

"You were not present yourself, then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I *know* he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death *must* be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the government will never pay that transportation and those traveling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It *may* possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me,

and *that* is n't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia, and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why did n't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

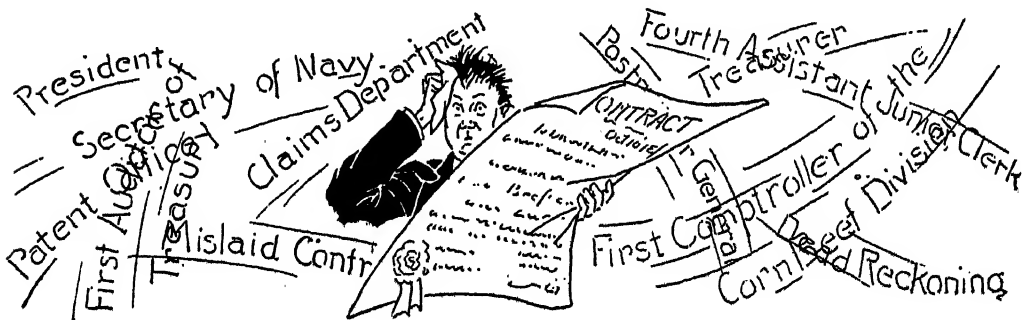
"He did n't know anything about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why did n't the Second tell me? why did n't the Third? why did n't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

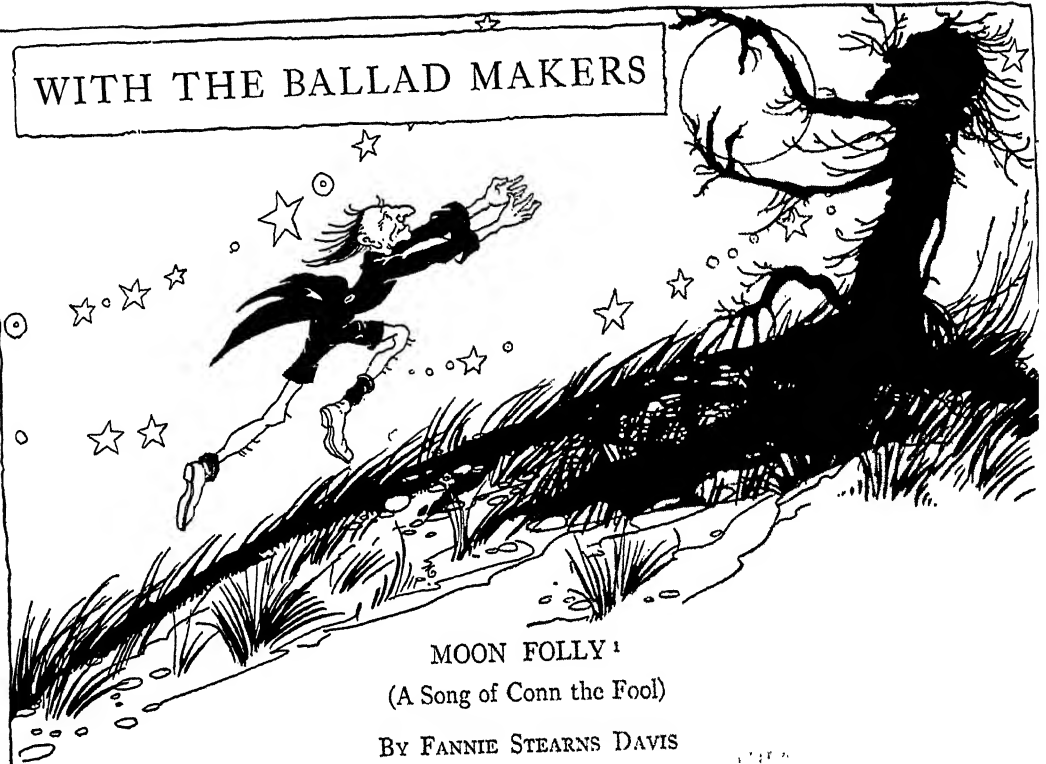
"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death. It has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears—I see it in your soft glances; you wish to marry her—but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand—here is the beef contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"

This is all I know about the great beef contract that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract, or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.



## WITH THE BALLAD MAKERS



### MOON FOLLY<sup>1</sup>

(A Song of Conn the Fool)

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

I WILL go up the mountain after the Moon;

She is caught in a dead fir-tree.  
Like a great pale apple of silver and pearl,  
Like a great pale apple is she.

I will leap and will catch her with quick  
cold hands

And carry her home in my sack.

I will set her down safe on the oaken bench  
That stands at the chimney-back.

And then I will sit by the fire all night,  
And sit by the fire all day.

I will gnaw at the Moon to my heart's  
delight

Till I gnaw her slowly away.

And while I go mad with the Moon's cold  
taste

The World will beat at my door,  
Crying, "Come out!" and crying, "Make  
haste,  
And give us the Moon once more!"

But I shall not answer them ever at all.  
I shall laugh, as I count and hide

The great, black, beautiful Seeds of the  
Moon

In a flower-pot deep and wide.

Then I shall lie down and go fast asleep,  
Drunken with flame and aswoon.

But the seeds will sprout and the seeds will  
leap,

The subtle swift seeds of the Moon.

And some day, all of the World that cries  
And beats at my door shall see  
A thousand moon-leaves spring from my  
thatch

On a wonderful white Moon-tree!

Then each shall have Moons to his heart's  
desire:

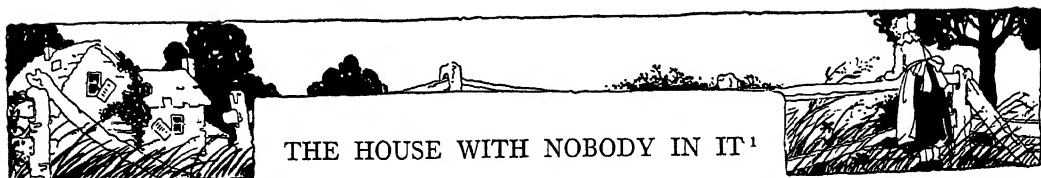
Apples of silver and pearl;  
Apples of orange and copper fire  
Setting his five wits aswirl!

And then they will thank me, who mock me  
now,

"Wanting the Moon is he," —

Oh, I'm off to the mountain after the Moon,  
Ere she falls from the dead fir-tree!

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from Fannie S. Gifford's, "Myself and I." By special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT<sup>1</sup>

BY JOYCE KILMER

WHENEVER I walk to Suffern along the  
Erie track,  
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles  
broken and black.

I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but  
I always stop for a minute  
And look at the house, the tragic house, the  
house with nobody in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear  
there are such things;  
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth,  
and sorrowings.

I know this house is n't haunted, but I wish it  
were, I do;  
For it would n't be so lonely if it had a ghost or  
two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen  
panes of glass,  
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take  
a scythe to the grass.

It needs new paint and shingles, and the vine  
should be trimmed and tied,  
But what it needs the most of all is some people  
living inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were  
paid,  
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and  
saw and spade.

I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it  
used to be,  
And I'd find some people who wanted a home  
and give it to them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring  
window and door,  
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on  
its block in the store.

But there's nothing mournful about it; it  
cannot be sad and lone  
For the lack of something within it that it has  
never known.

But a house that has done what a house should  
do, a house that has sheltered life,  
That has put its loving wooden arms around  
a man and his wife,  
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh, and  
held up his stumbling feet,  
Is the saddest sight when it's left alone, that  
ever your eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track,  
I never go by the empty house without stopping  
and looking back,

Yet it hurts me to look at a crumbling roof  
and the shutters fallen apart,  
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a  
house with a broken heart.

SONG FOR A LITTLE HOUSE<sup>2</sup>

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I'M glad our house is a little house,  
Not too tall nor too wide:  
I'm glad the hovering butterflies  
Feel free to come inside.

Our little house is a friendly house,  
It is not shy or vain;

It gossips with the talking trees.  
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer of green  
Against our whited walls,  
And in the phlox, the courteous bees  
Are paying duty calls.

<sup>1</sup> From "Trees and other Poems," by Joyce Kilmer, copyright, 1914, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

<sup>2</sup> From "Chimney Smoke," by Christopher Morley, copyright, 1917, 1919, 1920, 1921, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

DELICATESSEN<sup>1</sup>

BY JOYCE KILMER

WHY is that wanton gossip Fame  
So dumb about this man's affairs?  
Why do we twitter at his name  
Who come to buy his curious wares?

Here is a shop of wonderment.  
From every land has come a prize;  
Rich spices from the Orient,  
And fruit that knew Italian skies,

And figs that ripened by the sea  
In Smyrna, nuts from hot Brazil,  
Strange pungent meats from Germany,  
And currants from a Grecian hill.

He is the lord of goodly things  
That make the poor man's table gay,  
Yet of his worth no minstrel sings  
And on his tomb there is no bay.

Perhaps he lives and dies unpraised,  
This trafficker in humble sweets,  
Because his little shops are raised  
By thousands in the city streets.

Perhaps Fame thinks his worried eyes,  
His wrinkled, shrewd, pathetic face,  
His shop, and all he sells and buys  
Are desperately commonplace.

Well, it is true he has no sword  
To dangle at his booted knees,  
He leans across a slab of board,  
And draws his knife and slices cheese.

He never heard of chivalry,  
He longs for no heroic times;  
He thinks of pickles, olives, tea,  
And dollars, nickels, cents, and dimes.

His world has narrow walls, it seems;  
By counters is his soul confined;  
His wares are all his hopes and dreams,  
They are the fabric of his mind.

Yet — in a room above the store  
There is a woman, and a child  
Pattered just now across the floor;  
The shopman looked at him and smiled.

This man has home and child and wife  
And battle set for every day.  
This man has God and love and life;  
These stand, all else shall pass away.

O Carpenter of Nazareth,  
Whose mother was a village maid,  
Shall we, Thy children, blow our breath  
In scorn on any humble trade?

Have pity on our foolishness  
And give us eyes, that we may see  
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress  
The splendor of humanity!

SONG AGAINST CHILDREN<sup>2</sup>

BY ALINE KILMER

O THE barberry bright, the barberry bright  
It stood on the mantelpiece because of  
the height.

Its stems were slender and thorny and tall,  
And it looked most beautiful against the grey  
wall.

But Michael climbed up there in spite of the  
height,  
And he ate all the berries off the barberry bright.

O the round holly wreath, the round holly  
wreath!

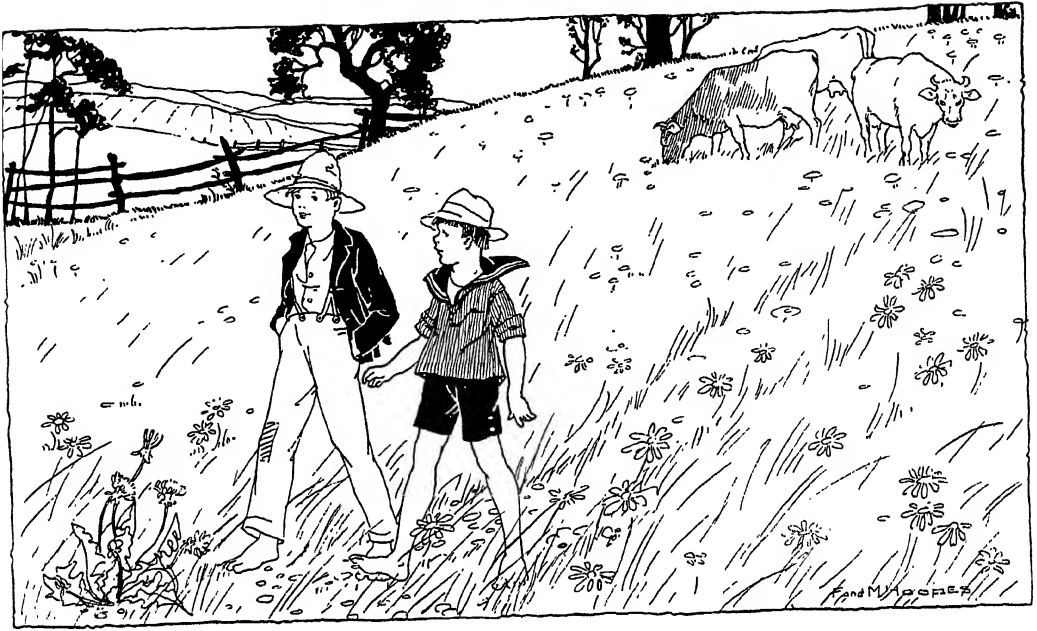
It hung in the window with ivy beneath.  
It was plump and prosperous, spangled with red,  
And I thought it would cheer me although  
were dead.

But Deborah climbed on the table beneath,  
And she ate all the berries off the round holly  
wreath.

O the mistletoe bough, the mistletoe bough!  
Could anyone touch it? I did not see how.  
I hung it up high that it might last long,  
I wreathed it with ribbons and hailed it with  
song.

But Christopher reached it, I do not know how,  
And he ate all the berries off the mistletoe bough.

<sup>1</sup> From "Poems, Essays, and Letters," by Joyce Kilmer, copyright, 1914, 1917, 1918, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.  
<sup>2</sup> From "Vigils," by Aline Kilmer, copyright, 1921, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S<sup>1</sup>

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WAS N'T it pleasant, O brother mine,  
 In those old days of the lost sunshine  
 Of youth — when the Saturday's chores were  
 through,  
 And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,  
 And we went visiting, "me and you,"  
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's? —

It all comes back so clear to-day!  
 Though I am as bald as you are gray, —  
 Out by the barn-lot and down the lane  
 We patter along in the dust again,  
 As light as the tips of the drops of rain,  
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's. —

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,  
 Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,  
 Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped  
 awry,  
 And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing"-  
 sky  
 And lolled and circled, as we went by  
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's. —

And then in the dust of the road again,  
 And the teams we met, and the countrymen;  
 And the long highway, with sunshine spread  
 As thick as butter on country bread,  
 Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead  
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's. —

Why, I see her now in the open door  
 Where the little gourds grew up the sides and  
 o'er  
 The clapboard roof! — And her face — ah.  
 me!  
 Was n't it good for a boy to see —  
 And was n't it good for a boy to be  
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's? —

For, O my brother so far away,  
 This is to tell you — she waits *to-day*  
 To welcome us: — Aunt Mary fell  
 Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell  
 The boys to come." . . . And all is well  
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's. —

<sup>1</sup> From "Child Rhymes," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright, 1898, 1925. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs Merrill Company.

THE TOM-CAT<sup>1</sup>

BY DON MARQUIS

AT midnight in the alley  
A Tom-Cat comes to wail,  
And he chants the hate of a million years  
As he swings his snaky tail.

Malevolent, bony, brindled,  
Tiger and devil and bard,  
His eyes are coals from the middle of Hell,  
And his heart is black and hard.

He twists and crouches and capers  
And bares his curved sharp claws,  
And he sings to the stars of jungle nights  
Ere cities were, or laws.

Beast from a world primeval,  
He and his leaping clan,  
When the blotched red moon leers over the roof  
Give voice to their scorn of man.

He will lie on a rug to-morrow  
And lick his silken fur,  
And veil the brute in his yellow eyes  
And play he's tame, and purr.

But at midnight in the alley  
He will crouch again and wail.  
And beat the time for his demon's song  
With the swing of his demon's tail.

THE RUNAWAY<sup>2</sup>

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

WHAT are you doing, little day-moon,  
Over the April hill?  
What are you doing, up so soon,  
Climbing the sky with silver shoon?  
What are you doing at half-past noon,  
Slipping along so still?

Are you so eager, the heights unwon,  
That you cannot wait,  
But, unheeding of wind and sun,  
Out of your nest of night must run,  
Up where the day is far from done,  
Shy little shadow-mate?

Up and away then — with young mists  
Tripping, along the blue!  
Dance and dally and promise trysts  
Unto each that around you lists;  
For, little moon, not a one but wists  
April's the time to woo!

SMELLS<sup>3</sup>

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHY is it that the poets tell  
So little of the sense of smell?  
These are the odors I love well:  
The smell of coffee freshly ground;  
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;  
Or onions fried and deeply browned.

The fragrance of a fummy pipe;  
The smell of apples, newly ripe;  
And printers' ink on leaden type.

Woods by moonlight in September  
Breathe most sweet; and I remember  
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,  
The balsam of a Christmas tree,  
These are whiffs of gramarye. . . .  
*A ship smells best of all to me!*

<sup>1</sup> From "Poems," by Don Marquis, copyright, 1922, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

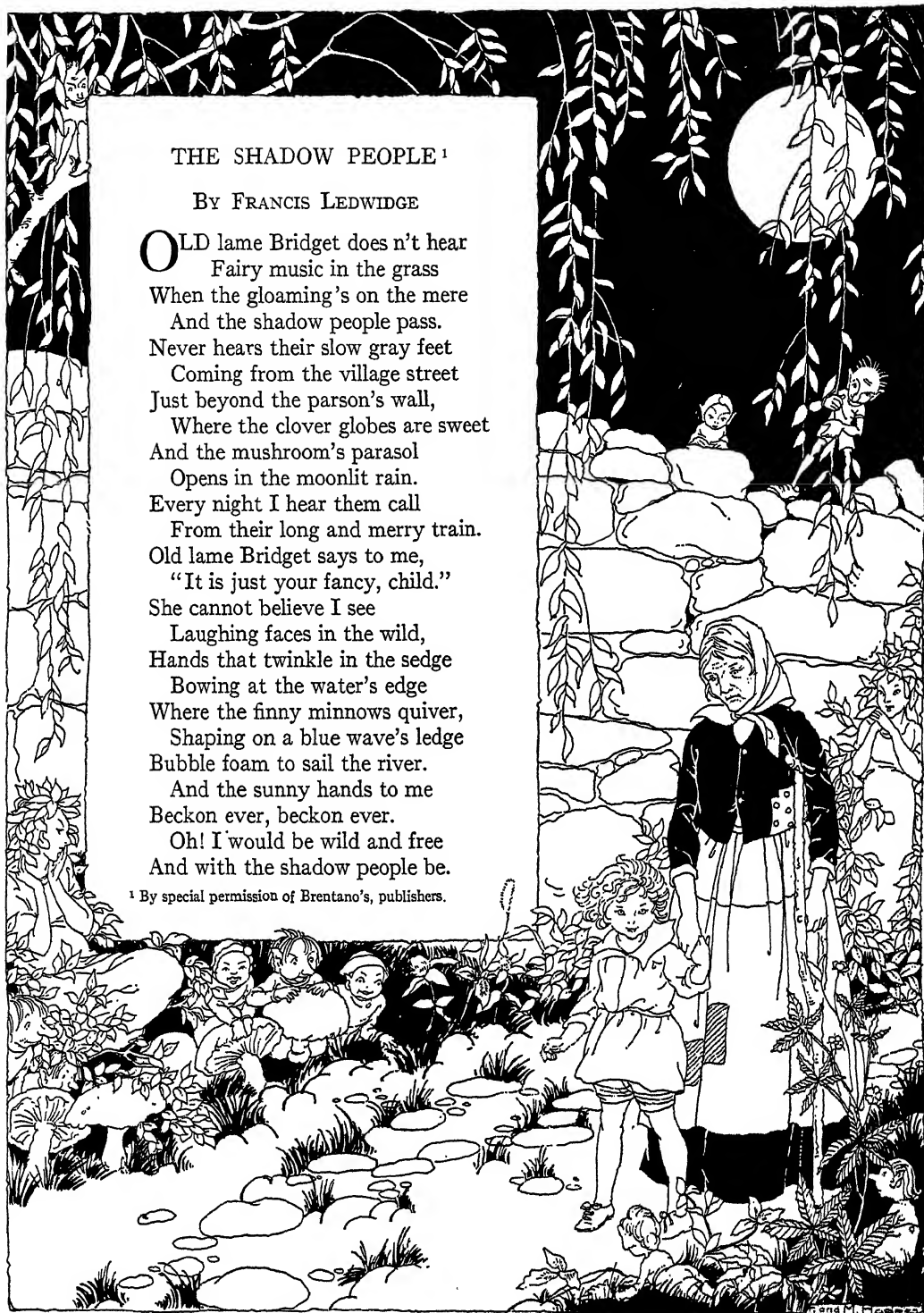
<sup>2</sup> Reprinted from "New Hampshire," by Robert Frost, by permission of Henry Holt and Company, publishers.

<sup>3</sup> From "The Rocking Horse," by Christopher Morley, copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

THE SHADOW PEOPLE<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

OLD lame Bridget does n't hear  
 Fairy music in the grass  
 When the gloaming's on the mere  
 And the shadow people pass.  
 Never hears their slow gray feet  
 Coming from the village street  
 Just beyond the parson's wall,  
 Where the clover globes are sweet  
 And the mushroom's parasol  
 Opens in the moonlit rain.  
 Every night I hear them call  
 From their long and merry train.  
 Old lame Bridget says to me,  
 "It is just your fancy, child."  
 She cannot believe I see  
 Laughing faces in the wild,  
 Hands that twinkle in the sedge  
 Bowing at the water's edge  
 Where the finny minnows quiver,  
 Shaping on a blue wave's ledge  
 Bubble foam to sail the river.  
 And the sunny hands to me  
 Beckon ever, beckon ever.  
 Oh! I would be wild and free  
 And with the shadow people be.

<sup>1</sup> By special permission of Brentano's, publishers.

OLD GREY SQUIRREL<sup>1</sup>

BY ALFRED NOYES

A GREAT while ago, there was a school-boy.  
He lived in a cottage by the sea.  
And the very first thing he could remember  
Was the rigging of the schooners by the quay.

He could watch them, when he woke, from his  
window,  
With the tall cranes hoisting out the freight.  
And he used to think of shipping as a sea-cook,  
And sailing to the Golden Gate.

For he used to buy the yellow penny-dreadfuls,  
And read them where he fished for conger eels,  
And listened to the lapping of the water,  
The green and oily water round the keels.

There were trawlers with their shark-mouthed  
flat-fish,  
And red nets hanging out to dry,  
And the skate the skipper kept because he  
liked 'em,  
And landsmen never knew the fish to fry.

There were brigantines with timber out of  
Norway,  
Oozing with the syrups of the pine.  
There were rusty dusty schooners out of Sunder-  
land,  
And ships of the Blue Cross Line.

And to tumble down a hatch into a cabin  
Was better than the best of broken rules;  
For the smell of 'em was like a Christmas  
dinner,  
And the feel of 'em was like a box of tools.

And, before he went to sleep in the evening,  
The very last thing that he could see  
Was the sailor-men a-dancing in the moonlight  
By the capstan that stood upon the quay.

*He is perched upon a high stool in London.*

*The Golden Gate is very far away.*

*They caught him, and they caged him, like a  
squirrel.*

*He is totting up accounts, and going grey.*

*He will never, never, never, sail to 'Frisco.  
But the very last thing that he will see  
Will be sailor-men a-dancing in the sunrise  
By the capstan that stands upon the quay. . . .*

*To the tune of an old concertina,  
By the capstan that stands upon the quay.*

A CHANT OUT OF DOORS<sup>2</sup>

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

GOD of grave nights,  
God of brave mornings,  
God of silent noon,  
Hear my salutation!

For where the rapids rage white and scornful  
I have passed safely, filled with wonder;  
Where the sweet pools dream under willows,  
I have been swimming, filled with life.

God of round hills,  
God of green valleys,  
God of clear springs,  
Hear my salutation!

For where the moose feeds, I have eat  
berries,  
Where the moose drinks, I have drunk deep  
When the storm crashed through broil  
heavens —  
And under clear skies — I have known j

God of great trees,  
God of wild grasses,  
God of little flowers,  
Hear my salutation!

For where the deer crops and the be  
plunges,  
Near the river I have pitched my tent;  
Where the pines cast aromatic needles  
On a still floor, I have known peace.

God of grave nights,  
God of brave mornings,  
God of silent noon,  
Hear my salutation!

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from "Collected Poems," Volume III, by Alfred Noyes, copyright, 1915, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.  
<sup>2</sup> Reprinted from Marguerite Wilkinson's "Bluestone," by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.



ROBINSON CRUSOE<sup>1</sup>

BY CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL

THE night was thick and hazy,  
 When the Piccadilly Daisy  
 Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;  
 And I think the water drowned 'em,  
 For they never, never found 'em,  
 And I know they did n't come ashore with me.

Oh! 't was very sad and lonely  
 When I found myself the only  
 Population on this cultivated shore;  
 But I've made a little tavern  
 In a rocky little cavern,  
 And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking  
 For a girl to do my cooking,  
 As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;  
 But I had that fellow Friday  
 Just to keep the tavern tidy,  
 And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden  
 That I'm cultivating lard in,  
 As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;  
 For I live on toasted lizards,  
 Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,  
 And I'm really very fond of beetle-pie.

The clothes I had were furry,  
 And it made me fret and worry  
 When I found the moths were eating off the hair;

And I had to scrape and sand 'em,  
 And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,  
 Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion  
 In a family excursion  
 With the few domestic animals you see;  
 And we take along a carrot  
 As refreshments for the parrot,  
 And a little can of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel  
 Bits of moss and dirty gravel,  
 And we chip off little specimens of stone;  
 And we carry home as prizes  
 Funny bugs of handy sizes,  
 Just to give the day a scientific tone.

If the roads are wet and muddy,  
 We remain at home and study, —  
 For the Goat is very clever at a sum, —  
 And the Dog, instead of fighting,  
 Studies ornamental writing,  
 While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,  
 And we rise again at seven;  
 And I wish to call attention, as I close,  
 To the fact that all the scholars  
 Are correct about their collars,  
 And particular in turning out their toes.

<sup>1</sup> From "Davy and the Goblin," by Charles Edward Carryl. By permission of, and arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin Company.

"WIND-IN-THE-HAIR AND  
RAIN-IN-THE-FACE"<sup>1</sup>

BY ARTHUR GUTERMAN

**W**IND-IN-THE-HAIR and Rain-in-the-  
face

Are friends worth the having, and yours at  
command;

For many's the hour and many's the place

We've frolicked together on ocean or land.

They'll brighten the darks of your gloomiest  
mood!

They'll strengthen your heart with their  
boisterous play,

They'll buffet your anger until it's subdued,

They'll sport with your sorrow and whisk it  
away.

Don't clutch in your curls with that grasp of  
despair!

A tear on the cheek is a drop out of place!

"I'll rumple your tresses!" roars Wind-in-the-  
hair.

"Let me do your crying!" trills Rain-in-the-  
face.

No seven-league boots like a pair of old shoes,

No wish-cloak that equals a rain-beaded coat,  
To take you away from the Realm of the Blues,  
To give you the will that grips Care by the  
throat!

How petty our griefs under God's open sky!

How often but ghosts of a conjuring brain!

How quickly they dwindle, how lightly they fly,  
When winnowed and washed by the wind  
and the rain!

Then on with your shabbiest, hardest wear!

(The kind that the women-folk term "a  
disgrace!")

And swing down the highway with Wind-in-the-  
hair,

Or splash through the puddles with Rain-in-  
the-face!

A MIDSUMMER SONG<sup>2</sup>

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

**O**. FATHER'S gone to market-town,  
was up before the day,  
And Jamie's after robins, and the man  
making hay.

And whistling down the hollow goes the l  
that minds the mill,

While mother from the kitchen-door is call  
with a will:

"Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the co  
O, where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there come  
summer sound --

A murmur as of waters from skies and trees;  
ground.

The birds they sing upon the wing, the pige  
bill and coo,

And over hill and hollow rings again the l  
halloo:

"Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the co  
O, where's Polly?"

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by v  
buzz and boom,

And in the field and garden a thousand bloss  
bloom.

Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed d  
blows,

And down at the edge of the hollow a red  
thorny rose.

But Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in  
corn!

O, where's Polly?

How strange at such a time of day the  
should stop its clatter!

The farmer's wife is listening now and won  
what's the matter.

O, wild the birds are singing in the wood an  
the hill,

While whistling up the hollow goes the boy  
minds the mill.

But Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in  
corn!

O, where's Polly?

<sup>1</sup> From "The Ballad Maker's Pack," Harper and Brothers, publishers.

<sup>2</sup> By permission of, and arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin Company.

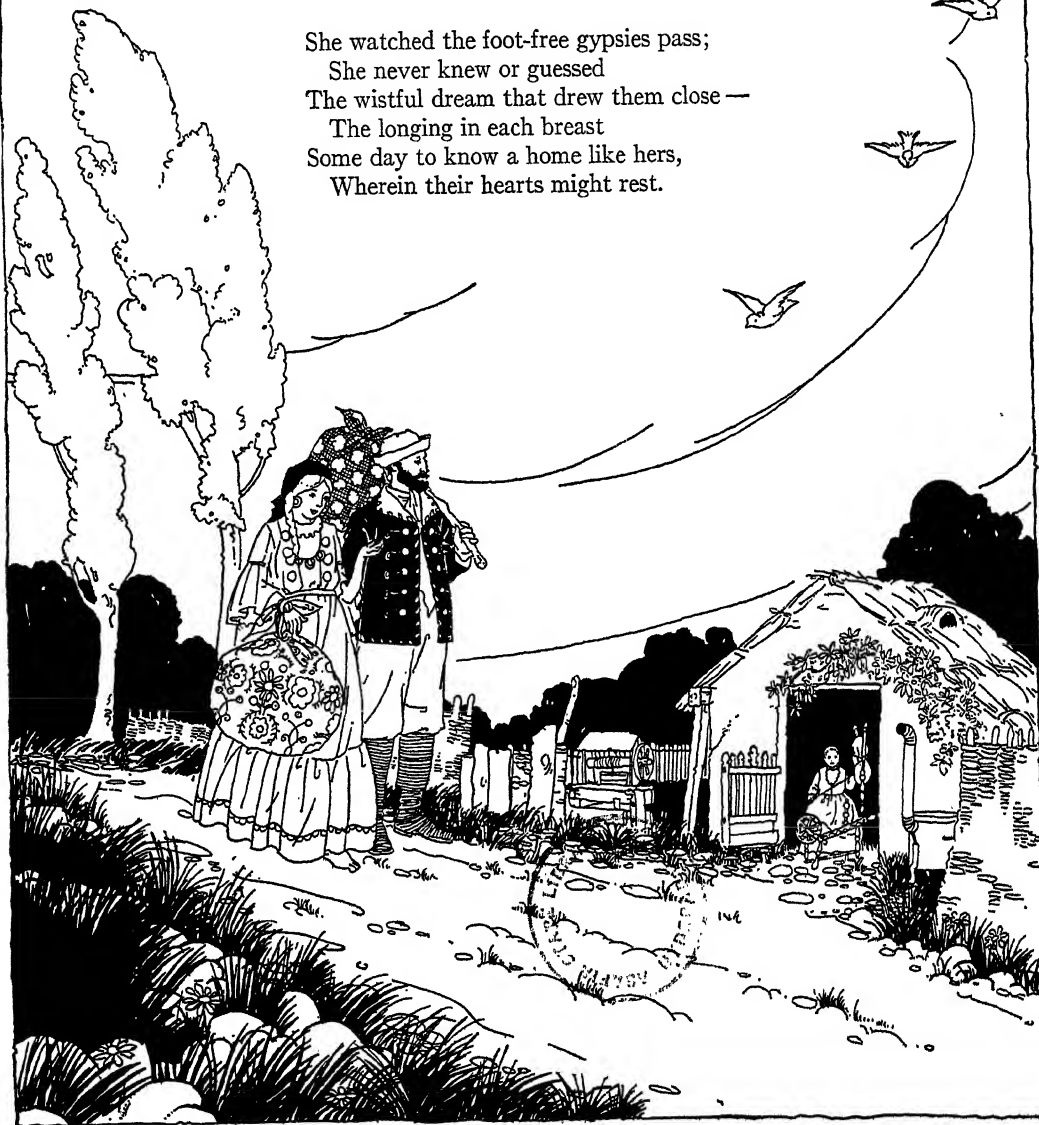
THE DREAMERS<sup>1</sup>

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE gypsies passed her little gate —  
 She stopped her wheel to see —  
 A brown-faced pair who walked the road,  
 Free as the wind is free;  
 And suddenly her tidy room  
 A prison seemed to be.

Her shining plates against the walls,  
 Her sunlit, sanded floor,  
 The brass-bound wedding chest that held  
 Her linen's snowy store,  
 The very wheel whose humming died, —  
 Seemed only chains she bore.

She watched the foot-free gypsies pass;  
 She never knew or guessed  
 The wistful dream that drew them close —  
 The longing in each breast  
 Some day to know a home like hers,  
 Wherein their hearts might rest.



<sup>1</sup> From "Dreamers and Other Poems," by Theodosia Garrison, copyright, 1917, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

GATES AND DOORS<sup>1</sup>

BY JOYCE KILMER

THERE was a gentle hostler  
 (And blessed be his name!)  
 He opened up the stable  
 The night Our Lady came.  
 Our Lady and Saint Joseph,  
 He gave them food and bed,  
 And Jesus Christ has given him  
 A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open  
 However poor the yard,  
 Lest weary people visit you  
 And find their passage barred;  
 Unlatch the door at midnight  
 And let your lantern's glow  
 Shine out to guide the traveler's feet  
 To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler  
 (He is in Heaven to-night)  
 He held Our Lady's bridle  
 And helped her to alight;  
 He spread clean straw before her  
 Whereon she might lie down,  
 And Jesus Christ has given him  
 An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening  
 And let the gate swing wide,  
 Let all who ask for shelter  
 Come speedily inside.  
 What if your yard be narrow?  
 What if your house be small?  
 There is a Guest is coming  
 Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler  
 Who knelt on Christmas morn  
 Beside the radiant manger  
 Wherein his Lord was born.  
 His heart was full of laughter,  
 His soul was full of bliss  
 When Jesus, on His mother's lap,  
 Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening  
 And keep no stranger out,  
 Take from your soul's great portal  
 The barrier of doubt,  
 To humble folk and weary  
 Give hearty welcoming,  
 Your breast shall be to-morrow  
 The cradle of a King.

A WANDERER'S SONG<sup>2</sup>

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

AWIND'S in the heart of me, a fire  
 my heels,  
 I am tired of brick and stone and rumb  
 wagon-wheels;  
 I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land  
 Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on  
 sand.

Oh I'll be going, leaving the noises of the street  
 To where a lifting foresail-foot is yanking a  
 sheet;  
 To a windy, tossing anchorage where yaws  
 ketches ride,  
 Oh I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide

And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mew  
 the gulls,  
 The clucking, sucking of the sea about  
 rusty hulls,  
 The songs at the capstan in the hooker wa  
 out,  
 And then the heart of me'll know I'm the  
 thereabout.

Oh I'm tired of brick and stone, the heart  
 me is sick,  
 For windy green, unquiet sea, the real  
 Moby Dick;  
 And I'll be going, going, from the roaring  
 wheels,  
 For the wind's in the heart of me, a fire's  
 heels.

<sup>1</sup> From "Main Street and Other Poems," by Joyce Kilmer, copyright, 1917, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.  
<sup>2</sup> From John Masefield's "Salt-Water Ballads," reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.



## A DUTCH PICTURE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SIMON DANZ has come home again,  
 From cruising about with his buccaneers;  
 He has singed the beard of the King of Spain  
 And carried away the Dean of Jaen  
 And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,  
 And weathercocks flying aloft in air,  
 There are silver tankards of antique styles,  
 Plunder of convent and castle, and piles  
 Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,  
 Overlooking the sluggish stream,  
 With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,  
 The old sea-captain, hale and brown,  
 Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks  
 Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,  
 And the listed tulips look like Turks,  
 And the silent gardener as he works  
 Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost  
 Verge of the landscape in the haze,  
 To him are towers on the Spanish coast,  
 With whiskered sentinels at their post,  
 Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,  
 He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,  
 And old seafaring men come in,

Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,  
 And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine  
 Of the flickering fire of the winter night;  
 Figures in color and design  
 Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,  
 Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,  
 And their talk is ever and ever the same,  
 While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,  
 From the cellars of some Spanish Don,  
 Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides  
 He paces his parlor to and fro;  
 He is like a ship that at anchor rides,  
 And swings with the rising and falling tides,  
 And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,  
 Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,  
 Are calling and whispering in his ear,  
 "Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?  
 Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again  
 For one more cruise with his buccaneers,  
 To singe the beard of the King of Spain,  
 And capture another Dean of Jaen  
 And sell him in Algiers.



## AN ANGLER'S WISH<sup>1</sup>

BY HENRY VAN DYKE



WHEN tulips bloom in Union Square,  
And timid breaths of vernal air  
Go wandering down the dusty town,  
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row  
Of western houses stands aglow,  
And leads the eyes toward sunset skies  
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,  
And weary books, and weary trade:  
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;  
For this the month of May was made.

I guess the pussy willows now  
Are creeping out on every bough  
Along the brook; and robins look  
For early worms along the plough.

\* \* \* \* \*

The flocks of young anemones  
Are dancing round the budding trees:  
Who can help wishing to go a-fishing  
In days as full of joy as these?

I think the meadow lark's clear sound  
Leaps upward slowly from the ground,  
While on the wing, the bluebirds ring  
The wedding bells to woods around.

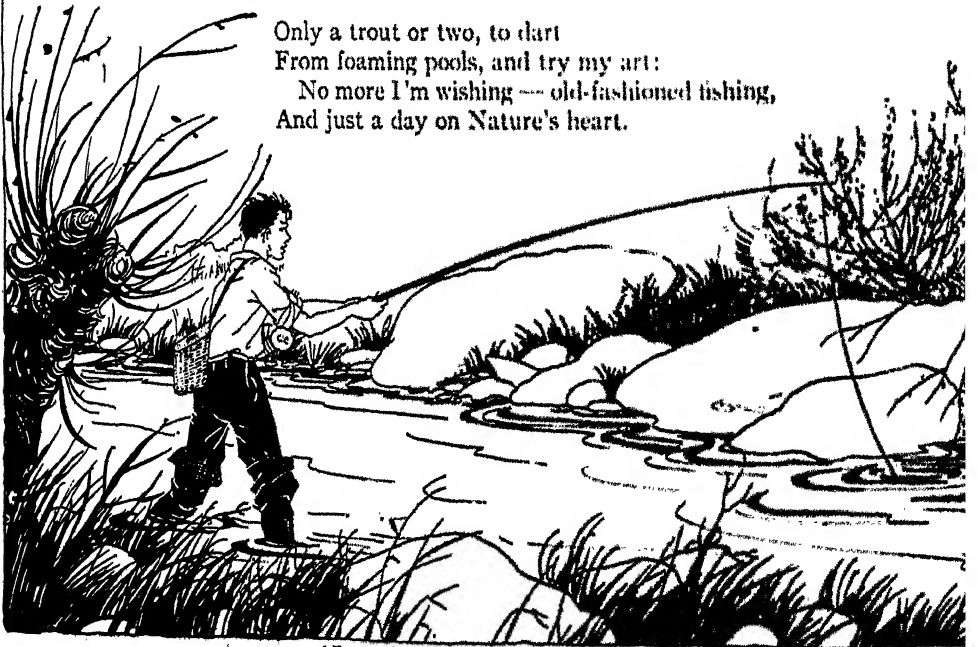
The flirting chewink calls his dear  
Behind the bush; and very near,  
Where water flows, where green grass grows  
Song sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm  
The hermit thrush repeats his psalm.  
How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing  
In days so sweet with music's balm!

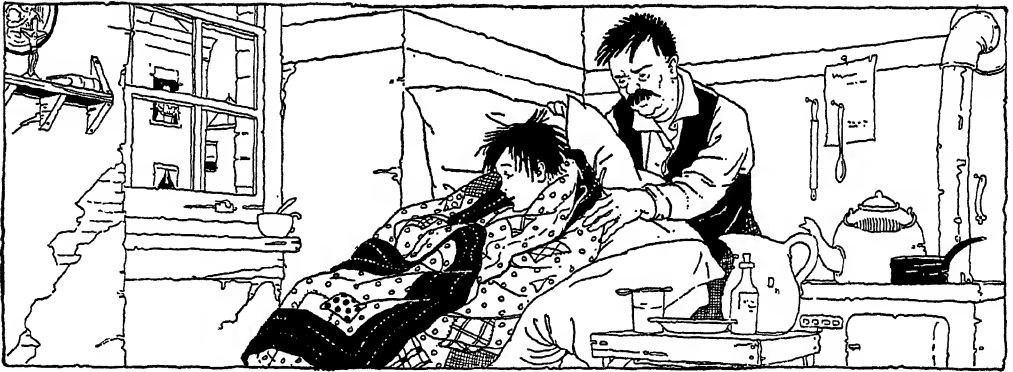
'Tis not a proud desire of mine;  
I ask for nothing supertime;  
No heavy weight, no salmon great,  
To break the record, or my line:

Only an idle stream,  
Whose amber waters softly gleam,  
Where I may wade, through woodland sh  
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream;

Only a trout or two, to dart  
From foaming pools, and try my art:  
No more I'm wishing — old-fashioned fishing,  
And just a day on Nature's heart.



<sup>1</sup> By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

DA LEETLA BOY<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY

DA spreeng ees com'! but oh, da joy  
 Eet ees too late!  
 He was so cold, my leetla boy,  
 He no could wait.

I no can count how manny week,  
 How manny day, dat he ees seeck;  
 How manny night I seet an' hold  
 Da leetla hand dat was so cold.  
 He was so patience, oh, so sweet!  
 Eet hurts my throat for theenk of eet;  
 An' all he evra ask ees w'en  
 Ees gona com' da spreeng agen.  
 Wan day, wan brighta sunny day,  
 He see, across da alleyway,  
 Da leetla girl dat's livin' dere  
 Ees raise her window for da air,  
 An' put outside a leetla pot  
 Of — w'at-you-call? — forgat-me-not.  
 So smalla flower, so leetla theeng!

But steel eet mak' hees hearta seeng:  
 "Oh, now, at las', ees com' da spreeng!  
 Da leetla plant ees glad for know  
 Da sun ees com' for mak' eet grow.  
 So, too, I am grow warm and strong."  
 So lika dat he seeng hees song.  
 But, Ah! da night com' down an' den  
 Da weenter ees sneak back agen,  
 An' een da alley all da night  
 Ees fall da snow, so cold, so white,  
 An' cover up da leetla pot  
 Of — w'at-you-call? — forgat-me-not.  
 All night da leetla hand I hold  
 Ees grow so cold, so cold, so cold!

Da spreeng ees com'; but oh, da joy  
 Eet ees too late!  
 He was so cold, my leetla boy,  
 He no could wait.

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES<sup>2</sup>

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER

GOD, we don't like to complain  
 We know that the mine is no lark —  
 But — there's the pools from the rain;  
 But — there's the cold and the dark.

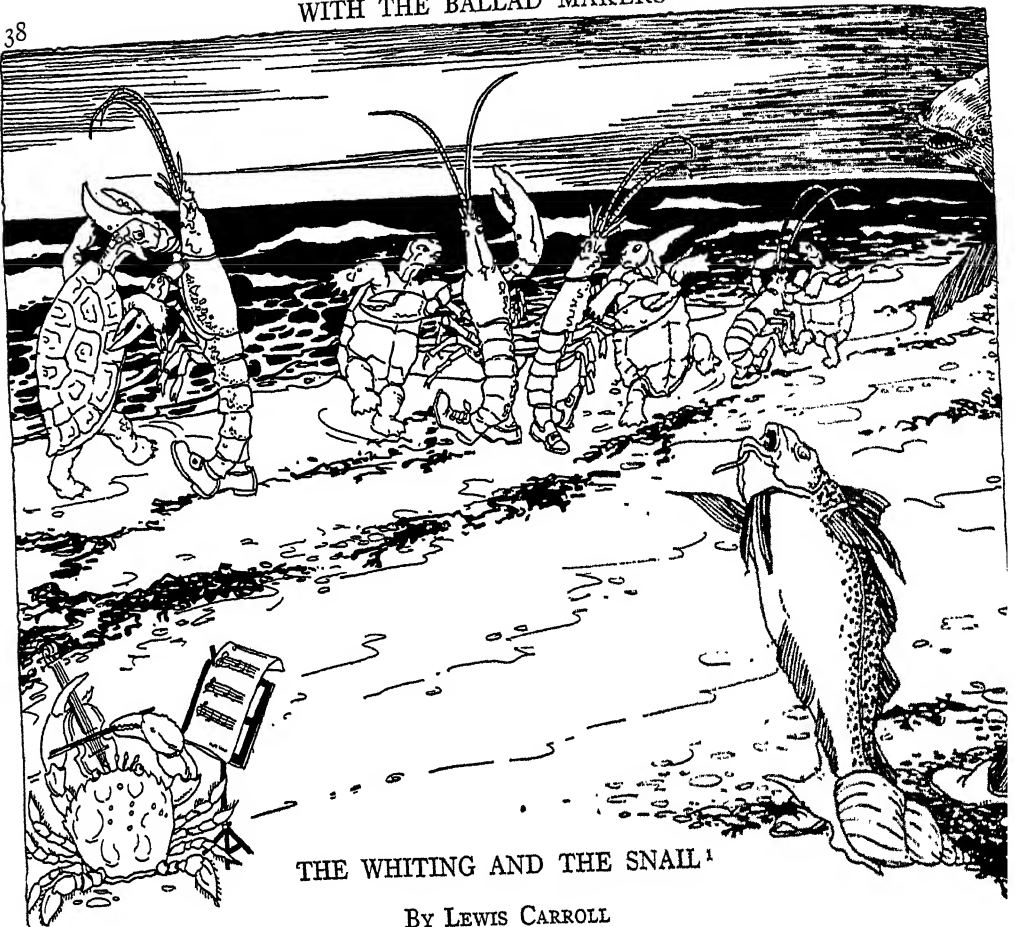
God, You don't know what it is —  
 You, in Your well-lighted sky —  
 Watching the meteors whizz;  
 Warm, with the sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon  
 Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,  
 Even You'd tire of it soon,  
 Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above  
 And nothing that moves but the cars . . .  
 God, if You wish for our love,  
 Fling us a handful of stars!

<sup>1</sup> From "Carmina," by T. A. Daly. By permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., holders of the copyright.

<sup>2</sup> From "Challenge," by Louis Untermeyer. By permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., holders of the copyright.

THE WHITING AND THE SNAIL<sup>1</sup>

BY LEWIS CARROLL

"WILL you walk a little faster?" said  
a whiting to a snail,  
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and  
he's treading on my tail,  
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles  
all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle — will you  
come and join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,  
will you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,  
won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how de-  
lightful it will be  
When they take us up and throw us, with  
the lobsters, out to sea!"  
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!"  
and gave a look askance —

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he  
would not join the dance,  
Would not, could not, would not, could  
not, would not join the dance.  
Would not, could not, would not, could  
not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly  
friend replied.

"There is another shore, you know, upon  
the other side.

The further off from England the nearer is  
to France —

Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come  
and join the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,  
will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,  
won't you join the dance?"

<sup>1</sup> From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.





## THE BELL OF ATRI

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

**A**T Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
 Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,  
 One of those little places that have run  
 Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
 And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
 "I climb no farther upward, come what may," —  
 The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
 So many monarchs since have borne the name,  
 Had a great bell hung in the market-place  
 Beneath the roof, projecting some small space  
 By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
 Then he rode through the streets with all his  
 train,  
 And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,

Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
 Was done to any man, he should but ring  
 The great bell in the square, and he, the King,  
 Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
 Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,  
 What wrongs were righted, need not here be  
 said.

Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
 The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
 Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,  
 Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
 Till one, who noted this in passing by,

Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,  
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,  
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,  
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports  
And prodigalities of camps and courts: —  
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown  
old,

His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
Eating his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is dear?  
Let him go feed upon the public ways;  
I want him only for the holidays."  
So the old steed was turned into the heat  
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;  
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer time,  
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!  
The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose  
And donned his robes and with reluctant pace  
Went panting forth into the market-place,  
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams  
swung,

Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:  
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a  
wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,  
No shape of human form of woman born,

But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,  
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!  
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

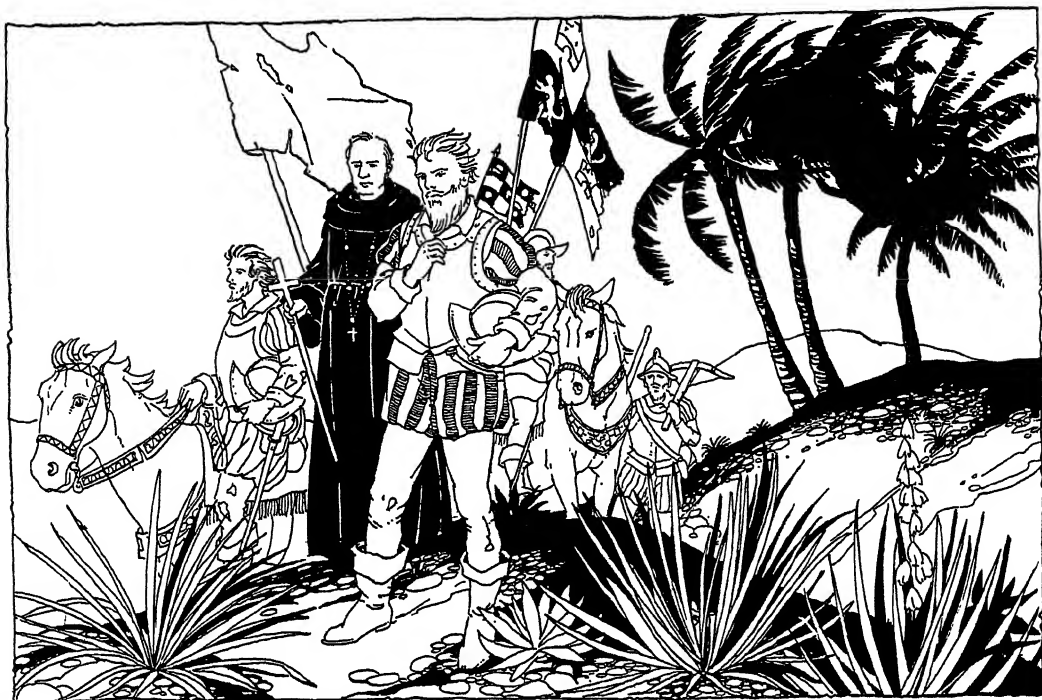
Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five-and-twenty ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply  
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his  
own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King; then said:  
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honor, what repute  
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?  
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more  
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take  
heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed in  
glee,

And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!  
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;  
But go not into mass; my bell doth more;  
It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;  
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

QUIVIRA<sup>1</sup>

BY ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

FRANCISCO CORONADO rode forth with  
all his train,  
Eight hundred savage bowmen, three hundred  
spears of Spain,  
To seek the desert's glory whereof the tale is  
told —  
The City of Quivira, whose walls are rich with  
gold.

Oh, gay they rode with plume on crest and gilded  
spur at heel,  
With gonfalon of Aragon and banner of Castile;  
While High Emprise and Joyous Youth, twin  
marshals of the throng,  
Awoke Sonora's mountain peaks with trumpet  
note and song.

Beside that brilliant army, beloved by serf and  
lord,  
There walked a gallant soldier, no braver smote  
with sword,

Though naught of knightly harness his russet  
gown revealed;  
The cross he bore as weapon, the missal was his  
shield.

But rugged oaths were changed to prayers and  
angry hearts grew tame,  
And fainting spirits waxed in faith where Fray  
Padilla came;  
And brawny spearmen bowed their heads to  
kiss the helpful hand  
Of him who spake the simple truth that brave  
men understand.

What pen may paint their daring, those doughty  
cavaliers!  
The cities of the Zuñi were humbled by their  
spears;  
And Arizona's barrens grew pallid in the glow  
Of blades that won Granada and conquered  
Mexico.

<sup>1</sup> From "The Ballad Maker's Pack," Harper and Brothers, publishers.

They fared by lofty Acoma; their rally call was  
blown

Where Colorado rushes down through God  
hewn walls of stone.

Then, north and east, where deserts spread and  
treeless prairies rolled,

That fairy city lured them on with pinnacles of  
gold.

On all their weary marches to gain the flitting  
goal

They turned to Fray Padilla for aid of heart  
and soul.

He salved the wounds that lance thrust and  
flinty arrow made,

He cheered the sick and failing, above the dead  
he prayed.

Two thousand miles of war and woe behind their  
banners lay,

And sadly fever, drought, and toil had lessened  
their array,

When came a message fraught with hope for  
all the steadfast band:

"Good tidings from the northward, friends!  
Quivira lies at hand!"

How joyously they spurred them! how sadly  
drew the rein.

There gleamed no golden palace, there blazed  
no jeweled fane;

Rude tents of hide of bison, dog-guarded, met  
their view —

A squalid Indian village, the lodges of the  
Sioux!

Then Don Francisco bowed his head. He spake  
unto his men:

"Our search is vain, true hearts of Spain, now  
turn we home again.

And would to God that I could give that  
phantom city's pride

In ransom for the gallant souls that here have  
drooped and died!"

Back, back to Compostela the wayworn handful  
bore;

But sturdy Fray Padilla took up the quest  
once more.

His soul still longed for conquest, though not  
by lance or sword;

He burned to show the heathen the pathway to  
the Lord.

For this he trudged the flinty hills and parching  
desert sands,

While few were they that walked with him and  
weaponless their hands —

But cheerily the man-at-arms, Docampo, rode  
him near,

Like Great Heart warding Christian's way  
through wastes of Doubt and Fear.

Where still in silken harvests the prairie-lilies  
toss,

Among the red Quiviras, Padilla reared his cross.  
Beneath its sacred shadow the tribesmen of the  
Kaw

In wonder heard the gospel of love and peace  
and law.

They gloried in their brown-robed priest; and  
often, dark in thought,

The warriors grouped, a silent ring, to hear the  
word he brought,

While round the kindly man-at-arms their  
lithe-limbed children played

And shot their arrows at his shield and rode his  
guarded blade.

When thrice the silver crescent had filled its  
curving shell

The friar rose at dawning and bade his flock  
farewell:

"— And if your brothers northward be cruel,  
even so,

My Master bids me teach them; and dare I  
answer, 'No'?"

But where he trod in quenchless zeal the path  
of thorns once more,

A savage cohort swept the plain in paint and  
plume of war.

Then Fray Padilla spake to them whose hearts  
were most his own:

"My children, bear the tidings home; let me  
die here alone."

He knelt upon the prairie, begirt by yelling  
Sioux. —

"Forgive them, O my Father, they know not  
what they do!"

The twanging bowstrings answered. Before  
his eyes, unrolled

The City of Quivira whose streets are paved  
with gold.



FROG FOUNTAIN  
By Janet Scudder

*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*



# LIVES WORTH KNOWING

RUDYARD KIPLING<sup>1</sup>

(By Alice Page Cooper)

## FRINGED PALMS AND FIREFLIES

RUDYARD KIPLING'S story really begins in a little Wesleyan parsonage several years before he first opened his eyes on the world in Bombay amid the fringed palms and parrots and fireflies of that Asiatic port. In this Wesleyan parsonage, or rather a succession of modest little parsonages—for Methodist ministers were required to move to a new church every three years—lived four daughters of the Reverend George B. Macdonald—Georgiana, Agnes, Alice, and Louise, quiet, attractive girls, whose romances were to bring them, not only fame and social distinction, but an enviable part in the history of nineteenth-century England. Georgiana married Sir Edward Burne-Jones, then a poor, but sweet-tempered young painter with thirty pounds to his credit on his wedding day. His young wife brought with her a small deal table with a drawer that held her wood-engraving tools, and three days before the wedding, a print dealer sent a check of twenty-five pounds for a pen-and-ink drawing. With these riches the oldest sister and her young husband set happily out upon the road to fame. When Agnes married Edward Poynter, the impecunious artist son of an architect, his prospects were no brighter than those of Burne-Jones had been. The family did not foresee that his scholarly pictures would bring him recognition as one of the greatest English artists of his time, the presidency of the Royal Academy and a baronetcy. Louise, the youngest daughter, was the only one who made what would be termed a "good marriage" in a worldly sense. She was at work on the wood cuts for Morris's "The Earthly Paradise" when her engagement was announced to Alfred Baldwin, the wealthy ironmaster. Both her

son, Stanley Baldwin who became Prime Minister of Great Britain, and her grandson who is a socialist, are said to believe that there are many more important things in life than guineas.

At a picnic on the shore of a pretty little lake near the village of Rudyard, Alice Macdonald, the wittiest and most talented of the four sisters, met young John Lockwood Kipling, a modeler and designer of terra cotta in the Burslem Potteries. It was love at first sight. An engagement followed and John set to work earnestly in the art schools of Kensington. When he received an appointment as director of the art school at Bombay, he married Alice and the two, not at all disquieted by the misgivings of their families, set out on a brave adventure toward the Orient.

In Bombay on December 30, 1865, Rudyard Kipling was born. There is a pretty story to the effect that Lady Burne-Jones suggested the baby should be named Rudyard in memory of Lake Rudyard and that summer day on which Alice and John Kipling first met each other. It is a charming reason for the name, but Kipling himself has repudiated the story much to the regret of a local society which proposed to develop the lake as a holiday resort for Kipling pilgrims.

Like all Anglo-Indian children, the boy learned the language of the bazaar from his "dear, dark foster-mothers," the *ayahs*, with their classic bronze features, bejewelled nostrils, and dark velvet eyes. He lisped tales about Shiv and Hari and Shere Khan, the man-eating tiger, before he could speak proper English. He lived much of the time with the servants, stately white-robed Hindus and Mussulmans and grew to know the bazaars, the avenues, the shrines of calm-eyed Buddha and the elephant-trunked Ganesh with garlands of marigolds around his neck. Feast days and processions, the glowing fruit market, the beach at sunset where the Parsees "standing in the

<sup>1</sup> From "Rudyard Kipling," by Alice Page Cooper, copyright, 1926, by Doubleday, Doran and Company.

scarlet waters, bow down before their God," all these were for six years the daily background of the boy.

"WESTWARD HO!"

As is the custom with the English in the East who send their children home at an early age to remove them from the enervating climate of the Orient, young Rudyard's father sent him to England at the age of six. It is a long journey on the great P. & O. steamer, a voyage which the poet recalled later in the nursery rhyme:

When the cabin port-holes are dark and green  
Because of the seas outside;  
When the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)  
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,  
And the trunks begin to slide;

When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,  
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,  
And you are n't waked or washed or dressed,  
Why then you will know (if you have n't guessed)  
You're "Fifty north and Forty west!"

England was cold and gloomy after the warm, bright, gayly littered streets of Bombay, and Portsmouth, where the boy lived with the wife of a retired naval officer, who boarded children from overseas, was gloomiest and dreariest of all. How the boy suffered during those five years of rigid Puritan régime one sees in "Wee Willie Winkie," "So little love and so much Bible." As a man, he could not obliterate the oppressive memory of those lonesome days, but he brought out of them a familiarity with the Bible which was to influence incalculably the vocabulary and rhythm of his poetry.

When he was eleven years old, Rudyard accompanied his father to Paris to visit the exposition. The journey was one of the chief delights of his boyhood and served to strengthen the deep affection that always existed between the artist at work on his casts of mythological sculpture in the far-away rock temples of India, and his son, an English schoolboy, so many leagues from home. On his return to England, Kipling was placed in the United Service College, "Westward Ho" in north Devon, a famous public school intended chiefly for the sons of Anglo-Indian civil and military officers. Here he spent five happy, busy years, with his "two

hundred brothers," most of whom were like himself children of the Empire, whose fathers were serving England in farthest corners of the Orient. In "School Song" Kipling pays a ringing tribute to the masters who taught him the ethics and the groundwork of faith in England's mission which was to become the predominant note of his poetry:

"Let us now praise famous men" —

Men of little showing —  
For their work continueth,  
And their work continueth,  
Broad and deep continueth,  
Greater than their knowing!

This we learned from famous men,  
Knowing not its uses,  
When they showed, in daily work,  
Man must finish off his work —  
Right or wrong, his daily work,  
And without excuses.

Some beneath the further stars  
Bear the greater burden;  
Set to serve the lands they rule,  
(Save he serve no man may rule),  
Serve and love the lands they rule,  
Seeking praise nor guerdon.

And in "Stalky & Co." one learns something of the lighter side of the wholesome, healthy, vigorously disciplined organization in which the firm of three members carried on such an enterprising career. Kipling was "Beetle" of the story, G. C. Beresford, "McTurk," and Lionel C. Dunsterville, "Stalky." A half-century later the exploits of that schoolboy company are still a delightful memory to the partners, all of whom have since written their names on England's Book of Fame. "McTurk" was one of the first patrons of the little paint shop in Chelsea, now the Chenil Galleries, which Orpen, Trevor Haddon and Augustus John started years ago, and encouraged the struggling young painters who had scarcely a penny among them by buying the pictures which now form the nucleus of an enviable collection of Orpens and Johns.

But to return to "Westward Ho" and the editor of the *U. S. C. Chronicle* for such was the title that Kipling acquired during his last two years in school.

In his seventeenth year, when his school life at the United Service College came to an end, young Kipling was given his choice: the university or India which had possessed his imagina-



ion since he left it, a lonesome and homesick little boy, ten years before. He chose India.

In September, 1882, at the age when impressions are etched with vivid distinctness upon the memory, Kipling sailed down the Thames, past wharves and factories and dockyards and ghostly steamers from all nations, dimly outlined in the cold white fog, out across the Atlantic that each day grew a deeper blue until he sighted the cliff of Gibraltar. He crossed the Mediterranean, sailed through the Red Sea into the radiant eastern ocean with its dazzling white beaches, its burning dawns and magic velvet nights. In the harbor of Bombay the smell of the East greeted him, that "smell of all Asia" of which Kipling exclaimed in "Letters of Travel": "He who has not smelt that smell has never lived." It is the scent of "very clean new wood; split bamboo, wood smoke, damp earth, and the things that people who are not white people eat," it comes down the streets, saying "this is the East where nothing matters, and trifles as old as the Tower of Babel matter less than nothing." And everywhere is the splendid lavish sunlight of the Orient.

John Lockwood Kipling no longer lived in Bombay. He had become Director of the Lahore Museum and to Lahore young Kipling went to find himself a job. The proprietor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* engaged him on the strength of a few numbers of the school journal and the seventeen-year-old editor at once plunged into the business of getting out the daily paper. Single-handed under the chief he prepared daily copy for the hundred and sixty native printers in the shop. There were telegrams from abroad, fragments of articles borrowed from the leading metropolitan papers, news from East and West that must be summarized, edited and pasted up. The temperature was for months at a time over one hundred degrees, but the paper must go to press, regardless of everything. "In my own little world," says Kipling, "the first lesson I learned was loyalty to my newspaper, and that I had to work on it in hot as in cold weather, in sickness and in health." The boy loved his profession, the smell and noise of the composing room, the wet smudgy proofs, the copy boy waiting for them, and the telegraph news arriving from all corners of the world.

Thus at seventeen Kipling reached the status of maturity. He had an exacting and absorbing work to do and independence, for, although living with his parents, he had his own servants, his home, his dog-cart, his friends, his club, an active and interesting life of his own.

At odd moments the young editor amused himself by writing joyous little ditties born of the life around him. Occasionally, of course, they interfered with business and had to be reluctantly shut out of his mind until the forms were closed. "The dear sorrow of going in search of these (out of office hours, and catching them)" says Kipling, "was almost better than writing them clear."

Week by week the verses were printed in the paper as fillers, serving to ease off the perpetual strife of the editor fighting for his reading matter and the manager extending his advertising space. That his versifying was sometimes a trial to the chief, Kipling could not fail to notice.

"The path of virtue was very steep, whereas the writing of verses allowed a certain play to the mind, and, unlike the filling in of reading matter, could be done as the spirit served. Now a sub-editor is not hired to write verses. He is paid to sub-edit. At the time, this discovery shocked me greatly; but, some years later, when I came to be an editor-in-charge, Providence dealt me for my subordinate one saturated with Elia. He wrote very pretty Lamblike essays, but he wrote them when he should have been sub-editing. Then I saw a little what my chief must have suffered on my account. There is a moral here for the ambitious and aspiring who are oppressed by their superiors.

"This is a digression, as all my verses were digressions from office work. They came without invitation, unmanneredly, in the nature of things; but they had to come, and the writing out of them kept me healthy and amused. To the best of my remembrance, no one then discovered their grievous cynicism, or their pessimistic tendency, and I was far too busy and too happy to take thought about these things.

"Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: 'Your poetry very

good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page.'

"Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as '*Ek aur chiz*'—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindu does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's."

The verses became popular. From Moulmein, Rangoon, and Mandalay came letters from men in the army, the railway, and the civil service, suggesting that they might be made into a book. It was a tempting idea. A real book was out of the question but Rukn-Din and the office plant could be employed for a consideration, out of office time, so Kipling designed a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and tied with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and governmental officials and at first glance would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Thus for his first book Kipling was author, editor, printer, and publisher. It was not, however, his first adventure, for the year before he and the other members of the family had published "The Christmas Quartet," a small volume of combined authorship. It sold at two shillings or one rupee eight annas. At least, that was the selling price. His managing editor said "he could have papered Lahore with unsold copies of the book," but the young manager of the enterprise managed to come out without any financial losses. Now the little book is one of the rarest and most valuable of Kipling firsts.

But to return to "Departmental Ditties," as the verses in the long brown government envelope were titled. Kipling took reply post-cards, printed the announcement of the book on one side, a return order blank on the other and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore.

"There was no trade discount," he said, "no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commissions, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees and was transferred from the publisher, the

left-hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket."

Every copy sold in a few weeks and there was soon a demand for a new edition. This time Kipling saw a real publisher's imprint on the title page.

"But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string round its stomach," he says, "a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights in India, plotting and scheming to write something that should 'take' with the English public."

Four years later Kipling decided to capture that same English public by a first-hand frontal attack. He had won such fame as India could give. Leaving the *Civil and Military Gazette* for the more important *Allahabad Pioneer*, he had traveled from the Himalayas to the ocean, living with the army on the frontier through the kindness of the Duke of Connaught, then military commander of the Northwestern District, doing special assignments for his paper. His songs were sung from Quetta to Colombo. It was time to seek new worlds to conquer.

In 1890 he set sail for England, going eastward this time, calling at Rangoon, Moulmein, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong. At Yokohama he saw on the quays the seal hunters of 'Frisco and Vancouver and stored in his memory odd bits of their folk lore of the sea. Crossing the Pacific on a Canadian liner, he landed at San Francisco for a first glimpse of the western world.

He spent a week in the semi-oriental city of the Golden Gate, exploring the Barbary Coast, strolling about the evil-smelling purlieus of Cum Cook Alley and Jackson Street, watching the Chinese pipe-bowl menders at their work. Chinatown brought him an echo of his familiar East. "Traffics and Discoveries" and "The Day's Work" bear evidence of the vivid impressions crowded into these few days.

Starting east, Kipling set out to find a publisher. With a letter of introduction in one hand and his tales of Anglo-India, of Dinah Shadd and Mrs. Hauksbie, of the Gadsbys and the Man Who Would Be King in the other, he approached one of the old American publishing houses. But his stories were rejected, and

so discouraged to try further, he set sail for England. In London there was no difficulty finding a publisher, for his fame had preceded him. The elect among the literati who had read the little volume that came out of India had discovered in him a rival to Loti and were giving him praise "in a superior fire of epigrams." "Departmental Ditties" seemed the last delicious insolence of æsthetics: bizarrerie of the best," says Dixon Scott. "The youngster was bracketed with Beardsley. Mr. John Lane began to collect his first editions. Mr. Richard Gallienne was told off to Bodley Head him. Mr. Edmund Gosse (this is perfectly true, I assure you), Mr. Gosse himself wrote almost tremulously of 'the troubling thrill, the voluptuous and agitating sentiment,' which this artist's audacious words sent through his system. The little sun-baked books from Allahabad seemed, in anything, more golden than "The Yellow Book."

But the English editions of his books did not sell. The reviewers of the press ignored them, stacks of neglected volumes cluttered up the publisher's warehouses and the young author, financially embarrassed and thoroughly disheartened, spent his time shunning his acquaintances and distinguished relatives and writing furiously in his dingy lodgings not far from the river. These dreary days were later pictured with emotional accuracy in Dick Heldar's experiences in "The Light That Failed."

But Kipling soon broke through the obscurity of his arrival. Suddenly with the same delight that marked his earlier acceptance by the elect, the public discovered him. Bank clerks and clerics, doctors, journalists, drapers, joiners, and engineers began to find in his work "a refuge from the drudgery of the day." His stories and vivid singing verse excited and intensified their zest for actual life. They gloried in him, and read him with a wholesale and generous affection.

#### AMERICA

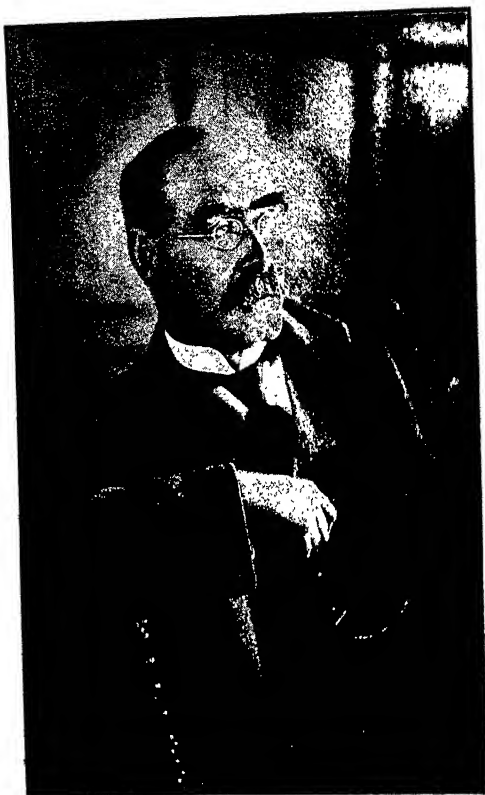
In 1892 Kipling in the first flush of his golden success, married an American girl, Miss Caroline Balestier, the sister of Wolcott Balestier (the co-author of "The Naulahka"). Returning with his bride to her home at Brattle-

boro, Vermont, he bought a home which he named "Naulahka." Here two of his children were born and many of his most famous tales written for the babies in his own nursery and for fortunate children ever since. The two Jungle Books were published during these years, and "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," "Many Inventions," and the first of the "Just So Stories" were written, although they were not gathered into a book until later. Many of these tales were suggested by some local landmark or character with which his children were familiar.

Kipling revelled in the Vermont winters. During the big snows of 1895-96, he found good sport in helping the farm hands "plow out" and was often seen in town on a sled to which two plows were attached and one or often two pairs of horses. In galoshes and long-legged stockings, he wallowed in the snowdrifts until he looked more like a snow man than a human. No droll expressions or colloquialisms of the farmers escaped his notice for he jotted them down on a bit of paper that was always in a convenient pocket.

These years were richly productive of published books and also of vivid material that he was to weave into many stories of his later works. Impressions of Philadelphia and its picturesque local history, Kipling filed away in his amazing memory to use fifteen years later in "Rewards and Fairies." The three poems and two stories in this volume, "Philadelphia," "Brother Square-toes," the tale of Pharaoh who with his inseparable fiddle came to the lilac-scented city of red brick houses and white doorsteps on the ship *Embascade* with Ambassador Genet, "If," "A St. Helena Lullaby," and "A Priest in Spite of Himself," the story of the great Talleyrand selling buttons on Drinker's Alley, were suggested by two interesting bits of source history.

"A little history of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia at the beginning of the last century supplied most of the characters that were needed in the tales and when one got Redjacket, Toby Hirte, the Moravian connection and the legend that Talleyrand once sold buttons for a living in Philadelphia all mixed up together, you can see that the rest of the tale marched by itself, even if Providence had not sent me



RUDYARD KIPLING  
1865-

*Ewing Galloway*

an old map of the American Colonies of 1774, or thereabouts, which gave me all the old trails and ferries that were required," Kipling explained. "There was really no reason why one should ever have stopped."

These Philadelphia tales based upon an old map and an obscure church history illustrate remarkably well Kipling's method of work. Facts, accurate knowledge of details, truth in atmosphere and characterization are the basis of his most fantastic tales. He acquired the technical knowledge which enabled him to write of bridge builders in terms of bridge building and of railroad building in the lingo of construction gangs, of ship building and sailing and road making, each in the distinctive vernacular of the trade, by the prosaic method of plowing through numbers of technical books upon the subject about which he was writing. A pioneer book dealer of New York in the 60's, S. F. McLean, whose shop used to be across from

Cooper Union, had occasion to furnish Kipling with many books while he was in Vermont.

"One day," says Mr. McLean recalling his famous customers, "a man came into my shop and called for the poetical works of Dr. John Donne. I had never heard of Donne; and not having the book, I offered to make a search for it and communicate with the customer if he would leave me his name and address.

"With fine penmanship he wrote on the back of a card that I handed him: 'Rudyard Kipling, Brattleboro, Vermont.' " Mr. McLean promptly advertised for Dr. Donne's works and soon had several copies offered. He notified Kipling and soon after, received a letter from him asking for information about all available books on shipbuilding, railroad construction, tunnel-boring, surveying, labor unions, and kindred activities. On receipt of the list, Mr. Kipling bought the books and asked for more.

"I often wondered," said the book dealer, "what interest such an author as Mr. Kipling could have in that line of stuff. For a while I thought it must be a hobby, a sort of side line.

"But I had n't long to wait, for soon such stories as 'The Bridge Builders,' 'A Walking Delegate,' 'The Ship That Found Herself,' and others of the same type began to appear in the leading magazines."

In 1897 Kipling left America to make a journey to Africa. Although he has never returned to make his home in the United States, he has left such an impress on the American consciousness that villages are named after him from Louisiana to Saskatchewan. There is a Kipling station in Saskatchewan; a Kipling in Ontario; Rudyard, Montana; Rudyard and Kipling, Michigan; Kipling, North Carolina; Rudyard, Mississippi; and Kipling, Louisiana. The Michigan Rudyard and Kipling were named by the President of the Soo Line Railroad who treasures an autograph poem by Kipling celebrating his two new children of the north.

Africa was to Kipling something like a home-coming for it gleamed and breathed and smelled of the Orient and was everywhere reminiscent of his own India. Port Said, "a perpetual cinematograph show of excited, uneasy travelers; the Nile Himself, golden in sunshine, wrinkled under strong breezes"; the Soudan where one white man to several thousand square

les, kept order from the edges of Abyssinia the swamps of the Equator; Pretoria; the oldt: he felt a keen delight in listening to the babel of tongues and seeing about him the kaleidoscopic life of the East. Several of the tales in "Traffics and Discoveries" bear record

his interest in the political and economic conditions that led to the Boer War.

Returning to England, Kipling and his family settled in a quiet little Sussex village, Ottingdean-near-the-Sea. Spending most of the time out of doors, he rode three hours every morning and in the late afternoons might be seen often tramping over the Downs regardless of the weather. Here he published "The Day's Work," "Stalky and Co.," and a new collection of sketches, "From Sea to Sea."

Two years later Kipling and his family returned to America for a visit. He was then at the height of his fame. There was probably no living author regarded with such spontaneous veneration by a public scattered so widely over the face of the world. The ship's news reporters who went down the bay to greet him were prepared to spread the story of his arrival over the front pages of the daily papers from New York to San Francisco. As the *Majestic*, ice-coated, laboring in rough seas, neared Sandy Hook, Kipling watched three men in oilskins bobbing up and down in a cockle-shell boat. They were pilots coming aboard. When the little boat veered off, the men rested on their oars. One looking up, saw Kipling and taking off his oilskin hat shouted:

"By sport of bitter weather  
We're salty, strained, and scarred  
From the kentledge on the kelson  
To the slings upon the yard.  
Six oceans had their will of us  
To carry all away."

Then he added, "Hurrah for Mulvaney and the boys of Lungtungpen."

When the reporters swarmed aboard at quarantine, they found their author uncommunicative and anxious to shun publicity as much as possible. The only interview he gave them was this statement of his artist's creed:

"Every effort of art is an effort to be sincere. There is no surer guide, I am sure, than the determination to tell the truth that one feels."

The American visit was cut short by a serious

illness. For weeks Kipling lay at the point of death in a New York hotel while the journals of both England and America voiced an unwonted closeness of fellowship drawn together by their sympathy for the suffering of one whose stories and songs had become a part of the literary heritage of all English-speaking people.

#### IN AN ELIZABETHAN FARM HOUSE

Returning to England upon his recovery, Kipling settled at Bateman's, not far from the village of Burwash in Sussex, among the meadows that once knew Puck. Here with his hazel fishing rod, his dogs, and his children, Kipling was content, paying little heed to the honors that the world would heap upon him. In 1907 he won the Nobel Prize for Literature, the highest international recognition that an author can receive. He has also been made Rector of St. Andrew University and many colleges have conferred degrees upon him.

During the World War to which he gave his only son, he was a moving spirit in that little band of distinguished authors who devoted themselves to the work of keeping up the courage of the families at home by reporting to them the exploits of their sons in various branches of the service. Afterward he spent several years writing a history of the Irish Guards, a labor of love in memory of his son John who had belonged to that gallant regiment. "The Years Between," a slender volume of verse published in 1919, reflects his reaction to the war and contains incidentally several of his most powerful verses. "Gethsemane," "The Sons of Martha," "Zion," and "Mary's Son" rank very high among his poems of all periods.

So, living quietly in the most ancient and richly historical corner of that England of which he is such a vivid interpreter, Kipling has become one of the most venerated figures in the literature of our day. His lines have been quoted so often that they have lost all significance of authorship. Like Shakespeare and the Bible, his phrases are a part of everyone's current speech. Legends have grown up about him and anecdotes without end have been attributed to him, some few with a foundation of fact, but many of them incorrect.

ANDREW CARNEGIE<sup>1</sup>*(By Sarah K. Bolton)*

ANDREW CARNEGIE began life November 25, 1837, in the ancient burg of Dunfermline, Scotland. His father, William Carnegie, a master linen-weaver before the days of steam, was a man of rugged character, a born reformer, and a hot radical, who was often in demand in Fifeshire for political speeches. His mother was a remarkable woman of fine intelligence, and a fund of strength and determination which made light of all obstacles. She gave her two sons, Andrew and Thomas, their first start in knowledge, and indeed was almost their only teacher.

With the introduction of steam machinery and the rise of the factory, the fortunes of the Carnegie family met a sudden downfall. William Carnegie, who with his four looms and apprentices, had made a comfortable living supplying the merchants with handwoven linen, now found his occupation gone, and himself obliged to look elsewhere for means of support. What could he do? There seemed no future for either him or his boys in England, and after careful consideration he decided to transfer his family to America.

The voyage was made in a sailing vessel, and the new home established at Allegheny City, then a town of about ten thousand, opposite Pittsburgh. There Andrew found his first employment, when twelve years of age, as a bobbin-boy in a cotton factory at \$1.20 per week. But this job was not altogether to his liking; so having a natural knack for machinery, he learned to run a steam engine, and got work as an engine-man in a factory for making bobbins. Here, chance brought his knowledge of arithmetic and his fair handwriting to the notice of his employer, who promptly advanced the boy to a clerkship. This position, however, entailed a good deal of heavy lifting and drudgery of such order that "Andy" determined to keep an eye open for something better.

He was stimulated in this perhaps by a course of reading he was enjoying, thanks to Colonel Anderson, a well-to-do Allegheny citizen of a

philanthropic turn, who announced that he would be in his library at his home, every Saturday, ready to lend books to working boys and men. "He only had about four hundred volumes," said Mr. Carnegie later, "but I doubt if ever so few books were put to better use. Only he who has longed, as I did, for Saturday to come, that the spring of knowledge might be opened anew to him, can understand what Colonel Anderson did for me and others of the boys of Allegheny. Quite a number of them have risen to eminence, and I think their rise can be easily traced to this splendid opportunity."

There can be doubt of this.

"Andy," looking about for his next step upward, noted a placard in the office window of the Ohio Telegraphy Company:

## BOY WANTED

The salary, on investigation, proved to be \$2.50 per week, and "Andy" at once determined to be the lucky boy. "I often live over that day," he said once, "when a little white-haired Scottish laddie, dressed in a blue jacket, walked with his father into the office to undergo the tests set for the applicant."

Mr. Reed, the superintendent, was himself a Scotchman, and he took to the boy at once. For "it was easy to see that though he was small, he was full of spirit."

"Perhaps you may guess," wrote Mr. Carnegie later, "what my entrance as a worker in the office meant to me. It was a transition from darkness to light — from firing a small engine in a dark and dirty cellar into a clean office with bright windows and a literary atmosphere, with books, newspapers, pens, and pencils all around me. I was the happiest boy alive."

And that in spite of the fact that one of his first duties was to sweep the office!

Who do you suppose his fellow sweepers were? Mr. Carnegie put this in print years later: "David McBargo, afterward superintendent of the Allegheny Valley Railroad; Robert Pitcairn, afterward superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. Moreland, subsequently City Attorney of Pittsburgh. We all took turns, two each morning doing the

<sup>1</sup> From "Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

weeping; and now I remember Davie was so proud of his clean shirt bosom that he used to read over it an old silk bandana handkerchief which he kept for the purpose, and we boys thought he was putting on airs. So he was. One of us had a silk handkerchief."

None of them saw the drudgery of the work there! Their eyes were fixed on a higher goal. But for Andrew Carnegie the conditions of upward progress were unusually hard. His father died about this time, and upon his shoulders fell the burden of supporting the little family. He met it without flinching, and his weary attitude once more proved a stepping-stone. For by now Andy had mastered the duties of a telegraph operator. All his spare time had been spent under no less a tutelage than his superintendent, sending and receiving messages. Now he could do as well at the key as his chief, and he had his reward in a position as operator in the telegraph office at twenty-five dollars a month, — a sum which seemed to him like a fortune, for on it the family could be independent. He earned a little additional money by copying telegraphic messages for the newspapers, and was now on the road to success.

Of this period of the young man's career the *Electric Age* records: "He was a telegraph operator abreast of older and experienced men; and, although receiving messages by sound was, at that time, forbidden by authority as being unsafe, young Carnegie quickly acquired the art, and all his later life he could stand behind the ticker and understand its tongue. As an operator he delighted in full employment and the prompt discharge of business, and a big day's work was his chief pleasure."

And so when the Pennsylvania Railroad needed an operator Andrew Carnegie was at once chosen from the long list of applicants. His fame had begun to go abroad: men knew that he could be depended on for the very last ounce of service. And here in his new position he first developed the peculiar qualities which later made him the manager of men and the director of broad and useful enterprises. He soon mastered the details of despatching, and showed how the telegraph could be made to minister to railroad safety and success.

Then again industry and perseverance won:

the young man was made assistant-superintendent, with an office at the company headquarters. A little later, when his chief was moved up to the duties of vice-president, Carnegie stepped into his place, and had upon his broad young shoulders the responsible duties of superintendent of the Western division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

One day, when Mr. Carnegie was out personally inspecting his line, a tall spare man accosted him and asked him if he would kindly look at an invention he had made. Always courteous, Mr. Carnegie expressed his willingness, and the man produced from a small green bag a tiny model of a sleeping berth for railway cars, and proceeded to explain its merits.

"Before Mr. Woodroff had spoken a moment," recorded the superintendent, "like a flash the whole range of the scheme burst upon me. 'Yes,' I said, 'that is something which this continent must have.' Upon my return I laid it before Mr. Scott, declaring that it was one of the inventions of the age. He remarked: 'You are enthusiastic, young man, but you may ask the inventor to come and let me see it.' I did so, and arrangements were made to build two trial cars, and run them on the Pennsylvania Railroad. I was offered an interest in the venture, which, of course, I gladly accepted. . . .

"The notice came that my share of the first payment was \$217.50. How well I remember the exact sum! But it was as far beyond my means as if it had been millions. I was earning fifty dollars a month, however, and had prospects, or at least I felt I had. I decided to call on the local banker and boldly ask him to advance the sum. He put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Why, of course, Andy, you are all right. Go ahead! Here is the money.'

"It is a proud day for a man when he pays his last note, but not to be named in comparison with the day in which he makes his first one, and gets a banker to take it. I have tried both and I know. The cars paid the subsequent payments from their earnings. I paid my first note from my savings, so much per month, and thus did I get my foot upon fortune's ladder."

And thus also came sleeping-cars into the



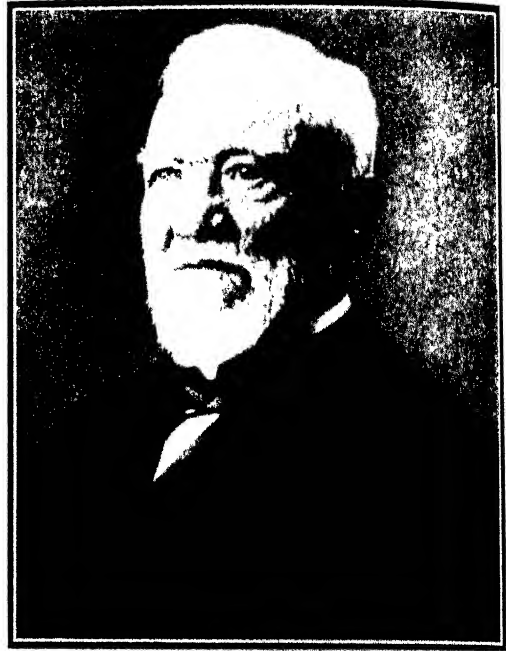
world! But their greatest success was not achieved until George M. Pullman took them in hand. This, however, is a story that must be told some other time.

In connection with this item of saving, early established, which proved the foundation of Mr. Carnegie's vast fortune, a reporter once said to him: "I would like some expression from you in reference to the importance of laying aside money from one's earnings, as a young man."

"You can have it," responded the canny Scott, enthusiastically. "There is one sure mark of the future millionaire; he begins to save as soon as he begins to earn. I should say to young men, no matter how little it may be possible to save, save that little. Invest it securely, not necessarily in bonds, but in anything which you have good reason to believe will be profitable; but no gambling with it, remember. A rare chance will soon present itself for investment. The little you have saved will prove the basis for an amount of credit utterly surprising to you. Capitalists trust the saving young man: For every one hundred dollars you can produce as the result of hard-won savings, Midas, in search of a partner, will lend or credit a thousand; for every thousand, fifty thousand. It is not capital that your seniors require, it is the man who has proved that he has the business habits which create capital. So it is the first hundred dollars saved that tells."

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Carnegie's old chief, Colonel Scott, was Assistant Secretary of War, and by his advice the capable young Scotchman was called to Washington and given charge of the military railroads and telegraphs of the government in the East. Needless to say, this service had the best he could put into it. At the battle of Bull Run Carnegie was on the field in charge of the railway communications, and was the last official to leave for Alexandria.

In company with several others, at the close of the war, Mr. Carnegie purchased the now famous Storey farm, on Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, where a well had been bored and natural oil struck the year before. This proved a very profitable investment. But Mr. Carnegie was not content to rest on these winnings. Railway bridges were then built almost exclusively of



*Underwood & Underwood*

ANDREW CARNEGIE  
1837-1919

wood, but the Pennsylvania Railroad had begun to experiment with cast iron. With his usual insight, Mr. Carnegie saw that the railroad bridges of the future would be of iron; so he organized, in Pittsburgh, a company for the construction of iron bridges. That was the Keystone Bridge Works. Their first great success was an iron bridge across the Ohio River.

Realizing the coming immensity of the steel manufacturing business, Mr. Carnegie also entered this realm, and, following a visit to England, shortly after the Bessemer process had been perfected, he introduced it into his mills, and was soon making steel rails second to none. He now purchased the Homestead Steel Works, — his great rival at Pittsburgh. This was followed by other iron and steel works until presently the Carnegie Steel Company Limited owned within a radius of five miles at Pittsburgh such an aggregation of splendidly equipped steel works, seven in all, as could be found in no other part of the world.

To build up this immense business within a single generation and to shape its destinies so successfully as to make it not only the equal,



the superior, of all similar industries on the earth, was a feat of which any man might be proud and which few men have had the capacity to accomplish. That Mr. Carnegie accomplished this was a proof not only that he possessed an extraordinary business capacity, but also that he was a born ruler of men. It was a favorite maxim of his that "He who succeeds best in the world is he who knows how to avail himself of the labor of other men." Certainly in this Mr. Carnegie excelled. His fine instincts and sound judgment enabled him to see at a glance the capacities and capabilities of both men and things. He seemed to know intuitively what any man could do, and he thoroughly trusted every man whom he employed.

Andrew Carnegie was a strong advocate of the payment of labor based upon the prices obtained for the products manufactured. Each month the firm's business correspondence and documents were laid before a committee appointed from the men themselves, and an average struck by the committee was the basis for the next month's wage. As an incentive to save, the firm loaned to any of its workmen money to buy a lot and to build, repaying its payment by installments. A workman, also, might deposit his savings with the company, not to exceed two thousand dollars, at which the high rate of six per cent interest was allowed. Needless to say, these arrangements were all eminently satisfactory to the men and to the company. Moreover, each workman, no matter how humble, was made to feel from the beginning that exceptional service warranted promotion. The man who was worthy was bound to rise; he who was not, eventually fell out. And those of the latter class were few indeed. At Mr. Carnegie's retirement from the business, the monthly pay roll exceeded \$1,125,000, or about \$50,000 per working day. With the exception of a small strike at the Homestead works there was never any serious difference between the firm and its men.

In Mr. Carnegie's native land, Scotland, thrift is a virtue that is taught with the alphabet, and the canny Scot himself seemed to be filled with it. One of his articles, "The Gospel of Wealth," published in the *North American Review*, in 1889, contained his sentiments in regard to the rich man's duty to his fellow-man. To quote his own words, — "The man

who dies rich, dies disgraced. That is the Gospel I preach, that is the Gospel I practice, and that is the Gospel I intend to practice during what remains of my life."

Later in one of his public speeches — for Mr. Carnegie was an orator as well as a writer — he gave a further interpretation of his duty, as he saw it, namely to be of service to his fellowmen in that which would tend to elevate the race: "What a man owns is already subordinate in America to what he knows," he said; "but in the final hearing the question will not be either of these, but what has he done for his fellows? Where has he shown generosity and self-abnegation? When has he been a father to the fatherless? And the cause of the poor, — where has he searched that out? How he has worshiped God will not be asked in that day, but how he has served man."

Again, he wrote: "Men who, in old age, strive only to increase their already too great hoards, are usually slaves of the habit of hoarding, formed in their youth. At first they own the money they have made and saved. Later in life the money owns them, and they cannot help themselves, so overpowering is the force of habit, either for good or evil. It is the abuse of the civilized saving instinct, and not its use, that produces this class of men. No one needs to be afraid of falling a victim to this abuse of the habit, if he always bears in mind that whatever surplus wealth may come to him is to be regarded as a sacred trust, which he is bound to administer for the good of his fellows. The man should always be a master. He should keep money in the position of a useful servant; he must never let it be his master and make a miser of him. A man's first duty is to acquire a competence and be independent, then to do something for his needy neighbors who are less favored than himself."

That Mr. Carnegie thoroughly lived up to this doctrine is proved by the monument of good works which he left behind him. Chief among those which may be briefly mentioned here are his library endowments. Mr. Carnegie firmly believed that boys and girls might learn the science of true life and success in good books; and in early youth while enjoying the prized privilege of good reading extended to him at the hands of Colonel Anderson, he

resolved that if ever surplus wealth came to him he would imitate his kind benefactor. All the world knows the Carnegie libraries, free to rich and poor alike; not one of us but have delighted in their service, and thought with grateful hearts of the man whose thrift and industry, coupled with his love for his fellow-men, made this great gift possible.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology, founded at Pittsburgh, in 1900, is in truth four separate schools, where day and night instruction may be had at a price within reach of the working classes. The School of Applied Science offers courses in all branches of engineering. The School of Applied Design treats architecture, painting, decoration, illustration, and music. The School of Applied Industries aims mainly to give an eight months' finishing course to those who have had experience in machine shop work, pattern making, mechanical drawing, electric wiring, plumbing, foundry, forging, and bricklaying. The Margaret Morrison Carnegie School for Women embraces two years training in various branches: household economics, costume economics, secretarial work, and home arts and crafts. In connection with the institute there is operated a seven hundred and fifty-acre engineering camp, called Camp Louise Carnegie, where opportunity is afforded for practical field work of various kinds.

The Carnegie Institute, at Washington, D. C., founded in 1902, provides for "the encouragement, in the broadest and most liberal manner, investigation, research, and discovery, and the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind." This institute maintains departments of Botanical and Historical Research, and departments of Economics, Astronomy, Nutrition, etc., where much valuable work is done. A department of Experimental Evolution is established at Cold Spring Harbor, New York; a department of Marine Biology, at Tortugas, Florida; considerable of the botanical research work is carried on at Desert

Laboratory, Tucson, Arizona. Not the least of the work of the institute is the publication of the various researches of the different departments, amounting to three hundred volumes per year. These are distributed free to the larger libraries; others may obtain copies at approximately the cost of publication.

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission aims to aid financially those citizens who have been injured in trying to save human life. In case of death, the widow and children or other dependents are to be provided for until the wife remarries and the children reach a self-supporting age. This fund is apportioned in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland on this side of the water, and abroad in Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Belgium, Netherlands, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and Denmark. It was founded in 1904, Mr. Carnegie's initial gift being \$5,000,000.

In 1905 came a bequest of \$10,000,000, to endow a Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Part of the object was the pensioning of underpaid college professors.

Mr. Carnegie was also keenly interested in the promotion of peace, and in 1910 gave \$10,000,000 for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The Hague Tribunal is in part a monument to his efforts.

Thus for the last twenty years of his life, he tried to live up to his ideal of "dying poor," though this could not literally be accomplished. He passed away at Lenox, Mass., August 11, 1919, having given away four hundred million dollars! It was said that his benefactions exceeded those of any other one man. Of him it can truly be said: "His gifts and bequests have stirred the very heart of Mammon as it has not been stirred since the Savior told the rich man to sell what he had and give to the poor." He was, however, very reluctant to accept the title of philanthropist, holding that the term usually meant "a man who had good impulses, but was destitute of good sense!"



*From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds*  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH  
1728-1774

### OLIVER GOLDSMITH<sup>1</sup>

*(By Sarah K. Bolton)*

ON a low slab in a quiet spot, just north of the Church of Knights Templars, in London, are the simple words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." The author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" needs no grander monument; for he lives in the hearts of the people.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Pallas, Ireland, in 1728, the son of a poor minister, who, by means of tilling some fields and assisting in a parish outside his own, earned two hundred dollars a year for his wife and seven children. When about six years old, Oliver nearly died of smallpox, and his pitted face made him an object of jest among the boys. At eight he showed great fondness for books, and began to write verses. His mother pleaded for a college education for him, but there seemed little prospect of it. One day, when a few were dancing at his uncle's house, the little boy sprang upon the floor and began to dance.

The fiddler, to make fun of his short figure and homely face, exclaimed, "Æsop!" The boy, stung to the quick, replied:—

"Heralds, proclaim aloud! all saying,  
'See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing;'"

when, of course, the fiddler became much chagrined.

All his school life Oliver was painfully diffident, but a good scholar. His father finally earned a better salary, and the way seemed open for college, when, lo! his sister, who had the opportunity of marrying a rich man, was obliged—so thought the public opinion of the day—to have a marriage portion of two thousand dollars, and poor Oliver's educational hopes were blasted. He must now enter Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar (servant), wear a coarse black gown without sleeves, a red cap,—the badge of servitude,—sweep the courts, carry dishes, and be treated with contempt, which nearly crushed his sensitive nature.

A year and a half later his father died, and his scanty means ceased from that source. To keep from starving he wrote ballads, selling them to street musicians at a pittance, and stole out at night to hear them sung. Often he shared this pittance with some one more wretched than himself. One cold night he gave his blankets to a woman with five children, and crawled into the ticking of his bed for warmth. When a kind friend, who often brought him food, came in the morning, he was obliged to break in the door, as Goldsmith could not extricate himself from his bed.

Obtaining a small scholarship, he gave a little party in his room in honor of the event. A savage tutor appeared in the midst of the festivities, and knocked him down. So incensed was Goldsmith that he ran away from college, and with twenty-five cents in his pocket started for Cork. For three days he lived on eight cents a day, and, by degrees, parted with nearly all his clothes for food.

Though wholly unfitted for the ministry, Goldsmith was urged by his relatives to enter the church, because he would then have a living. Too young to be accepted, he remained at home for two years, assisting his brother Henry in the village school; and then offered himself as

<sup>1</sup> From "Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous," published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

a candidate, was refused, it was said, because he appeared before the right reverend in scarlet trousers! After being tutor for a year, his uncle gave him two hundred and fifty dollars, that he might go to Dublin and study law. On arriving, he met an old friend, lost all his money in playing cards with him, and, ashamed and penniless, returned and begged the forgiveness of his relative.

A little more money was given him, and with this he studied medicine in Edinburgh for over a year, earning later some money by teaching. Afterward he traveled in Italy and France, begging his way by singing or playing on his flute at the doors of the peasants, returning to England at twenty-eight years of age without a cent in his pocket. Living among the beggars in Axe Lane, he asked to spread plasters, or pound in the mortars of the apothecaries, till, finally, a chemist hired him out of pity. Through the aid of a fellow-student, he finally opened a doctor's office, but few came to a stranger, and these usually so poor as to be unable to pay.

Attending one day upon a workman, he held his hat close to his breast, so as to cover a big patch in his secondhand clothes, while he felt the patient's pulse. Half guessing the young doctor's poverty, the sick man told him about his master, the author of the famous old novel, "Clarissa Harlowe," and how he had befriended writers. Goldsmith at once applied for work, and became press corrector in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street.

Later he was employed as a reviewer on a magazine. Being obliged to submit all his reviews to an illiterate bookseller and his wife, the engagement soon came to an end.

With no hope in London, he was promised a position in the East Indies. Life began to look bright, though his Fleet Street garret, with one chair, was surrounded by swarms of children and dirt. The promise was not kept, and he applied for the position of hospital mate. His clothes being too poor for him to be seen on the streets, he pledged the money to be received for four articles, bought a new suit, went up to the court of examiners, and was rejected! Had any of these positions been obtained, the world, doubtless, would never have known the genius of Oliver Goldsmith.

He went back to his garret to write, pawned

his clothes to pay the landlady, who was herself to be turned out of the wretched lodgings, sold his "Life of Voltaire" for twenty dollars, and published his "Polite Learning in Europe," anonymously. The critics attacked it, and Goldsmith's day of fame had dawned at last. "The Citizen of the World," a good-natured satire on society, next appeared, and was a success. Dr. Johnson became his friend, and made him a member of his club with Reynolds, Burke, and other noted men. The "Traveller" was next published, with an immense sale.

He was still poor, doubtless spending what money he received with little wisdom. His landlady arrested him for room rent, upon hearing which, Dr. Johnson came at once to see him, gave him money, took from his desk the manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and sold it to a publisher for three hundred dollars. This was the fruit of much labor, and the world received it cordially. Some of his essays were now reprinted sixteen times. What a change from the Fleet Street garret!

The "Deserted Village" was published five years later, Goldsmith having spent two whole years in revising it after it was written, so careful was he that every word should be the best that could be chosen. This was translated at once into German by Goethe, who was also a great admirer of the "Vicar of Wakefield." He also wrote an English History, a Roman, a Grecian, several dramas, of which "She Stoops to Conquer" was the most popular, and eight volumes of the "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," for which he received five hundred dollars a volume; but this work he left unfinished.

Still in debt, overworked, laboring sometimes far into the morning hours, not leaving his desk for weeks together, even for exercise, Goldsmith died at forty-five, broken with the struggle of life, but with undying fame. When he was buried, one April day, 1774, Brick Court and the stairs of the building were filled with the poor and the forsaken whom he had befriended. His monument is in the Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey, the greatest honor England could offer. True, she let him nearly starve, but she crowned him at the last. He conquered the world by hard work, kindness, and a gentleness as beautiful as his genius was great.

LADY ASTOR<sup>1</sup>

(By Sarah K. Bolton)

“THAT “Virginia is the mother of Presidents” has been a much-quoted aphorism; that may one day be further recognized as “the mother of stateswomen” one may well believe. It follows the wonderfully interesting and dominating career of her distinguished daughter, Lady Nancy Astor, the first woman Member of Parliament, who so steadfastly urges all women concern themselves in politics as a matter of duty. “I don’t mean that every woman would go in for a political career,” she says in a whimsical, confidential fashion, “that, of course, would be absurd.” But that women should use the ballot to aid in raising and building up moral standards she makes very clear. “I believe,” she says, — and how true is her strong, courageous spirit, the voice of her Virginian ancestry — “I believe the women can help to bring to the world the real peace — the spiritual peace, the peace which sets all understanding.”

“Always remember St. Paul’s words,” she rises further; “they apply particularly to men: ‘God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love and of a sound mind.’”

She can only bring this spirit into world politics where we have got it in our hearts. Let us prove to all nations that we are not talkers, but doers. “Fair play and no favor,” is her slogan as it is that of every true American sportsman, backed up by the staunch spirit of a whole line of politicians on her mother’s side — Nancy Langhorne Astor plainly is heir to all that she ascribes. She was “born and raised” in the South — the Blue Ridge Mountains, not far from Charlottesville, Virginia. “Mirador,” the Langhorne home, was just such a beautiful old Southern colonial mansion of square, brick as one may see in dreams, located in the center of stately grounds and gardens fragrant with the breath of magnolia, honeysuckle, and mine. “Aristocratic and land-poor” sufficiently catalogs the Langhornes. As for Miss Nancy herself, a distinctive type of the famed Southern belle, but departing from the ideal in being very fair and slender, her own



LADY ASTOR  
1879-

*Bachrach*

words perhaps may best characterize her position: “I am sure I was very gay and flirtatious. I know that I never thought of a career outside of marriage and devotion to my family. In those days Southern girls did not think of politics. However, like all well-brought-up girls we were trained in altruism, were kind-hearted, and wanted to do good and to make miserable people less miserable. In a callow way I intended to improve the world a great deal, all in good time. Still, I certainly had no priggish objections to parties or beaux.”

Nancy Witcher Langhorne, as her parents christened her, was one of a group of sisters who early became noted for their wit and beauty. The “Langhorne girls” are a tradition in Virginia to this day. One of them became the wife of Charles Dana Gibson, the artist.

Nancy as a child was not physically so strong as her sisters, and she grew to be a small, slight woman, not at all of the statuesque type of

<sup>1</sup> From “Lives of Girls Who Became Famous,” by Sarah K. Bolton, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Mrs. Gibson. But she was more than their equal in riding, driving, hunting, and other sports. She was more or less of a tomboy, confides a chum of the old days, and it was no unusual thing to find her playing football in the street with the boys of Richmond. Her tongue was as quick as the rest of her young body. None was spared her good-natured sallies. But as she grew up her feminine side asserted itself.

"She was different from the rest of us," says this early friend, Mrs. Lewis C. Albro. "It was no unusual thing for her to act as nurse-maid when she thought the situation demanded it. She would go into a train dressed as the Langhorne girls knew how to dress, and find a tired old mother wearily taking care of half a dozen children. Nancy would look at the woman, then at the young tribe of unwashed youngsters, and decide immediately that there was something she could do in the way of evening things up a bit. In spite of the expostulations of the embarrassed mother she would bundle the children off into another section of the car and tell the woman to take a nap. Nancy took care of the children, and Nancy loved it. So did the children, I might add.

"There is a little girl in the Sheltered Arms Hospital in Virginia who has for years received an annual income from Nancy Langhorne. Nancy didn't want her to feel that she was just a charity patient. When Nancy comes to Richmond, one of the first visits she pays is to this girl.

"After Nancy married into the Astor family, we wondered what her attitude would be when she came back to visit her home in Virginia. We didn't have to wonder very long. It was the same old Nancy Langhorne whom everybody adored. She visited her old school-teacher and 'sassed' her in the old way. When she came to visit us — our home was next door to hers — one of her first questions was: 'How is the old Home-Ruler?' She was referring to an old Irish maid of ours from whom she used to wheedle cookies."

It is not generally known that Viscount Astor is her second husband. Nancy Langhorne was married in 1897, to Robert Gould Shaw, 2nd, of Boston. He came of approved Back

Bay stock with abolitionist traditions. She was a Virginian of strong Southern prejudices. It was fore-ordained that they should not "hit it off" — so at the end of six years they "agreed to disagree" and were divorced.

She tried to forget it all in a whirl of social gayety, and a few months later met Viscount Astor, the son of William Waldorf Astor, who had forsaken America for England, and there become a peer of the realm. Lord Astor was very ambitious for his son, and disapproved this Virginia marriage. He wanted the young man to marry the daughter of some old English house; but later was not only reconciled but heartily approved his son's choice; for few could withstand Nancy Langhorne's "sass."

One of her first conquests, on going to her new English home, was King Edward himself. It is related that at an afternoon reception he was hugely enjoying a bit of repartee with her, to the manifest annoyance of several English ladies who felt that he was devoting too much time to this young parvenu.

"Will your Majesty join us in a game of bridge?" finally some of them asked.

"I will if Lady Astor will join us also," he replied gallantly.

Now Lady Astor did not play bridge, and was not blind to this maneuver. "Please excuse me, your Majesty," she replied; "but the truth is, I don't even know a king from a knave!"

The monarch's loud laugh was heard clear across the hall — and he also refused the game of cards.

On the death of Lord Astor, his son fell heir to his immense wealth and position, becoming known as Viscount Astor. Thus it chanced that the Virginian belle became Viscountess Astor, and henceforth, like Alice in Wonderland, her life, as she says, became "curiouser and curiouser." For, according to British law, when Lord Astor stepped into his inheritance and his father's title, he was transferred to the House of Lords and his seat in the Commons was vacant. It was his own idea that his wife should make a campaign to succeed him. Speaking before the National League of Women Voters in Baltimore, on a visit to America, Lady Astor told how it happened.

"My entrance into the House of Commons

s not, as some thought, in the nature of a revolution. It was simply evolution. It is interesting how it came about. My husband is the one who started me off on this downward career—from the home to the House. I have helped the cause of women, he is the one to thank—not me. He is a strange and remarkable man. First, it was strange to urge a wife to take up public life, especially as he is a most domesticated creature; but the truth is, he is a born social reformer. He has avoided the pitfalls which so many well-to-do men fall into. He does n't think that you can fight wrongs with philanthropy. He realizes that you must go to the bottom of the causes of wrongs and not simply glide over the top. For eleven years I had helped him with his work in Plymouth. I found out the wrongs and he tried to right them. It was a wonderful and happy combination, and I often wish that it was still going on.

"Plymouth," she informed further, "is an ideal port to sail from or to. It has bidden 'good speed' to so many voyagers. I felt that was embarking on a voyage of faith, but when arrived at my destination some of the Honorable Members looked upon me more as a rate than a Pilgrim! A woman in the House of Commons! It was almost enough to have shaken up the House. I don't blame them, but it was as hard on the woman as it was on them. Pioneers may be picturesque figures, but they are often rather lonely ones. I must say, though, for the House of Commons, they bore their shock with dauntless decency. No body of men could have been kinder and firmer than they were. When you hear people over here trying to run down England, please remember that England first gave the vote to women, and that the men of England welcomed an American-born woman in the House with a fairness and justice which this woman, at least, will never forget."

The details of how the different Members received Lady Astor would make most interesting reading. To begin with, Parliament found her difficult to understand. She did n't care a tuppence about political conventions, and she frequently went against her party when they backed measures she could not conscientiously support. She was ever on the alert,

and so quick in retort that never a slip but was shown up by her ready tongue. "Joan of Arc," they called her privately, when they found how staunchly she could support the lone cause, and it is recorded that in the early days of the new labor government, so unrelenting were her efforts that more than once the Speaker of the House was constrained to say: "I must ask the honorable Member for Plymouth to listen to other Members."

Gradually, however, it was borne in upon the M. P.'s that she was for the cause and the cause alone. As one Member put it: "You fight us and we fight you back. But somehow we know it is n't us but our idea that you are fighting. And we appreciate your attitude." A remark for which Lady Astor said she was grateful with all her heart. "I love being a politician and getting into fights," she admitted apropos of this, but she added that she could not go into a fight with any gusto unless it was for a measure that she felt would do a great deal of good, and one so important that it made her blood boil to think that anyone was cold-blooded enough to oppose it. "When I believe so fiercely in some reform," she says, "I can display a great deal of nerve and ferocity. But I am not enough of a politician to put up a fight for a bill I don't approve of, because it will further the interests of my party."

Lady Astor's speeches are always brilliant, dynamic and straight to the point, and she frequently expresses her delight in being able to champion things in which she believes strongly. "To be a good politician," she says, "one must be able to hate. Although in private life I think that to hate is wicked, dastardly, unchristian, in politics I allow myself this luxury. At least, I allow myself a sort of pseudo-hatred which stimulates me to put up a good fight. You see, really I hate only ugliness, brutality, and injustice."

One such "fight" where she espoused the unpopular side is that of temperance. Yet she never has hesitated to unfurl her true colors. "Temperance is not a popular subject," she admits. "A deprecatory and rather embarrassed expression comes over the faces of really respectable people, when you begin talking to them about drink. They wish you would leave it alone, and not ask them to face up to such

a controversial subject as the drink problem." In 1922 she introduced a bill in Commons giving people the right to decide for themselves as to the sale of liquor — a vague reform measure but better than nothing. The next year she carried through a bill against public drinking by minors.

She has also been interested in bettering living conditions in England, and as a practical beginning she offered to furnish a site in Plymouth and put up model workers' homes. The Town Council after some delay accepted her offer in 1924, and she at once submitted further plans, with her personal check for £20,000, "as a starter." Plymouth now realizes that she is in earnest.

Nancy Langhorne Astor came home from England in 1922 to speak before the National League of Women Voters, and — to visit old Virginia. She stayed a month and she *made forty speeches*, talking bravely about the League of Nations — a thing they told her "over there" she would better not mention — and the duty of women — and incidentally of men — of the English-speaking race everywhere. The people packed every hall she spoke in, and wires came from all over America begging to arrange dates. She was accompanied by her husband, and the route lay from New York to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Virginia, then Chicago — "a wonderful place —" and lastly to Canada, where as Lady Astor later told home folks, "everyone was kind, from the Prime Minister down, and most of my friends were down." All along the line, in fact, Lady Astor was continually summoned from the train to meet an enthusiastic reception from the soldiers who had landed in Plymouth from France, and who before being allowed to sail for home had often stayed weeks on end at Lady Astor's own special quarters for wounded soldiers, the hospital at Cliveden, on the magnificent Astor estate near Taplow, in Buckinghamshire, about twenty-five miles from London. "But I told them," Lady Astor said, smiling through the tears at her beloved Devon constituents, "that I realized that in thanking me, they were just thanking all the women of England."

Nor did she forget to give her husband a loyal share of the honors. "We traveled far and wide, the two Plymouth M. P.'s of the

Upper and Lower Houses," she said. "The Member of the Upper House was a far greater success than the member of the Lower House. They were slightly prepared for my democratic outlook, but they were totally unprepared for his. Imagine their surprise when they found him more progressive and democratic than most of the people that they saw about them."

It was Independence Day in America on the occasion of her home-returning address at Plymouth, and brave Nancy Langhorne Astor had no hesitation in mentioning the fact. "Little American children are burning their fingers with fire-crackers to-day," she said. "American orators are burning their audiences with oratory. . . . Let us all remember that the American War of Independence was fought by British Americans against a German King and a reactionary Prime Minister for British ideals, and that a large part of the British nation sympathized with the rebels. The same old British fighting always for freedom! The great American of that day was a Virginian — George Washington. Someone described him as one of England's greatest sons. He was a Virginian with only British blood — I am just the other way around — a British M. P. with only Virginian blood. I am no leader, no general, and no statesman, but I hope I am a fighter, especially when it's a fight for peace."

Lady Astor is deeply patriotic; every nerve of her slender, soldierly figure thrills with love of her "*two countries*." "It takes a good deal of prayer to keep me humble," she said in Chicago. "To be born in Virginia and to represent Plymouth is enough to turn a stronger head than mine. The Good Book tells us to love all men, also the greater the loving the greater the life. I am fortunate in loving two great countries, but their greatness will be tested by their attitude to lesser countries."

Unable to remain quiet herself for long, Lady Astor is impatient with those who are prone to lay measures on the table. "I fear bombs in politics far less than I do apathy," she proclaims. On duty in the House of Commons, she wears a neat uniform, a stylish one-piece black dress with white turnover collar and cuffs, and a black hat. She is so very small and slender that she would give an impression of frailness did not her very alertness shout to



ie contrary. Her strongest "planks" are the other-woman's point of view — she has six children of her own for stimulus in getting the right viewpoint here — the necessity for the abolition of war, and for an association of nations based upon human sympathy and coöperation. Moreover, as one gazes upon her standing vitally erect, ready at every turn to meet thrust with parry, it is evident that she manifestly "has a heart." We have her own word, too, that she puts her trust in that organ. "I usually do speak from my heart, or I have tried my head and found it wanting," she averred wittily at a dinner given in her honor in New York during her American tour.

How must all present have shortly admired and envied this "heart sense," which proved itself so capable of putting the fundamental truths of political philosophy in a common-sense fashion that none could fail to understand or perhaps hope to equal. "We are new brooms," she pleaded; "let us see that we sweep the right rooms," and her call was that the band of women voters be interested "in something bigger than any party." Common sense and humanity she has since sounded as the most practical things in the world; and her cry to-day is for confidence, coöperation, and conference — fitting mottoes for men and women voters alike.

She by no means lost her interest in her *home* when she entered the *House*. Fortunately her home is not far from London, and her duties in Parliament do not keep her away for long periods. She is very proud of her brood, and loses no good opportunity to boast of them when "on the stump."

The home place itself, "Cliveden," is an imposing pile of white stone, fitted out without regard to expense but most tastefully. Viscount Astor holds enormously valuable real estate in New York City, and is so wealthy that he might easily spend a life of selfish indolence. But like his energetic Virginia wife, he finds his greatest enjoyment in service for others. During the World War, the doors of Cliveden were open to returning American soldiers, and the "boys" have a warm spot in their hearts for her.

Another pleasant story is told of the visit to London of a Richmond merchant, one whom she had known as a girl. He was invited to

Cliveden, and shown about the beautiful grounds with as much consideration as if he had been a peer of the realm.

That Lady Astor's political career has not been plain sailing has been evidenced by many anecdotes, some humorous, others verging on the tragic. It was not so long ago that she became the innocent storm center in the staid old House of Commons all because of a picture. It has been customary to hang paintings of historic episodes, such as coronations and battles, on the walls of the Parliament house. A painting by Charles Sims merely entitled "The First Woman Member," was thus hung. It showed Lady Astor being escorted by Balfour and Lloyd George to her seat, and was really excellent likenesses of the two statesmen also. But many conservatives strenuously objected, and the offending picture was taken down.

As Lady Astor comes up for re-election from time to time, the campaign always becomes picturesque — for she is at her best when being heckled. Her ready wit never fails her. And she always has the crowd with her "from the jump." A cable dispatch in October, 1924, says: "To-night hundreds failed to get admittance to the hall in which a convention adopted her once more. Lady Astor faced her audience confidently. A few hecklers gained admission to the hall, and she promised them a 'hot time for a fortnight.' The first thing she did on entering the hall was to lean across a rail of the platform and call at the top of her voice: 'Are we downhearted?' The 'no' given in response could be heard far outside the hall."

Lady Astor is a firm adherent of the League of Nations, and lost no opportunity while in America of driving her views home. She may be characterized as a progressive with conservative views.

"The more I see of life," she observes sagely, "the more I see that the only way is the narrow way and the broad view. . . . The safe policy for politicians and nations is not to do others, but to do unto others as you would they should do unto you. . . . Things which are worth while are made only by great ideals in the hearts of the common people. . . . It is hopeless trying to go forward when you are looking backward."

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL<sup>1</sup>

(By Sarah K. Bolton)

IN her last days Elizabeth Blackwell once observed that "no one who was not alive sixty years ago can realize the iron wall hemming in on every side any young woman who wished to earn her own living, or to do anything outside of the narrowest conventional groove. Such a woman was simply crushed. Those who were of a character not to submit without resistance, had to fight for their lives, and their fight broke the way through for the others to follow."

And a battle royal was that waged by Elizabeth Blackwell! Indeed, the story of her onslaught against the walled entrance of prejudice and public opinion forms a tale of courage and successful pioneering that has seldom been equaled by man or woman. Girls of to-day can but read it with mingled wonder, delight and indignation, intermixed with a strong feeling of thankful gratitude for the wide avenues now open to all manner of opportunities for women — avenues for which such pioneers as Elizabeth Blackwell, Frances Willard, Susan B. Anthony and Anna Howard Shaw first blazed the trail.

Elizabeth Blackwell was born in 1821, and lived the first eleven uneventful years of her life in Bristol, England. She was the third daughter in a family of nine brothers and sisters, and always stoutly maintained that it was a great advantage to have been born one of a large family group of healthy, active children, surrounded by wholesome influences, where goodness, gentleness, and reverence were inseparably blended with breezy commons, lovely woods, clear streams, and the reading of charming books.

The father was a sugar-refiner, whom business reverses finally sent to America, in August, 1832. The family located in New York, and Mr. Blackwell, who had been an ardent member of the Independent body at home, soon found himself drawn into the anti-slavery struggle. William Lloyd Garrison was an especial friend, and always doubly welcomed by the children

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ELIZABETH BLACKWELL  
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in the home, who delighted in the numerous tales he told for their benefit, and in the long-drawn selections from Russian poetry with which he was wont to conclude his entertainment.

Six years in the seething atmosphere of abolition and its free speech and fierce antagonisms, then Mr. Blackwell removed his family to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he hoped to establish himself in the beet sugar business. But the Fates forbade; in a few months he passed away, leaving his large family totally unprovided for, and strangers in a strange land. It was a crushing blow, this sudden removal of "their earthly Providence," but stern necessity soon roused to action the three elder daughters, of whom Elizabeth, then just turned seventeen, was the youngest.

They had been well educated, by governesses at their home in England, and later in a school in New York, and now decided to open a day and boarding school for young ladies. Uphill business this was, but it kept

<sup>1</sup> From "Lives of Girls Who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

roof over their heads and the wolf from the door, and served to bring on the younger children and keep the home together until the boys of the family were old enough to put their shoulders to the wheel; then the school was abandoned, and Elizabeth went to Kentucky to take charge of a girl's district school.

This was her first contact with the slow-going, slower-served Kentuckians of that period, and she did not like it. Her disgust began on the first day of her journey, when the sleepy-eyed captain put his boat down the river at the rate of three miles per hour; it increased at the sight of the straggling, dingy, uninteresting, go-overrun town of her destination, and the "hole" to which she and her trunks were left taken. Indeed, the general easy-going conditions on every hand well-nigh maddened her. "Begin to teach on Monday? This was utterly impossible! The idea seemed to them preposterous, the schoolhouse was hardly settled, the windows were broken, the floor and walls filthy, the plaster fallen off, the scholars notified of my arrival; no, 'twas impossible, must wait a week."<sup>1</sup>

But Elizabeth Blackwell was of no such mind. This was her first trip away from home. She felt that she would die of homesickness, if she had to wait there inactive for a whole week! So she rose up and argued and demanded to such purpose that presently a committee of "Responsibles" came to see her, a negro was dispatched to mend the windows, and another to clean the floor, and there was at least a hope that school might begin on Monday. But Miss Blackwell had yet to learn that slave labor could do nothing without supervision. Then towards evening she went to look at her schoolroom, "nothing had been done but mischief. The old negro had flooded the muddy floor with water and gone away, leaving the place like the bed of the Nile." It was Saturday night, and no hope of getting anything done the next day. School could not begin before Tuesday, but begin then it certainly should! And Miss Blackwell stuck so firmly to her resolution, that one of the "Responsibles" later told her that Monday was an epoch in the history of Henderson!

As for the school, it was limited to twenty-one pupils, but such was the impression Miss Blackwell created that she soon had a full roll. "I teach ten hours, three days of the week," she wrote to her sister, "and wish the other three were similarly filled; but it is small remuneration for such an outlay of breath, and as soon as I have the opportunity I shall fly off to some other point of the compass, where I may learn myself while teaching others. Carlyle's name has never even been distantly echoed here, Emerson is a perfect stranger, and Channing, I presume, would produce a universal fainting-fit."

Moreover, Miss Blackwell's abolition sympathies made her more and more intolerant of the domestic conditions. "I suppose," she wrote, "that I see slavery here in its mildest form. I have heard of no use being made of the whipping-post, nor any instance of downright cruelty. (It was really meant as an act of hospitality when they placed a little negro girl as a screen between me and the fire the other day!) But to live in the midst of beings drudging on from earliest morning to latest night, cuffed about by every one, scolded all day long, blamed unjustly, and without spirit enough to reply, with no consideration in any way for their feelings, with no hope for the future, smelling horribly, and as ugly as Satan — to live in their midst, utterly unable to help them, is to me dreadful, and what I would not do long for any consideration. Meanwhile I treat them civilly, and dispense with their services as much as possible, for which I believe the poor creatures despise me."

Considering, then, all these points of repugnance, it speaks considerably for Miss Blackwell's resolution and self-command that she stuck it out to the end of the term. But, having once gone home to Walnut Hills, and the neighborly atmosphere of the Lane Theological Seminary, conducted by the Beechers and Professor Stowe, nothing could have persuaded her to return to Kentucky.

She was soon engrossed in the study of music and German and the friendship of Lucy Stone, who presently became the wife of her brother Henry, but who by mutual consent retained her maiden name, a proceeding hitherto un-

<sup>1</sup> "Pioneer Work," by Dr. Blackwell.

heard-of in those times. Perhaps it was the vigorous, active life of these two, engrossed heart and soul in the crusade for Woman's Suffrage, that shortly put a wedge of dissatisfaction in Elizabeth's horizon. She was not getting enough out of life, she must have some all-absorbing pursuit.

"You are fond of study, and have health and leisure; why not take up medicine?" suggested an invalid friend. "If I could be treated by a lady doctor, my worst sufferings would be spared me."

A lady doctor! The idea appealed to Miss Blackwell, even though at first she thought she had not the spirit for it. She had always had a horror of illness, and could not bear the sight of a medical book. But, undoubtedly, a lady doctor could do a great deal of good. Moreover, the struggle to win recognition as such promised no end of an interesting fight. It was a good idea, a very good idea, said all the physicians to whom she put the query, but there were so many obstacles in the way of such a course, that it would be impossible of execution.

"Is that so?" said Miss Blackwell shortly, and being just in the mood to begin a crusade of her own, she decided at once to go in and win a doctor's degree.

But where was the money to come from? All her advisors solemnly warned her as to the expense necessary. She would teach school and hoard the money for future use. Diligently she began to cast about for a place where she might teach and study. This was found at Asheville, North Carolina, where the principal, who held a doctor's degree, agreed to supervise her medical studies. And so in sympathy was the family with her plans, that two of her brothers volunteered to drive her over the mountains to begin her unknown career.

Of the eleven interesting days of this trip, and of the subsequent time spent in Asheville and later in Charleston, carrying out her schedule, there is no place here to record. Daily the rightfulness of her purpose grew stronger, and she knew that no matter what opposition she encountered, she would not give way.

At length, in the summer of 1847, Miss Blackwell felt that the sum of her carefully

hoarded earnings would admit of a beginning, and she accordingly took passage for Philadelphia in a sailing vessel, that city being then as now the Mecca for the medical profession. Here she began anatomical studies in a private school, while making application one after another to the medical colleges for admission. One staunch old Quaker, Doctor Warrington, was her tireless sponsor. He allowed her to visit his patients, attend his lectures, and use his library, while he continually recommended her cause to the medical profession; but it was all to no purpose. The colleges refused to open their doors; the prejudice against a woman intruding herself into the doctors' ranks was too strong, and following this lead museums, hospitals, and other sources also turned such a cold shoulder that Dr. Warrington exclaimed in despair: "Elizabeth, it is of no use trying. Thee cannot gain admission to these schools. Thee must go to Paris and don masculine attire to gain the necessary knowledge."

Following this advice, the head of one of the largest Philadelphia medical colleges, who was wholly in sympathy with her desires, suggested to Miss Blackwell that she dress as a man and enter his college, saying that he would entrust the secret to two or three of his students in whom he had entire confidence, and that a watch would be maintained so that she could withdraw if at any time her disguise was suspected.

But Miss Blackwell shrank from entering a medical college, either at home or abroad, in any way that was not just and true. She had entered on a moral crusade. Her course must be openly pursued and with entire public sanction to accomplish its end. Nor was she to be dissuaded from her purpose.

The schools of Philadelphia were not the only medical schools in the United States! She might fare better elsewhere. Forthwith Miss Blackwell began writing for various prospectuses and getting out applications to all the schools which seemed desirable. At length her perseverance brought its reward. She was admitted to the Geneva University, in New York State. And here she subsequently became a nine days' wonder in the town! As she walked back and forth to the college, the women whom she met invariably stopped and stared at her as at a

rious animal or hastened on with averted eyes, feeling that she was either a totally bad man or an insane one, who might break out any moment. Behind the great doors of the college only did she find peace, for the students and the faculty, one and all, accorded her the "admirable courtesy of true Christian gentlemen."

In due time Miss Blackwell was graduated, one of her brothers going on for the express purpose of accompanying her to the church and seeing that she did not feel embarrassed and alone. But, though Elizabeth fully appreciated the love and sympathy which prompted him, there was now no fear of censure and hostileances. Public opinion had turned. The ladies of Geneva had come to the conclusion that Miss Blackwell was pursuing a most noble course, and they turned out *en masse* to see the first woman doctor get her diploma, while all over the land the press very generally recorded the event, and spoke favorably of it. Going shortly afterward to Philadelphia, Miss Blackwell was cordially received by the learned doctors who had before refused admission to their halls, and was freely invited to attend a number of important lectures and to visit the hospitals.

But she was not yet ready to begin the practicing of her profession, and presently set sail for a tour of European study. Here she experienced another battle against closed doors, and here, too, she had a serious illness and lost an eye, but her purpose remained unchanged. Shortly now she was to be *the first woman surgeon in the world*. Everywhere, strange as it now seems, Miss Blackwell encountered much stronger opposition from women than from men. "Prejudice," said she once, "is more violent the blinder it is!"

Returning from her studies in Paris, Miss Blackwell spent some time in London, doing the rounds of the hospitals, and making a number of friends who helped greatly to cheer up the somberness of her life. Among the most distinguished of these were Faraday, Lady Noel Byron, Mrs. Jameson, and Florence Nightingale. To the latter Miss Blackwell said that she owed chiefly her awakening to the fact that "Sanitation is the supreme goal of medicine, its foundation and its crown."

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For awhile Miss Blackwell entertained serious notions of setting up as a practitioner in London. Two things deterred: lack of funds, and the fact that her sister Emily had begun a medical career, and looked forward to establishing a hospital with her.

Back in America, with offices in University Place, New York, life took on once more the grim guise of battle. Few patients came to consult her. The medical profession stood aloof and society followed suit. Insolent letters occasionally arrived by post, and as a final cap-sheaf poverty hounded close on her heels. To America's shame be it said, Miss Blackwell's sole inspiration in these dark hours came to her from her English friends who sent such warm-hearted encouraging letters of sympathy that, years later, their memory still burned deeply enough to draw her back to her native land to await the final summons. How her noble heart bled in secret over her lot is recorded in her memoirs: "Ah, I am glad I, and not another, have to bear this pioneer work. I understand now why this life has never been lived before. It is hard, with no support but a high purpose, to live against every species of social opposition."

At last in sheer desperation over her loneliness, Miss Blackwell went to the city orphan asylum and adopted a little girl. This proved to be the most fortunate act of her life, so far as her happiness was concerned, for the orphan girl, Katherine Barry, proved a treasure indeed. All her time was given to a warm-hearted devotion of her foster-mother, and moreover their loving example so stimulated Miss Blackwell's two elder sisters, that both went and did likewise, and from the physician's ability of Dr. Elizabeth and Dr. Emily to read character and faces, both alike drew hearts of purest gold.

In 1856, the cherished idea of the Blackwell doctors took shape in "The New York Infirmary for Women and Children." And it, too, met with such a flood of opposition that for a long time its maintenance was a severe burden. Bazaars, lectures, concerts, every available means for collecting money was resorted to, and many times it seemed to the few friends that the effort would have to be abandoned. But Dr. Elizabeth and Dr. Emily refused even to

think of this. "They slept in the garret, and dined in the cellar," as the latter said, "when they dined at all."

At length they triumphed; for everywhere women students were beginning to demand enlightenment, and there was need for a general hospital where nurses and young doctors might be trained. When Lincoln's call for troops fired the North, the Blackwell doctors called a meeting to see what could be done toward supplying the nurses that they knew would be needed, and from this effort grew the National Sanitary Aid Association which did such effectual work throughout the war. At its close, the Blackwell Infirmary was recognized, on the advice of leading New York physicians, and a female college of medicine added. Here Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell held the chair of hygiene, and among her other duties included the work of sanitary visitor in the homes of the poor—a field in which she was again the pioneer.

On the day when her diploma was handed to her at Geneva, Elizabeth Blackwell spoke these heartfelt words to Dr. Webster, the president, and her valued friend: "Sir, I thank you; by the help of the Most High, it shall be the effort of my life to shed honor upon your diploma." How nobly her life reflected that promise! Never did the college cease to rejoice that she had been a graduate of it. To-day her name is perpetuated there in the Elizabeth Blackwell House. The Blackwell Medical School, of Rochester, New York, also does honor to the noble woman pioneer whose long years of toil and opposition paved the way for the establishment of medical schools for women both at home and abroad; her portrait hangs in the London School of Medicine for Women. In these days when scientific work and studies in medicine are available to women everywhere, let none forget at what price of courage, perseverance, and fortitude they were gained.

Elizabeth Blackwell lived to the advanced age of eighty-nine, quitting her earthly labors in 1910. During the long span of her life she was permitted to see many if not all of the things for which she had fought, made a reality in the lives of all other women who desired to do their share of the work of the world.

## MICHAEL FARADAY<sup>1</sup>

(By Anabel Williams-Ellis)

IN the year 1794 the Revolution in France was not yet over, and Napoleon Bonaparte was still a very poor and very young officer of artillery. The first cotton mills were being built in Lancashire, and the first steam engines were being used to pump the water out of a few English coal mines.

In London, in a poor street near Manchester Square, there lived a little boy. His name was Michael, and he went to a school with his brother Robert. It was what was called a "dame school." The Dame who taught in it happened to be a bad-tempered woman, and she got angry one day because Michael could not say his "r's" properly and would talk about his brother "Wobert." She raged and stormed, and said that he only said "Wobert" because he was naughty. At last she said she would make an example of him to the whole school.

So she gave "Wobert" a halfpenny to go out and buy a cane to beat his little brother. But Robert was a very nice boy, and he was furious. No sooner was he out of school than he pitched the halfpenny over a wall, and ran straight home and told his mother. She, luckily, was quite on their side. She came to the school, scolded the Dame, and took both the boys home. They never went back to that school again.

The little boy was Michael Faraday, who later became one of the greatest scientists in England. His work had to do with chemistry and electricity, so that in this story we get right away from doctors and microscopes.

Michael and Robert Faraday's father had been a blacksmith, but he was dead, and they and their mother were very poor; so when Michael was thirteen he left school altogether, and went as errand boy to a bookseller in Blandford Street in London. Michael used to get up early and carry round the newspapers in the morning. He had curly brown hair and very bright eyes, and he used to rush along very fast with a big packet of newspapers under his arm. Newspapers often cost a shilling [25 cents] or more in those days, instead of a penny, so two or

<sup>1</sup> From "Men Who Found Out," by Anabel Williams-Ellis, copyright, 1930, by Coward-McCann, Inc.

three people often shared a paper. Sometimes they just paid for a "read" of it. Michael often had to go back in the evening and collect the copies again.

There were very exciting things to read about in the papers that Michael carried round. The news on most days would be about the wars with Napoleon. One November day there came the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

Then there would be something about the new factories. People were leaving the country villages and going to work in the new mills, and all sorts of ideas were stirring. The new mill-hands were terribly poor and lived in miserable houses; sometimes they grew angry, and then there would be news of riots in the papers.

He was a very good errand boy, and hardly ever forgot things. So after he had been taking round papers for a time, his master said that he was willing to teach him to be a bookbinder, stationer, and bookseller like himself.

Faraday was pleased, and learned to bind books. Some of the books given him to bind were novels. One was a rather famous one called "Evelina," but some of them were books about electricity and chemistry. While Michael Faraday was binding books he generally also read them. These scientific books described curious experiments and the wonderful things that could be done. Many liquids, he read, could be changed from one color to another by the addition of a white powder: it was possible to make various sorts of crystals, big ones or little ones, as you preferred, and you could find out, like a detective, what some unknown stuff in a bottle might be. There were tests for all sorts of things, and it was easy (if you knew how) to find out, for instance, if an unknown fluid was acid like vinegar or alkaline like soda. It was possible, too, to make all sorts of gases.

Michael Faraday wished very much that he could do the experiments that he read about. One day he heard that some lectures were to be given about this sort of thing, but that it would cost him a shilling a time to go in. Michael Faraday could not afford this. But once more the excellent "Wobert" helped. His brother was now quite grown up, and had become a blacksmith like his father. He was very kind, and gave Michael the money to go to twelve

or thirteen lectures. It was well worth it, for Michael enjoyed the lectures very much indeed. He wrote down everything that he heard, and he met a lot of other young men there who were interested just as he was. The young men all agreed to form a debating society where they could discuss what they had learned and, as well as they could, teach each other and find out. They were too poor to go to a university or even to get a teacher occasionally. Michael bound his lecture notes in some odd pieces of leather that were lying about in the shop.

But those were not the last lectures Michael Faraday heard. One of the customers who used to come to the shop belonged to a body called the Royal Institution, whose members were rather like those of the Royal Society with which Leeuwenhoek corresponded. This customer was a pleasant fellow, and one day he got talking to the shop-boy. Rather to his surprise he found that this boy had already read and thought a lot, and was anxious to know more. So he took him to hear a lecture by a famous man named Sir Humphry Davy. The lectures seemed to Faraday wonderful — so wonderful that he made up his mind that if ever he could, he would leave off being a bookbinder and spend the rest of his life making experiments.

Time went on, and he got to know the famous Sir Humphry Davy by writing to him, and by sending him the beautifully written and bound notes he had made of his lectures. Davy was pleased.

Faraday told him presently that he very much wanted to leave trade. Faraday said he felt sure that trying to make money was vicious and selfish. He wanted, instead, he said, to become a scientist, for he felt sure that such people — people who were trying to learn and find out — must be much more amiable and unselfish than people who were only trying to make money. Davy said he was not so sure.

One night, after he got back from the stationer's, Faraday and his mother saw a handsome coach driving up. To their great surprise, when the footman jumped down, it was at their door that he knocked. He brought a note asking young Faraday to come round next day and do some work for Sir Humphry Davy.

What had happened was that Davy had been making an experiment and there had been an

explosion. He wanted Faraday to come and read some scientific books for him and attend to clearing up the laboratory, for, owing to the explosion, his own eyes would be too painful to use for a day or two. Michael Faraday came, and did the work so well that very soon Davy said he could have a salary of \$6.25 a week and two rooms to live in, if he would come and work for him at the Royal Institution. So in that way Faraday left the bookbinding trade forever.

Time passed, and presently Sir Humphry Davy had to go abroad. He wanted to meet a lot of other scientific men who lived in France, Italy, and Germany. There was a Monsieur Ampère in Paris, there was a Count Volta in Milan, and a lot of other important people. Davy would be making experiments, and wanted his assistant Faraday with him.

This was a tremendous piece of luck for Faraday. He went abroad with Davy and saw all the best experiments and heard about all the interesting things that were being done on the Continent. It was on this tour that iodine (which you may have heard of) was discovered and named: part of the work was done by Davy with Faraday to help him.

There was only one thing which was rather horrid. Sir Humphry Davy's valet would n't come with him, and Faraday had to do some of the valet's work, which was hateful, as he had a great deal to do already looking after the papers, and packing and setting up the instruments. Besides, Lady Davy, who went too, was very disagreeable, and over and over again made Faraday run about and do shopping and errands for her, when he ought to have been making experiments or writing up notes, or enjoying himself.

However, though sometimes he was rather miserable, Faraday thought it was wonderful to cross the sea, and he very much enjoyed himself. France and England were supposed to be at war, but (very sensibly) nobody seems to have made any fuss about Faraday and Davy traveling. We have got much fiercer over our wars since then, I am sorry to say: such a thing would have been impossible in the last war.

Faraday noticed everything as he went along. He thought how thin the pigs were in Normandy, and he saw a glow-worm. He thought it was

queer to see people cooking on wood fires and using charcoal in stoves, and to see women washing their clothes in the river, which, as you probably know, they do in France to this day. There was one other strange thing, too, that Faraday saw when he was in Paris.

One day, as he was walking along the street, there was a clatter of horses. He saw mounted soldiers trotting along very quickly. A great gold coach followed them, and in the corner of the coach sat a small, pale faced man, his body almost hidden by an enormous robe of ermine, and his face shadowed by a great plume of feathers. Faraday took off his hat with the rest. It was the Emperor Napoleon.

But when they left France, went to Italy and reached Florence, Faraday saw something which seemed to him more wonderful even than the great Napoleon. This was Galileo's telescope—that simple tube of cardboard and wood, with the lenses at each end, with which Galileo had (as he said) "enlarged the universe a hundred-fold."

Davy and Faraday and the other scientists had great fun going to parties all the evening and doing experiments all day.

They got home in the April of 1815. This, as you may know, was the year when Napoleon (who had been banished to Elba since that day when Faraday saw him in his coach) came back. For a hundred days he was once more Emperor of the French, and was at last beaten in the Battle of Waterloo. But wars and battles, generals and emperors, did not much concern Davy and Faraday.

Other things that happened outside their laboratories did, though, and they found there was a difficult piece of work waiting for them when they returned.

I said that factories were beginning to grow up in Lancashire when Faraday was born. At first these factories were worked by water-power; but by 1815 steam engines were beginning to be used, and iron was being smelted to make them with, and for many other purposes. Naturally a great deal of coal was wanted for the iron smelting. The consequence was that coal mining had become one of the most important industries in the country.

But mines, of course, are dark, and, as you may have heard, a gas collects in many of them



which has got the name of "fire-damp." (This same gas, when it rises off marshes, is called "marsh-gas" or "will-o'-the-wisp.") The miners had to have lights to do their work in the mines, and this "fire-damp" was always catching fire from the lamps and candles, and blowing them up. There was quite a big loss of life from this. The mine-owners often tried to suppress the news of these accidents, and pretended that everything was all right; but a sort of club was formed to protect the miners, and to see if some kind of lamp could not be invented which would not set light to the fire-damp. The people who belonged to the club asked Sir Humphry Davy what he could do to help them.

Davy went on a tour round a lot of coal mines in the North of England. After a great many experiments he found that the gas would not explode if the flame of the lamp were shut off from the air by a very fine wire gauze. Of course a lamp cannot be shut up altogether, as a flame can only burn where there is air. The gauze, however, let the air through but not the flame.

These "Davy lamps," as they are called, are in use in mines all over the world to this day. I have seen them myself in mines both in England and in Russia, but, of course, nowadays some of the biggest mines are at any rate partly lighted by electricity.

## 2

It was while they were experimenting with the lamp, that Faraday fell in love with a girl named Sarah, and married her. I think she must have been very nice, for they were fond of each other to the end of their lives. She came to live with him in the two little rooms he had got already at the Royal Institution: there they lived for a long time, although Faraday was soon a very celebrated man. They were both very religious and went to chapel very regularly all their lives.

Faraday used to give lectures at the Royal Institution, and he was such a good lecturer that everybody crowded to hear him. People said that if he gave a lecture about some experiment of his own, it seemed as if he was simply trying to let his audience judge whether his experiment had been any good or not: he never



MICHAEL FARADAY  
1791-1867

*From a Portrait*

made people feel that they were ignorant and that he knew everything. If he was lecturing about somebody else's experiments, it always seemed as if he admired the man who had made the experiments very much.

By now, when he had been married a year or so, it had become quite easy for Faraday to earn a very good income. People were willing to pay him for giving lectures, and besides that, there was work which he could always do in connection with the Law Courts. But though it seemed very nice at first to have more money, his wife Sarah was very economical, and never seemed to want much, and if he did this work that paid him so well, it meant that he had not nearly enough time for his experiments. So he gave up the work that brought in the money and got on with the work he really loved.

Just about then a man named Oersted in Copenhagen had discovered that it was possible to make a compass go wrong by having an electric current near it, and several people in different countries (as Faraday had found in his travels) were busy bringing together

magnets and electric currents in the hope that something would happen.<sup>1</sup>

The experiments proved that electricity and magnetism had something to do with each other. It was on the connection between electricity and magnetism that Oersted and Faraday and several others began to work.

Faraday devised several experiments to test his own and other people's theories as to what happened when the electricity made the compass go wrong. Without a lot of pictures and a great deal of explanation I could n't tell you exactly what it was that Faraday did, but it was something like this:

He found that if you had a very strong magnet, and then moved, say, a coil of copper wire about near it, an electric current began to flow round the copper wire. The same thing happened if you moved the magnet. The electric current only began to flow just at the moment when either the wire or the magnet was moved. It took him some time to find out, as it was quite unexpected.

Faraday found in the end that if you had a lot of copper wire, and a very powerful magnet, and if you moved them very often, you could make a very great deal of electricity, much more than anyone had made before. This was very important. Before Faraday's time it had only been possible to make a very tiny amount of electricity, so that electric currents were just regarded as interesting toys. Count Volta, for instance, made his electricity with a little pile of coins of different metals, each with bits of damp and salty rag between. The very best way they knew was with what are called "wet cells."<sup>2</sup>

But now, with his coils of wire and his magnets, Faraday had invented a new and much more powerful way of making, or as it is called "inducing," an electric current. This was, in fact, the discovery for which he is most famous. From the beginnings of this thing that he made — his "induction coil" — have grown the giant dynamos and electric motors of to-day.

But it was some time before the discovery grew. Faraday himself only used electricity for his chemical discoveries. He used it in this way. He and Davy knew that if an electric

current is run through water in which different chemicals are dissolved, the electric current will separate some from the rest. Later on, discoverers found a further use for this, too. The current not only separates things out, but makes certain metals cling to certain other metals. You have seen "electro-plating" spoons and forks and bicycle handle-bars. This is how the electroplating is done. The iron or white metal is "laid down" on the iron handle-bar by the force of an electric current.

Faraday would be very much surprised could see all the uses to which electricity has been put now, with the help of the later discoverers who have worked at it.

Tens of thousands of people are carried every day in trolley cars and electric trains; schools, houses, factories, and streets are lit with electric light at night. Although motor cars and aeroplanes are worked by gasoline, yet (as every boy knows who understands cars) they would be very clumsy things if it were not for the electric spark which is used for setting to the gas generated by the gasoline. Iron cooking, the cleaning of rooms, the cutting of roots or hay for cattle, and the milking of cows, are all either done, or made easier to do, in many countries by the help of electric power while perhaps the things that would astonish Faraday most, if he could come back, would be the telephone and wireless. Electricity is, in fact, the best and strongest servant Man has ever had to work for him.

This invention of the induction coil was by any means the last of Faraday's experiments and discoveries, though it was in some ways the most interesting to us. I would like to tell you about just one more, however. He proved once and for all (by an experiment with so-called chlorine) that gases can be turned into liquids, and liquids into gases. Before that was thought that gases and liquids were two different things altogether; but Faraday proved that they were only what is called "states of the same thing." Ice is one "state" of water, water is another, and steam is a third "state" of water. The same transformations happen with many other things, as Faraday had been able to prove.

<sup>1</sup> The force which sends the compass needle round till it points to the North is the earth's magnetism.

<sup>2</sup> Wet cells are used for electric bells to this day.

Faraday lived on for years and years at the Royal Institution with his kind wife, Sarah. They had no children of their own, but one of the things he did was to start a set of lectures about science specially for children. Children's lectures are given in the Christmas holidays to this day by various scientists. I expect a great many children decided to be discoverers themselves after hearing the lectures and seeing the experiments that Faraday invented.

JOHN MUIR<sup>1</sup>

EARLY in 1849, two wide-eyed Scotch lads stood on the slippery, wave-beaten deck of a sailing vessel. From the moment they had sailed out of Glasgow, Scotland, the children had eagerly watched the western skyline for a glimpse of America. During the six dreary weeks at sea they had asked the seasoned old sailors many questions, for the boys were keen to learn something about the whales and porpoises which played across the path of the ship, and about the wonderful new country to which they were going to make a home.

Below deck in heavy weather the smaller boy questioned his eleven-year-old brother, John Muir, about the New World. John had much to tell of the discovery of gold and of many marvelous birds, for he had read startling accounts of the enormous flocks of wild pigeons to be found in America. This made both of the boys desire to reach the new land and begin making discoveries of their own.

He himself was an extraordinarily good lecturer. He used to write down rules for himself, such as "Never repeat a phrase." He hardly ever just told his hearers about an experiment, but always if possible showed it to them, however simple and well known it might be. One day he was advising a young lecturer, and he said to him: "If I said to my audience: 'This stone will fall to the ground if I open my hand,' I should open my hand and let it fall. Take nothing for granted." One of the lectures for children that he gave was called "On the Chemistry of a Candle." He also did some lectures on metals that the children enjoyed very much. Somebody wanted him to publish them in a book. But he said that they would not be much good in a book without the experiments. Besides, he said, he was very busy doing his own work and finding out fresh things. "I do not desire to give time to them, for money is no temptation to me. In fact, I have always loved science more than money . . . I cannot afford to get rich."

John Muir, his older sister, his young brother, and their father were on their way to locate a farm of their own in the land of promise. After landing in America, they went by canal boat and wagon to the wilds of Wisconsin. The trip was a long and tedious one. Here, for some time, John did almost a man's work in helping his father develop a rough farm out of a wilderness. The work was hard, but at all times the energetic boy kept his alert brain busy with what was taking place about him. He watched the birds; he observed the habits of the coons, the possums, and the muskrats which lived in the lake near by, and he learned the common names of many of the wild flowers which blossomed in profusion.

Faraday lived to be quite an old man, and in his last days was very feeble. Everybody loved and honored him, and he was given medals by nearly all the universities and learned societies in the world. Quite at the end of his life he was given the use of a set of beautiful rooms in Hampton Court. There he lived till he died, peacefully and honored, but too old and tired even to see how the work in which he had helped so much was being carried forward by younger men.

Besides making discoveries in the woods and fields, he became, for a mere boy, surprisingly inventive. Down in the basement of the farmhouse, he got together a few crude tools. With these he made a huge wooden clock for the top of the barn. Each wheel and cog in this time-piece was laboriously whittled out of hard wood, and the weights which kept it running were glacial boulders collected from the near-by fields. This homemade clock was large enough to be seen from most of the fields on the farm and, strange to say, it kept excellent time.

(You will understand better about Faraday's work with electrical magnets when you have read the accounts of electricity and magnetism in Volume Two, pages 64-70. There is also a picture of Faraday on page 377 of Volume Two.)

<sup>1</sup> From "Ten Outdoor Men," by James Speed, published by D. C. Heath and Company.

Not content with the big clock, John Muir built what he called "my self-setting sawmill." As he wished to see his invention at work, he built a dam across the brook on the farm to secure power to run the mill. Later, he busied himself, when he could steal a few hours from sleep or from study, in inventing, making, and putting into use unique door locks, queer latches, and even an automatic horse feeder. This latter invention could be so set that it would feed the horses at any given hour. The success of these brought into existence automatic fire lighters and lamp lighters.

When this inquisitive and energetic youth was older, he decided to leave the farm to make his own way in the world. Bundling up a few of his inventions, he went to the State Fair. His strange wooden clocks and other queer contrivances interested many persons, and as one result, John Muir soon went to work in a machine shop, where he could use his hands and his brain. Here he discovered his great need of more education; he therefore entered the State University at Madison, Wisconsin, where his old love of the fields, the birds, and the flowers grew still stronger.

After completing his course at the University, Muir began the series of wanderings that carried him through many states and to many countries. He had never lost the desire which he had as a boy to see new lands and observe strange plants, trees, and animal life. When he was twenty-nine years old he decided that, since he had already seen many parts of the Northern States, he should now see the Southern States and observe their different types of vegetation.

Although he had very little money with which to travel, in the early autumn of the year 1867, he crossed the Ohio River at Louisville, Kentucky, and struck directly into the woods on his way to the Gulf of Mexico. Here he was in his element. There were huge forest trees all about him; there were new birds to be seen daily, and rare plants to be found. He had a pair of well-trained and hardened legs, and he knew thoroughly well how to rough it in good weather and bad weather.

John Muir was now a man in years, but he was still a boy in his eagerness for a splendid adventure in a new country. That autumn he walked a thousand miles from the Ohio River

to the Gulf of Mexico. He grew footsore; his supply of money ran out; he had a severe attack of fever in Florida; but in spite of all of these drawbacks he had a glorious time. He was living the simple life he loved in woods and fields where each day was a new adventure.

When recovering from the illness contracted in Florida, he secured passage to Cuba on a small schooner. While he was on the Gulf of Mexico in this small vessel, he was busy planning a trip into the dense jungles of South America. From what he jotted down in his notebook during this short sea voyage, we learn that he had ambitious ideas of what he wished to do in the study of tropical plants. His plan was to land at some point along the northern coast of South America and then go up the Orinoco River in a canoe or boat. In this manner he hoped to study the plant life in the Orinoco Valley and, in the end, reach some stream which would allow him to float down to the Amazon. Upon reaching this huge river, he had planned to float its whole length until he reached the Atlantic Ocean. Does n't that sound like the brilliant dream of some schoolboy rather than the mature plan of a man of twenty-nine? But that was the trip which he outlined in his notebook, along with notes of what he had observed of plant life in Florida and what he hoped to see in Cuba.

As he could not make the Amazon trip, chiefly because he had no funds, the wanderer finally decided to go to California. He had read much of the giant trees, the majestic mountains, the beautiful valleys, and the many strange plants to be found on the Coast of Gold. So he went, just as any adventurous boy might have gone. That was in 1869. Having no money and being desirous of seeing the big trees and the mountains, he hired out as a helper to a shepherd who was to take a flock of sheep high up in the Sierras for fresh pasturage. It was this first glimpse of nature on a stupendous scale that made possible his charming book, "My First Summer in the Sierra."

For many happy days Muir climbed the mountains while the sheep grazed. The enthusiastic young naturalist, the shepherd, and their dogs were alone with the woolly flock. When an abundance of good pasturage was found, a rough camp would be made for several

ys at one spot. At such times Muir crammed his notebook full of glowing accounts of what he observed. That he was in a thoroughly wild country is shown by frequent references to the Indians who wandered into camp from time to time. They interested Muir, the man of the out-of-doors, immensely. In his notebook he recorded what he saw in these red men: it was good and what was bad. He commented on the independence of these redskins and admired in particular their ability to sleep in wet clothing, their small regard for clothing, and their appetites, which could be easily satisfied with whatever was at hand in the way of roots, berries, insects, or birds' eggs.

The beauty and the grandeur of the high mountains got into the young man's blood. His enthusiasm grew as he and the hungry, nibbling pack climbed higher and higher to find fresher and greener pastures. About the middle of July, they crossed the Yosemite River. The next camp was pitched and the sheep were grazing contentedly, the adventurer followed the mountain river to where he found it plunging wildly over a polished granite shelf and shining in spray half a mile below.

In writing about his climb over the edge of the huge granite cliff at the head of the falls, he said in "My First Summer in the Sierra:"

My only fear was that a flake of the granite, which in some places showed joints more or less in and running parallel with the face of the cliff, might give way. After withdrawing from such places, excited with the view I had got, I would say myself, "Now, don't go out on the verge again." But in the face of the Yosemite scenery cautious cautionance is vain.

Farther along in this same narrative he tells what happened later in the day when he reached his way to the brink of the waterfall:

I took off my shoes and stockings and worked my way cautiously down alongside the rushing water, keeping my feet and hands pressed firmly against the polished rock. The booming, roaring water, rushing past close to my head, was very exciting. I had expected that the sloping apron would terminate with the perpendicular wall of the valley, but that from the foot of it, where it is less steeply lined, I should be able to lean far enough out to see the forms and behavior of the fall all the way to the bottom. But I found that there was yet another small brow over which I could not see, and which appeared to be too steep for mortal feet.



*Roerich Museum Press, N. Y.*

JOHN MUIR  
1838-1914

Scanning it keenly, I discovered a narrow shelf about three inches wide on the very brink, just wide enough for a rest for one's heels. But there seemed to be no way of reaching it over so steep a brow. At length, after careful scrutiny of the surface, I found an irregular edge of a flake of the rock some distance back from the margin of the torrent. If I was to get down to the brink at all, that rough edge, which might offer slight finger holds, was the only way. But the slope beside it looked dangerously smooth and steep, and the swift roaring flood beneath, overhead, and beside me was very nerve-racking. I therefore concluded not to venture farther, but did, nevertheless.

Tufts of artemisia were growing in clefts of the rock near by, and I filled my mouth with the bitter leaves, hoping they might help to prevent giddiness. Then, with a caution not known in ordinary circumstances, I crept down safely to the little ledge, got my heels well planted on it, then shuffled in a horizontal direction twenty or thirty feet until close to the out-lunging current, which, by the time it had descended thus far, was already white. Here I obtained a perfectly free view down into the heart of the snowy, chanting throng of cometlike streamers, into which the body of the fall soon separates.

While perched on that narrow niche I was not distinctly conscious of danger. The tremendous grandeur of the fall in form and sound and motion, acting at close range, smothered the sense of fear, and in such places one's body takes keen care for

safety on its own account. How long I remained down there, or how I returned, I can hardly tell. Anyhow I had a glorious time, and got back to camp about dark, enjoying triumphant exhilaration soon followed by dull weariness. Hereafter I'll try to keep from such extravagant, nerve-straining places. Yet such a day is well worth venturing for. My first view of the High Sierra, first view looking down into the Yosemite, the death song of Yosemite Creek, and its flight over the vast cliff, each one of these is of itself enough for a great lifelong landscape fortune — a most memorable day of days — enjoyment enough to kill, if that were possible.

During the summer of 1879 Muir sailed for Alaska to see something of nature in the making. He had had years of experience in scaling the high peaks of the Rockies, where he could observe small glaciers; he now wished to examine the huge glaciers of Alaska as they plowed new landscapes.

Very fortunately, he met Mr. S. Hall Young, who was a missionary among the Indians about Fort Wrangell. Almost at once the young preacher recognized that Muir had a great store of knowledge and ability to read easily and rapidly the open book of nature. In his delightful book, "Alaska Days with John Muir," Mr. Young describes vividly the ascent of a tall peak close to his home. It was a memorable climb for the missionary, because he dislocated his arms on a shelving ledge of loose rock high up on the mountainside, and John Muir carried him to safety by the dim light of the stars.

During that year and the year following, Muir had the experience of seeing mountains being ground into powder by huge, slowly moving ice fields. He sat and watched icebergs tumble into the cold waters of the ocean from the glassy faces of glaciers.

If you will get out your geography and turn to the map of Alaska, you can readily follow at least a portion of the six-weeks trip which these men made with three stolid Indians in a big red-cedar canoe. The journey into the cold Northland was begun at Fort Wrangell and followed closely the coast line of the rugged mainland until the little party reached the end of Chilkat Inlet. From this point, they took their way to the south and around the end of Pleasant Island. Here the journey swung north again through Glacier Bay. After penetrating this sheet of icy water until stopped by its many tall masses of glacial ice, they

continued southward, winding in and out among the many hundreds of islands, large and small, until they again reached Fort Wrangell.

No schoolboy could have had a grander adventure than did this naturalist who had never lost any of his enthusiasm for big mountains to climb, for rare flowers to identify, for wide plains of glacial ice to explore, or for beauty anywhere in the out of doors to admire. Added to all these pleasures, there were new inlets to explore, into which no white man had ever before sailed. In fact, these two white men gave names to many bays and masses of ice which had never before had a name on any map.

The joy of discovering and exploring Glacier Bay was one of the outstanding adventures of this journey. It should be remembered that this bay is some sixty miles long and about twenty miles from shore to shore at many points. Glaciers were on every side. These gigantic ice plows pushing slowly but relentlessly down from the ravines in the mountains were cutting, carving, and polishing the granite foundations of the mountains. Here John Muir was seeing with his own eyes what he had had to reconstruct with his mind's eye when he had studied the glaciation which had taken place in the mountains of the United States hundreds of centuries ago.

The rocks were so lately ground down that very little vegetation was to be seen at some points. It was even difficult to find a place on which to pitch a camp for the night. All about this bay, the mountains rose abruptly, twelve to sixteen thousand feet. Several days were spent in this strange new country. The naturalist's interest led him to climb high up the sides of the bleak mountains. He had to make trips over the broad surfaces of some of the glaciers. He never seemed to tire, but started out before daylight and came back to camp long after dark. When he came into the light of the camp fire, he would frequently forget to eat his supper as he told of what he had seen of a land still in the making, under the grinding power of enormous streams of ice on their way to the sea. That you may gain some faint idea of the tremendous grinding force of a great glacier, it is merely necessary to say that the Muir Glacier in Glacier Bay is a mile and a half in

where it touches the bay and that its icy  
 from four to seven hundred feet above the

was while this intrepid explorer and expert  
 taineer was in the far North that he had  
 thrilling adventure which made possible  
 riting of his little classic, "Stickeen."  
 had discovered a glacier which was not  
 ng, but was actually moving forward  
 ually. He at once made up his mind to  
 e it. As was usual, he was out of camp  
 before any one was awake. He wished  
 e all the time possible on the glacier while  
 llight enough to observe what was happen-  
 the stream of flint-like ice moved over its  
 n bed. It seems that great crevasses  
 constantly opening as the glacier pushed  
 y down the gorge between the mountains.  
 air crossed these, the small dog that was  
 ing him was cut off from him by a big  
 se. When Muir waited for the dog, the  
 l slowly and courageously made his way  
 a sliver of ice—but every boy who  
 a fine dog story should read "Stickeen."  
 ; naturalist, who was never perfectly  
 t except when he was high on the moun-  
 ps or busy observing the wildest ravines  
 the dark blue glaciers forced themselves  
 l the ocean, went into the far North  
 nd again. When the Corwin expedition  
 into the Arctic Ocean to search for the  
 g exploring party, which had been lost,  
 on board as a scientific expert.

l Muir, as he climbed mountain peaks  
 ojoyed the trees and the flowers, was  
 ely preparing himself for a great public  
 . As a shepherd in the Sierras, he had  
 e hungry flock he tended eat every green  
 le along the mountainsides. He had also  
 e shepherds set fire to the underbrush  
 e logs to burn them so that the grass  
 have a better chance to grow. At other  
 he had watched the sawmills steadily  
 their way through groves of magnificent  
 ds which could never be replaced. He  
 eenly this waste of nature's priceless  
 es.

imagination took him forward a genera-  
 wo generations, and he wondered what  
 of these glorious playgrounds would  
 for the people of the United States. For



*Roerich Museum Press, N. Y.*

#### IN THE SIERRAS

twenty years, he wrote for newspapers and the  
 magazines concerning the huge value of national  
 parks and forest reserves. His text was "the  
 world needs the woods." Gradually, the public  
 began to take notice, and eventually the govern-  
 ment at Washington began to take notice.  
 More and more land was brought under govern-  
 ment control, either as national parks or as  
 forest reserves.

When Theodore Roosevelt was President,  
 he and John Muir spent three days among the  
 big trees. No one knows what was said around  
 roaring camp fires, but during Roosevelt's  
 administration 148,000,000 acres of additional



national forests were set aside and the number of national parks was doubled.

Like every other man who sincerely loves the great open spaces, Muir stayed young. After he had passed the sixty-year mark, his muscles were like steel and his nerves were steady enough for him to do the most hazardous climbing among the stormswept crests of the Rockies. At the same time, his mind was that of a youth in his teens, for a new plant, a strange glacier, or a magnificent sunset made him wildly enthusiastic.

Nothing can make a man "great," in the best sense of that word, so thoroughly as being a boy at heart his whole life through. Besides making a man great, the youthful spirit brings him a continual pleasure in life itself.

### JOHNNY APPLESEED<sup>1</sup>

ONE morning many long years ago the tender willows which fringed the banks of the Wabash parted slowly as a boyish face surmounted by a tattered straw hat peered cautiously up and down the glistening river. The keen blue eyes, shaded by a sun-browned hand, scanned the woods on the far side of the water which danced and sparkled in the brisk spring breeze. Having satisfied himself that there was no imaginary Indian lurking anywhere, the lad stepped out upon the firm sandy beach and beckoned to some one who was still screened by the willows. Again the swaying boughs parted, and a girl's bare foot came through the greenery, only to be withdrawn quickly as the boy exclaimed: "Wait, don't come out yet. Somebody's coming around the bend of the river. They're on the far side, out of the big part of the current, and it looks as if they're in a canoe that's rigged up with a little bit of a sail. I wonder who it can be."

The boy and girl, who had been playing Indian, kept a sharp watch upon the slow-moving craft for a few moments, then turned and ran up a steep path which led to the crest of a small bluff covered with dense underbrush. Seated on a fallen log near the edge of the cliff, the children patiently waited for the boat to come close enough for them to make out who sat in the stern paddling.

Fifteen minutes later, the boy, who was again shading his eyes with his hand, said: "I never saw that canoe before. It does n't belong around here, and it's got a piece of old sacking hitched to a pole for a sail. Look, the man's standing up. Now I can see him real plain, and he's little and he's got a beard and long hair. He must be looking for the landing, and that means he knows about our settlement up the creek."

"Everybody'll be mighty glad to see him," answered the girl as she pushed the loose hair out of her face. "We don't get much news from anywhere. Let's go down to the landing, so he'll know where to bring his canoe to the shore."

As the children walked out on to the sandy river edge, the boy waved his hat above his head. At once a short, slender figure stood up in the canoe to answer the signal. When the prow of the boat grated on the sand and gravel where the children stood, a little wiry man without hat, coat, or shoes jumped lightly ashore. Shouldering a heavy leather knapsack, which appeared to be the only baggage in the frail craft, the man asked at once, "How far is it to the first cabin up the creek?"

"Not more than a mile," answered the boy. "If you'll follow us, we'll get you there by a short cut through the woods. Pap's built a cabin and he's clearing some more land for corn this summer."

Without a word, the strange-looking little man followed the youngsters as they scampered up a footpath through the green shadows of the spring woods. While crossing a tiny clearing which had been recently burned over, the man's small, restless eyes appeared to be looking in all directions for something he hoped very much to find. The children followed a column of hazy blue smoke on the far edge of the clearing and found their father with several neighbors at work rolling huge logs on to a big bonfire which crackled merrily and sent its dancing flames ten feet into the spring air.

The moment the men caught sight of the small figure under its enormous knapsack, one of them ran forward, exclaiming: "Well, well, well! Johnny Appleseed! Where did you come from, anyhow? I did n't know that you

<sup>1</sup> From "Ten Outdoor Men," by James Speed, published by D. C. Heath and Company.



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ONE morning many long years ago the tender willows which fringed the banks of the Wabash parted slowly as a boyish face surmounted by a tattered straw hat peered cautiously up and down the glistening river. The keen blue eyes, shaded by a sun-browned hand, scanned the woods on the far side of the water which danced and sparkled in the brisk spring breeze. Having satisfied himself that there was no imaginary Indian lurking anywhere, the lad stepped out upon the firm sandy beach and beckoned to some one who was still screened by the willows. Again the swaying boughs parted, and a girl's bare foot came through the greenery, only to be withdrawn quickly as the boy exclaimed: "Wait, don't come out yet. Somebody's coming around the bend of the river. They're on the far side, out of the big part of the current, and it looks as if they're in a canoe that's rigged up with a little bit of a sail. I wonder who it can be."

The boy and girl, who had been playing Indian, kept a sharp watch upon the slow-moving craft for a few moments, then turned and ran up a steep path which led to the crest of a small bluff covered with dense underbrush. Seated on a fallen log near the edge of the cliff, the children patiently waited for the boat to come close enough for them to make out who sat in the stern paddling.

Fifteen minutes later, the boy, who was again shading his eyes with his hand, said: "I never saw that canoe before. It doesn't belong around here, and it's got a piece of old sacking hitched to a pole for a sail. Look, the man's standing up. Now I can see him real plain, and he's little and he's got a beard and long hair. He must be looking for the landing, and that means he knows about our settlement up the creek."

"Everybody'll be mighty glad to see him," answered the girl as she pushed the loose hair out of her face. "We don't get much news from anywhere. Let's go down to the landing, so he'll know where to bring his canoe to the shore."

As the children walked out on to the sandy river edge, the boy waved his hat above his head. At once a short, slender figure stood up in the canoe to answer the signal. When the prow of the boat grated on the sand and gravel where the children stood, a little wiry man without hat, coat, or shoes jumped lightly ashore. Shouldering a heavy leather knapsack, which appeared to be the only baggage in the frail craft, the man asked at once, "How far is it to the first cabin up the creek?"

"Not more than a mile," answered the boy. "If you'll follow us, we'll get you there by a short cut through the woods. Pap's built a cabin and he's clearing some more land for corn this summer."

Without a word, the strange-looking little man followed the youngsters as they scampered up a footpath through the green shadows of the spring woods. While crossing a tiny clearing which had been recently burned over, the man's small, restless eyes appeared to be looking in all directions for something he hoped very much to find. The children followed a column of hazy blue smoke on the far edge of the clearing and found their father with several neighbors at work rolling huge logs on to a big bonfire which crackled merrily and sent its dancing flames ten feet into the spring air.

The moment the men caught sight of the small figure under its enormous knapsack, one of them ran forward, exclaiming: "Well, well, well! Johnny Appleseed! Where did you come from, anyhow? I did n't know that you

<sup>1</sup> From "Ten Outdoor Men," by James Speed, published by D. C. Heath and Company.

id get this far west. The last time I saw as about twenty-five years ago when I little tot and the folks lived back in Ohio. After that we started West."

my Applesced had dropped his knapsack on the ground as the man questioned him. Without answering any of the questions, he ran rapidly across the clearing. As the men and the children watched the energetic figure go about from one point to another in the clearing, the girl asked, "Won't somebody tell me what that man's looking for? I've been looking around that way, as if he'd found something, ever since he got out of his boat at the landing down at the river."

The man who had first spoken to Johnny Applesced looked surprised and answered the boy saying, "I thought I had told all of you youngsters about old Johnny Applesced long ago."

"You have n't ever said a word about him," answered the boy, as he shook his head emphatically. "I'd like to know about him and I'd like to know his real name, too, because I don't believe the name you called Johnny Applesced, is his own."

The children standing before the big pioneer did not notice the little man turn and come back to them quite rapidly. In fact, they did not know that he was close at hand until he came out quite suddenly: "I've found the place I've been lookin' for. It will make a good place for the nursery for my apple trees. It won't take any time to clear it, "

and saw the man's face glow with pleasure and enthusiasm. Picking up the heavy knapsack he had dropped, he began opening a number of small packages of seed. Looking up quite suddenly, he discovered the children watching him with evident interest. Then he smiled and remarked: "Come on and sit down on this side of me; then I'll tell you some of the things you'll like to hear while I work. But I won't tell you anything at all I want to ask you a question: Were both of you born out here in the West?"

"Yes," answered the boy at once. "I was born in Ohio and I was only a little fellow when I came out here into Indiana; and Mary, she was born soon after we got out here."

"Are there any apple trees in this settlement yet?"

"No, not one!" exclaimed the girl. "Mother asked the men folks to plant some apple trees, but they've been too busy with clearing the land, and planting crops, and building cabins, and hauling rails, and putting up rail fences, and all those things."

"Well, that's exactly the reason I came out here. The men who come out West always get so busy they forget a whole lot of things that the women folks and the girls don't ever forget. I have come all the way out here into Indiana to plant a few apple seeds, so that after a while there'll be all the apple trees everybody'll need. Then they can enjoy the trees in the spring and the summer and the winter time, too."

"I can shut my eyes now and see the trees way back in the East where I used to live," continued the man as he sat on the log with his hands full of seeds. "In the springtime, when the woodpeckers have just about gone crazy and are drumming everywhere in the clearings, the apple trees get all pink and white with the blossoms. And then the honey bees make the air sound soft and dreamy and trembly. And later the ground seems to be covered with a white and pink snow where the blossoms have dropped off."

"I can remember how the summer time would make the big, juicy apples get ripe and mellow. Why, they would get so big and ripe and fine to eat that they would fall off the twigs and hit the ground, making a queer soft squashy sound. And my goodness, the fun we would have climbing up into the trees that had big branches coming down almost to the ground. The trees would be full of big, noisy, bright green beetles — June bugs we called them — eating holes into the ripest apples. There would be so many apples that after we had eaten all we could, and had made all the apple dumplings and pies we wanted, the women and the girls would peel them and cut them up and dry them in the sunshine for the winter time. And the men would go out into the orchards and make them into cider for drinking at Thanksgiving and Christmas time."

"I can remember, too, in the fall, when the white frosts would cut all the red and yellow leaves off the trees, the apple trees would be

loaded down with red and yellow and green apples. The fun — my, the fine fun — we youngsters would have in the orchard gathering the apples and putting them away for the winter. And then, when the ground was all covered with snow and the long evenings would come around and nobody would know what to do to kill time, we would get out a big basket of apples and hang them on long strings in front of the roaring log fire. Fat, rosy-cheeked apples, all in a row, sputtering in the firelight did smell good, look good, and taste even better, too."

As the queer little man stopped talking, he looked at the boy and the girl on either side of him. Then he smiled until little wrinkles came in the corners of his eyes, and asked: "Will you two help me start some of these apple seeds, so that after a while you and everybody else can have apple trees here in this settlement?"

"Yes!" exclaimed both of the children in the same breath. "When can we begin — right this very minute?"

Johnny Appleseed jumped to his feet and walked rapidly across the clearing toward a sheltered nook under some tree-capped cliffs which were green with clustering mosses and ferns. When he and the children were halfway to the green wall, the man who had known Johnny Appleseed in Ohio turned to his companions and said: "He can do that every time he tries with the children. Twenty-five years ago, when we were all living back in Ohio, I was one of the boys who helped him plant his apple seed in a little bit of a clearing under the hills. Ten years afterwards, all the children and I were eating apples, and lots of them, off of the very trees I'd helped start. I tell you old Johnny Appleseed's just wonderful with the boys and girls."

"What's the fellow's regular name, and where under the sun did he come from?" asked the children's father. "This is the first time I ever clapped my eyes on the man, but, of course, everybody that's as old as I am and has lived out in this neck of the woods has heard somebody say something about old Johnny Appleseed and his big knapsack full of apple seed."

"Nobody knows anything much about him. He's been tramping about over the new country

for so many years doing nothing but planting apple seeds and making pleasure and comfort for other folks that nobody bothers to ask any questions about him; he's just 'old Johnny Appleseed' to everybody. I've heard folks say, who ought to know — and I reckon it's so — that he came out from Boston a long time ago and that his real name is Chapman. Some folks say he's plumb crazy, but he isn't one bit. If Johnny Appleseed's crazy, it would be a very good thing for a whole lot of the rest of us to be crazy, too."

The two children came racing back through the clearing a few moments later, yelling at the tops of their young voices: "He says we've got a fine place to plant the apple seeds. He says it's as good a place as he ever saw anywhere before. And we're going to get the rest of the children right now and some axes and hoes. He says we can get the ground fixed up and all of the seed planted by noon to-morrow if we hurry."

All that afternoon, above the crackling of the burning brush and log heaps, above the rapid hammering of the woodpeckers and the loud scolding of the squirrels from the tree tops, above the cardinal's clear-cut notes and the low plaintive covey calls of scattered bobwhites, the sound of glad voices came from the edge of the forest where the children worked under the direction of a small man with a shock of long hair on his shoulders and a beard which fell upon his brown bare chest. By dinner time the following day, the warm earth of the clearing had been carefully planted with apple seed, and a rough brush fence had been made about it to keep stray animals from breaking through.

When the strange old man with his peculiarly sweet smile shouldered his knapsack of precious seeds to tramp to the next settlement and start the work of growing fruit, he said in answer to the children's anxious questioning: "Yes, yes, yes, to be sure I'll come back to see you and the apple trees next year. I must come back to see how they've grown from the little seeds we've planted. And then I want to show you exactly the way they ought to be taken up and transplanted near the cabins."

Standing in front of one of the rude log cabins, a group of wide-eyed children watched the sinewy figure until the dense green of the

y timber swallowed it. Then they turned the man who had known Johnny Appleseed twenty-five years before and asked eagerly, "How old is Johnny Appleseed and how long has he been walking about from place to place sowing apple seeds?"

"That's a long story you're asking me to tell you, but if you really want it I can tell you a bit of it anyhow. I don't believe anybody knows all of the story but old Johnny Appleseed himself, and he wouldn't tell you, I'm sure."

"Never mind about that. Please go ahead and tell us all you know about him."

"Well," continued the man, "I've heard and say that the very first time they ever knew anything about him was way back seventy-seven years ago. Let's see, that was the year 1801. Five years afterward, in 1806, he came down the Ohio River in a canoe, just as I saw him here yesterday. He got some of the Indians together and, the first thing anybody knew, he and the youngsters had planted some apple patches in the timber. After that, he came coming back until some orchards were made."

"That," insisted one of the older boys, "if he's been going around all the time, how does he get any clothes or shoes or any money?"

The man laughed good-humoredly as he answered: "I thought somebody would ask that question. I'm mighty certain that if you looked at his clothes you would see they didn't tell him anything. Johnny Appleseed has never worn anything anybody would give him."

If he didn't have any shoes, he went barefooted. You saw he didn't have any hat when he came here. He seems to be busy getting people to plant apple seeds and transplant the little trees into orchards. He doesn't bother much about anything else."

"But that's the way he got his name, Johnny Appleseed, I reckon?"

"Yes, of course, that was the way. He started his work in Ohio, as I told you a minute ago, and then, as soon as the people got to planting apple trees, he would move farther west some time. Sometimes he would have to make long trips because he would have to go back each year to get the seed he would need."

They tell me that when he first started doing this work in Ohio he got all of his apple seed from the cider mills in Pennsylvania. Later, he was able to get some seed in Ohio. Then he took them farther west in Ohio. And these seeds he's planted here in Indiana came from somewhere in Ohio from trees he helped to plant."

"I'd think," remarked one of the boys, "that, in going about the way he has, he'd get hurt or killed. He was at our house to stay last night and he has n't got any shoes or stockings and he has n't got a thing to fight wolves or bears or anything with but a knife and a little bit of an ax."

"He never did carry a rifle or a gun or a pistol with him," answered the man.

"What did he do when you first knew about him twenty-five years ago and there were lots of Indians, and what did he do when the Indians would get on the warpath and go to killing everybody, I'd like to know?" asked a plump little girl who was easily frightened.

"The long trips he made through the woods and across the prairies never did seem to bother Johnny Appleseed one particle. Sometimes he was weeks making one of his trips without seeing a white man or without sleeping in a cabin. He'd make those walks without shoes on his feet or anything about his bare legs. A few handfuls of parched corn in his knapsack, his knife and his ax for cutting firewood and making a shelter of boughs, were all he needed to live for days at a time."

"Nobody has ever been able to understand why he was n't bitten by the rattlesnakes on his bare feet and legs, but they do know why the Indians never bothered the little man. The Indians themselves once told some of the settlers that the very first time they ever laid eyes on Johnny Appleseed in the deep woods they followed him and decided they would kill him. They followed him all of that day, and at night, when he had cut some wood to build a tiny fire and some limbs of trees to keep off the rain or dew, they waited and watched for him to go to sleep."

"After he'd eaten some of his parched corn for his supper and was leaning over his bit of a fire of dead wood, the Indians crept up close to see what he was up to. They saw him pull

a small piece of a rod of iron out of his knapsack and punch it into the red-hot coals of his fire. When the iron got hot enough, the Indians watched him take it and carefully burn the sore spots on his feet and legs where they'd got cut and torn with thorns and stones, so they'd get well in a hurry. Indians, you know, think a lot of a fellow who can stand pain without flinching or batting an eye. They saw Johnny Appleseed do this burning without moving a muscle; so they crept off and left him alone, and afterwards they always talked about him as 'the Big Medicine.' They knew it took a whole lot of grit to walk through the woods without a gun and a lot more grit to sit down and burn out sore spots with a red-hot iron."

"Yes, that did take grit," exclaimed the boy who had first seen Johnny Appleseed coming up the river, "but I've got a question I'd like to ask you. You told us a little while ago that he never did carry a gun or a pistol, and that the Indians all called him Big Medicine and that they never did hurt him at all. What I want to know is: What did he do when the Indians all went on the warpath with the English and came down from Detroit in 1812?"

"Johnny Appleseed did n't forget all of his good friends among the early settlers when the Indians began to kill and burn. He was out in the middle of Ohio somewhere when he got word the Indians had gone on the warpath murdering the settlers, their wives, and their children. He gave up his old knapsack at once and began to hurry from one settlement to another, warning the folks of the danger which was coming. The old folks used to say that for ever so many days and nights he stopped only long enough to get a bite of something to eat. They say it was just wonderful how those hard little legs did get him over ground when he did n't give them any rest at all.

"Everybody used to say that he saved hundreds of lives at that time and that there was n't anybody else who could have done it,

either. You see, he'd been traveling every day in the whole year for a long, long time. He did n't have a single muscle in his body that was n't as hard and as tough as a piece of steel. And then, too, you see, Johnny Appleseed knew every rabbit path in the whole country. He could travel almost as well at night as he could in the daytime, and he knew like a book every short cut that could be made to save time. He knew, too, where every single little cabin had been built in the big timber or on the prairies, because he'd been there to get the women and the children to plant a few apple seeds some time or other."

Ten years after the children had seen Johnny Appleseed bring his boat to the gravelly bank of the Wabash, the trees had grown wonderfully. Apple boughs laden with blooms and with luscious fruit swept the doors and windows of many of the cabins in the little settlement up the creek. Johnny Appleseed was still busy interesting the children in planting his precious seeds. He did not come to this particular settlement, because his work had been started, but he was out among the cabins which had been pushed farther into the great new West.

He was still roughly dressed and without a hat most of the time, but no one ever noticed how he was dressed. He was still affectionately called "old Johnny Appleseed," and boys and girls still crowded about him while the little tots climbed upon his knees. In spite of his wonderfully simple life in the open air, he had grown older. It was the year 1848 which found him far out on the frontier of the New World with his knapsack. One night he stopped at the home of a settler and dropped asleep before the open fire on the rough puncheon floor with his knapsack full of seeds for his pillow. Johnny Appleseed never opened his eyes again.

Nobody knows where Johnny Appleseed sleeps in the brown earth which has been waking the seeds he planted for so many years, but if his grave is not known, his name has not been forgotten.

EDWARD BOK<sup>1</sup>STORY THAT BEGINS AND ENDS WITH  
A DINNER PARTY

THE first dinner party that Edward Bok attended was held before he was two years old and it was quite a grand party, one of the being Count von Bismarck, the German ambassador. The little Dutch baby was brought in the arms of his nurse, Antje, who wore a starched pink check frock and a spotless cap. Antje placed him on the knee of the guest of honor, the great Count, and the boy looked round the table at the glass, the silver and the flowers and the smiling faces of the guests, and then he turned his gaze to the Chancellor. He seemed to find something very interesting in those strong, grim faces. He looked steadily at them, and finally everybody at the table fell silent, regarding the child's blue eyes as they traveled slowly over every inch of the great man's face. At length he drew himself back to get a better view, and then, with a deep sigh, turned to the next guest. But just as a chorus of congratulations was beginning his eyes were back again and there was silence. This time the child moved his body slowly, looking first at the right side of the Chancellor's face, then the left, then full in front. Bismarck sat a long time perfectly quiet and immovable. When the examination had lasted fully five minutes the child turned to his nurse who stood

by him. He raised his little hand and with his index finger pointed at the Count's face, as if it seemed violent attempts to speak. Bismarck broke silence.

"Never have I been so minutely and critically examined," he said to the boy's mother. "I wonder what can be the child's thoughts."

The child, much as he might wish to do so, could not tell the company what his thoughts were. But he managed to make it quite clear that Bismarck's next action did not please him.

Raising his glass, the Chancellor said: "Let us drink to the health and future of the child with the enquiring mind."

As the baby's arm went out, the glass fell from the Chancellor's hand, and the wine ran down

his white shirt front. There was a little commotion, Mrs. Bok tried with her handkerchief to wipe the red stains from the shirt, while Antje seized Edward and carried him off; and that was the end of his first dinner party.

The child with the enquiring mind grew up into a sturdy, healthy little Dutch boy. His home was on the shores of the North Sea, where sometimes the mists hung heavily and sometimes the fresh winds came blowing roughly in—hardening and bracing all those that met them. He and his elder brother lived the simple, open-air life that was usual for Dutch boys of the better class in those days. He went to no more dinner parties. His feasts were cookies and strawberry jam sandwiches out of the magical sideboard of Tante Katrien; and before long even these simple dainties vanished. When Edward was not quite seven years old his father lost his entire fortune, and almost penniless, he resolved to leave his native land and try to build up a new fortune in America. It was long before any more luxuries came in the way of Edward Bok.

The family settled in Brooklyn, outside New York, and Edward and his brother were sent to the public school. They did not know a word of any language except their own, though their father and mother could speak English fluently, and their dress and appearance were in many ways unlike the dress and appearance of their schoolfellows. At first the two foreign lads had rather a hard time of it. They were called "Dutchies" and other names meant to be uncomplimentary, and were followed about the playground by a little crowd of jeering boys. Edward, with his usual sound common sense, reviewed the situation. He could not meet the boys with argument and retort. There was only one way in which he could make himself understood, and that was by the use of his fists. The next time a boy called him "Dutchy" he hit out, calmly, but with such good will that after one or two bouts the boys left off tormenting him. Then the process of making friends began, and it was not long before the two Dutch boys were received as comrades and brothers.

In the schoolroom Edward was left more or less alone until he had picked up a few words of English. There was only one lesson in which

<sup>1</sup>From "Boys and Girls Who Became Famous," by Amy Cruse. By permission of Harcourt Brace and Company, publishers.

he could join with the others, and that was the writing lesson. He was given a copy book and was made to understand that he was to copy the line of writing set, which was in what was called the Spencerian style, with a great many curls and flourishes. Edward examined it as carefully as, when he was two years old, he had examined the face of the great Bismarck, asking himself what was the use of all those extra lines. He decided that they were of no use, that they added to the labor of writing and made the words difficult to read, therefore it was not a style that it was worth his while to practice. So he sat still and did not practice it. He could not explain his reasons to his teacher and she finding that all her commands were useless and that her new pupil still sat idle, took him to the headmaster. This gentleman on hearing her story came to the same conclusion as Edward had done with respect to the boys — that the only argument likely to be understood was the argument of force. He caned Edward severely on both hands and sent him back to his copy book.

But Edward still sat without taking up his pen, reflecting that the headmaster's argument had been a very bad one since now a swollen hand made it impossible for him to write his copy even if he were willing to do so — which he was not. He was kept until five o'clock, and then caned again before he was allowed to go home. At home he told his father all that had happened, and explained his reasons very fully and earnestly; then he fetched a cutting from a newspaper and showed his father a specimen of another style of writing which seemed to him much plainer and more practical than the Spencerian.

Mr. Bok was struck with the common sense of the argument.

"Well," he said, "I will go and speak to your teacher and see what can be done."

Next morning they set off together for the school and Mr. Bok had a long interview with the headmaster. He did not tell his son what had been said, but the boy noted with satisfaction that the writing question was allowed to drop; and some time afterward a new copy book was given him in which the writing was plain and unornamented.

School troubles were thus on the way to

being disposed of, but home troubles were increasing, and were weighing heavily on Edward's spirits. The senior Mr. Bok was not successful in getting any but occasional and poorly paid work and there was very little money to maintain the family. They lived in a mean house in the least pleasant part of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Bok, who all her life had been used to a staff of well-trained servants, toiled wearily all day long at household work of the roughest kind. Edward could not bear to see his pretty, dainty, white-handed young mother cleaning stoves and scrubbing floors and washing dishes, and growing each day paler and shabbier, and more worn. He and his brother spent every moment out of school in doing what they could to help her, and before long they became more expert in household tasks than she was.

Her burden was lightened, but still Edward was not satisfied that he was doing all that he could do for his family. A little more money would make them all so much happier; he must set to work and earn some. But for a boy of nine or thereabouts, this was not easy, and some time passed before he could find an opening. Then one day he was standing in front of a baker's shop looking longingly at the dainties within — for he was very hungry — when the baker came out.

"They look good, don't they?" he said in passing.

"They would," replied the practical Edward, "if the window were clean."

"That's true," replied the baker, as if struck by a new idea: then, after a pause, "Will you clean it?"

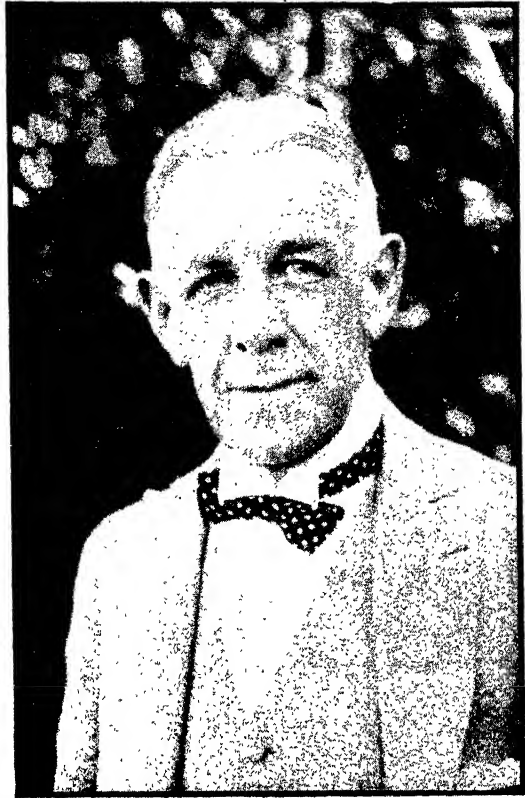
"Yes, I will," replied the boy eagerly, and a bargain was made at once. The job was done so well that the baker engaged the boy to come and clean the window once a week, and so the opening was made. After that Edward went forward rapidly. One day a customer came in while he was alone in the shop, and the boy attended to him with so much politeness and good sense that the baker, returning at the moment, was struck by his window-cleaner's capacity as a salesman. He straightway engaged Edward to serve in the shop each day after school hours, and the boy gladly accepted. He was to receive a money payment and also

the dainties from the shop to take home to mother.

Next he obtained employment as a newspaper boy and delivered papers on a big round before going to school. Then he started a small business on his own account. The public cars coming in to Brooklyn stopped to water the horses at a point just round the corner from the house, and on hot days some of the thirsty passengers scrambled out and managed to get a sty drink of water before the car went on. This gave Edward an idea. One Sunday he appeared at the stopping place with a bright pail full of iced water and three shining glasses hung on to it by hooks. In a few minutes he had disposed of the whole of his water at ten cents per glass.

He did this for several Sundays in succession, and various other boys took up the idea and found himself forestalled. But he was not beaten. Next Sunday he added a squeeze of lemon and a spoonful of sugar to each glass of water, and sold it as lemonade, at three cents a glass; and again he sold out rapidly. His next venture was a more ambitious one. He sent to *The Brooklyn Eagle* an account of a party he had attended, giving the names of the guests. It was accepted, and every one whose name was mentioned was eager to buy a copy of the paper. This made the editor ready to publish her accounts of the same kind, and Edward began to care to supply them; and so he established a connection with the paper which was very profitable to him.

At this time he was earning enough money to make food more plentiful and care a little less heavy at home, but he was not satisfied. He begged his father to let him leave school and take up some calling seriously. His parents would not bear to see the boy who was so quick on his feet set to earn his own living so early in life, as it seemed to them, all chance of further education. They had hoped to do such things for him. The need, too, soon became less urgent. Mr. Bok at last obtained an unpaid post in the Western Union Telegraph office. Still the boy persisted; and when he was thirteen years old there was a vacancy for an office boy in his father's own office. Mr. Bok allowed him to apply; he was successful, and his career as a man of business began.



EDWARD BOK  
1863-1930

*Bachrach*

He worked steadily and hard and soon had an excellent character in the establishment; but he knew that if he wanted to get on he must qualify himself for a better post than that of an office boy. In the evenings he read such books as he could get hold of. He saved his luncheon money and bought a copy of "Appleton's Encyclopædia" in fourteen volumes, then sat down to study it thoroughly. He was particularly interested in the biographies of men who had begun life as poor boys, and risen to wealth and high position; but he felt he would like to be quite sure that the accounts given in the book were accurate.

After thinking over this for some time he wrote to James Garfield, who was at that time a candidate for the office of President, asking him if it was true that he had once been a boy on the tow-path. He received a very kind letter from Mr. Garfield telling him all that he wished to know, and this put it into his head to begin autograph-letter collecting, but in a rather



different fashion from that which most boys followed. He decided to study carefully the biographies of really famous people and to write asking them some question concerning their opinions or a particular event in their lives. His father helped him and before long he had the beginning of a very valuable collection.

One day his father came to him with some papers in his hand.

"Here," he said, "is something you may like to add to your collection." He handed his son one of the papers and a small photograph. The paper was an official document signed "Bismarck," and the photograph was an excellent likeness of the Chancellor presented by him, years before, to Mr. Bok.

Edward looked at the pictured face.

"Have I ever seen Bismarck?" he asked.

"Don't you think you would remember it if you had?" asked Mr. Bok.

"Yes, I suppose I should," said Edward.

"And you don't remember it?"

"No."

"Then why do you ask?"

"Because," said the boy, "whenever I see a picture of Bismarck there comes from inside of me a sense that I have seen that face before. Of course it is a fancy, but is n't it curious how I get that fancy about him and no one else?"

Then his mother told him of the dinner party long ago when he had gazed so earnestly into the Chancellor's face, and they agreed that the image must have been so impressed upon his brain that it had remained there, obscured but not destroyed so that the sight of the photograph made the boy conscious of it once more.

Edward's next idea was to try to see the famous men and women to whom he had written. He studied the newspapers and whenever he saw the announcement that an important person had arrived in New York City and was staying at a certain hotel he called there and sent up a note asking that he might be granted an interview. In almost every case his application was successful, and before he was seventeen he had seen and talked with the most famous personages of the day.

A chance made his collection known to the public. He had written to Jubal A. Early asking him to give the real reason why he burned Chambersburg, and had received a very kind

reply. A friend, looking at this letter, saw at once that it made a valuable addition to historical knowledge and suggested that it should be published in the *New York Tribune*. This was done, and it called attention to Edward's collection. Articles about it were written in various newspapers and the boy found himself a public character.

Great people began to be interested in his collection, and more than once he was asked to take it to one of the big hotels and show it to distinguished visitors. Edward enjoyed especially his visits to the great Fifth Avenue Hotel. He used to steal upstairs and sit on one of the soft sofas in the *foyer* and watch the beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen go into the fine main dining room; and he wondered whether he would ever have the good fortune to dine in that wonderful place.

One evening he called at this hotel on General and Mrs. Grant, who had asked him to bring his collection to show them. He came after seven, thinking that dinner would be over, but instead he found them just going in.

"It might be better for us all to go down to dinner and see the collection afterward," said General Grant. The boy was so confused that he forgot to apologize for his dress, which was just his working suit, and he went down feeling that he must be in a dream. At the dining-room door stood two colored head-waiters who bowed low and escorted the party to a table. What he ate Edward never remembered, nor what he talked about. He did remember that there was a dish of nuts and raisins on the table for dessert and that Mrs. Grant called a waiter and asked him to bring her a paper bag. When it came she emptied the dish into it and gave it to Edward to take home with him. Then they went upstairs and the collection was shown while the General smoked a fragrant cigar; and the most wonderful evening of Edward Bok's life was over.

He had many thrilling experiences as the years went on and he became a rich man, famous and influential throughout the country; but he never forgot the moment when he entered for the first time the grand dining room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where curiously enough, Edward, years after, supported his mother and where she lived in luxury and comfort.



EDISON'S BIRTHPLACE

## THOMAS EDISON <sup>1</sup>

### THE BOY WHO LOVED EXPERIMENTS

On a sunny autumn afternoon in the year 1809 the little Ohio town of Milan was full of activity and excitement. More than a hundred wagons had come in since the morning, all piled high with grain from the vast fields of the west, and the giant elevators stood at work transferring their loads to sailing vessels, of which a small fleet lay upon the canal. But it was not to the loading of the ships that the people in Milan had gathered down by the canal on that particular afternoon. That was an everyday sight now, and they were getting used to it, but it was not so very long ago that Milan was but a pretty, quiet little village, with no mills and no grain warehouses and only about

a hundred inhabitants. To-day all eyes were fixed on six great covered wagons which were carrying treasure-seekers and their baggage out to the newly-discovered goldfields in California. They were almost ready to start now, and every moment the excitement grew more intense.

Among the crowd stood a tall, dark-eyed woman with a fine, thoughtful face. She was holding by the hand a little boy of about four years old, who wriggled with impatience in her grasp. He was a delicate-looking boy with a beautifully shaped though unusually large head, and bright eyes that looked eagerly round for a chance of escape. Presently the chance came; with cheering and shouting the first of the wagons was set in motion, and the little boy's mother let go his hand that she might wave a farewell to the adventurers. Away went the child, and in a moment there he was

From "Boys and Girls Who Became Famous," by Amy Cruse. By permission of Harcourt Brace and Company, publishers.

in the thick of things, slipping between the wagon wheels, trying to peer under the covers, cheering the straining horses, watching how the great wheels turned smoothly on their axles. But he came back quite safely to his mother, who had been terribly frightened when, missing him, she had seen him so perilously near the great hoofs of the horses.

She had many such frights in the years that followed, for there never was a boy more apt at getting into scrapes than young Thomas Edison. He had an immense and eager curiosity and he would go anywhere and do anything for a new experience or a new piece of knowledge. Almost from the time he could walk he loved to be down on the tow-path of the canal and among the big wagons, and when he grew a little older the grain-warehouses and shipyards were his favorite playing places. He was in and out of his father's timber yard, watching the men cutting shingles, asking endless questions, making all sorts of experiments. He picked up the odd pieces of wood and made little plank roads leading from point to point on the tow-path; he climbed into all sorts of dangerous places to get a better view of something that interested him.

Once he fell into the canal and his terrified mother saw him borne into the house dripping and unconscious. Once hurried messengers came to say that Tommy had fallen into a huge pile of wheat and was being smothered, and she watched in agony while men hastily shovelled and spread the heap until the little boy was extricated from its depths, calm and unhurt. A little later he came home with blood pouring from a finger of which the top had been clean cut off; he had been holding a skate strap while another boy sharpened an axe upon it and the axe had slipped.

Another day there was a big blaze behind the house, and men, rushing up, found that a large barn was on fire. Young Thomas Edison, it was discovered later, had built a fire within it for purposes of his own, and the fire had spread, and he himself had only just escaped being burnt with the barn. This, his father felt, was too much, and, according to a stern practice of the day, seven-year-old Thomas Edison was publicly whipped in the village square. He had been whipped before with the

switch which was hung up behind the old grandfather's clock, but this public punishment was a far more serious affair. It did not, however, subdue the intrepid young adventurer's spirit, neither did an encounter which he had a little later with an infuriated ram. He was digging out a bumble bees' nest near the orchard fence when the ram charged at him, knocking him roughly against the fence; but he kept his wits, and managed, bruised and bleeding as he was, to climb up and drop over to the other side in safety.

When he was about nine years old the family removed to Port Huron, near the boundary line between Canada and the United States, and here Thomas was sent to school. School seemed to him a dull place after the bustling activity of the warehouses and shipyards. It did not interest him; he was bored by the lessons and made little attempt to understand them, and his teachers thought him a stupid boy. When, after he had been three months at school, the inspector paid his visit, Thomas distinguished himself by a show of extreme ignorance and dullness, and the irritated master declared that his brain must be addled. This remark roused Mrs. Edison to great indignation and she took her son away from the school at once, declaring she would teach him herself. She was a clever, highly educated woman, and the experiment was successful. Thomas learned more from her than he would ever have learned at school. He learned to love books and reading and to understand that if he wanted to master any subject he must work at it hard and patiently.

The subject that interested him most at this time was chemistry. He cleared out a part of the cellar and put up some shelves on which he arranged the bottles which held such chemicals as he could procure. He got hold of a book called Parker's "School Philosophy" and began to work through all the experiments given in it; but he soon found out that he needed a great deal more apparatus and many more chemical substances than he could obtain from the household stores and his father's workshop. So he set to work to earn some money for himself that he might supply these needs.

The Edisons lived in a comfortable house, with a well-stocked farm and a large garden that produced far more eggs and fruit and

bles than the family were able to con-

Thomas asked his mother to let him have what was not wanted, and she agreed. With the help of Michael Oates, a Dutch boy hired by his father, he loaded a barrow each week and took it round the town. His wares were good and fresh and his prices were low and he found many customers. His mother allowed him to take a certain proportion of the money for himself, and with this he bought the things he needed for his experiments.

His laboratory in the cellar now began to look very business-like. He soon had more than two hundred bottles on his shelves, all carefully labelled "Poison" to scare inquisitive intruders, and the experiments went on merrily.

Some of these experiments had a somewhat curious result. Thomas became interested in the action of gases that were lighter than air and he persuaded Michael Oates to swallow a large number of Seidlitz powders in the hope that the gas thus generated within his stomach would help him to fly. Instead it sent him rolling in agonies on the floor, to poor Michael's intense alarm. The switch came from behind the grandfather's clock and he dealt with good will, but Thomas was nearly killed. Now and then switchings had little effect on him. He was very glad when Michael died, and he decided that that particular experiment must be written down as unsuccessful and not to be repeated.

The money that came to him from the sale of his vegetables proved insufficient to buy the apparatus and materials his ambition required, and he cast about for some way of getting more. He applied for the post of "train-boy" on the Grand Trunk Railroad between Port Huron and Detroit. The train-boys had the privilege of selling newspapers, and other articles to the passengers on the train, and if he were a good salesman he often got quite a considerable income. Thomas, to his great delight, obtained the post, and his mother, though they thought him young for the work, allowed him to take it. He had to start from Port Huron at seven o'clock in the morning and he reached Detroit at ten; he spent the day in Detroit and came home by the evening train which arrived at half-past nine. But

the long hours did not hurt him. He had been delicate when he was a child, but he had persisted in behaving as if his body were strong enough and tough enough to enable him to bear any amount of exertion and fatigue, and it ended by becoming so.

Soon it became clear that Thomas was going to be a great success as a train-boy. He was quick and obliging and he gave such shrewd, clever answers when he was spoken to that the passengers often called him and bought his wares just for the fun of talking to him. After a while he began to find out various ways of earning more money. He bought butter and blackberries from the farmers on the line and sold them to the wives of the railwaymen. He traded in vegetables between Detroit and Huron, and he sold sweets and tobacco on the train as well as vegetables. Nobody interfered with him or asked him to pay carriage for his goods, so he was able to sell very cheaply. He was very satisfied with his new way of life, especially since he was able to spend several hours each day in the public library at Detroit, where he read every book on chemistry that he could find, as well as many on other subjects.

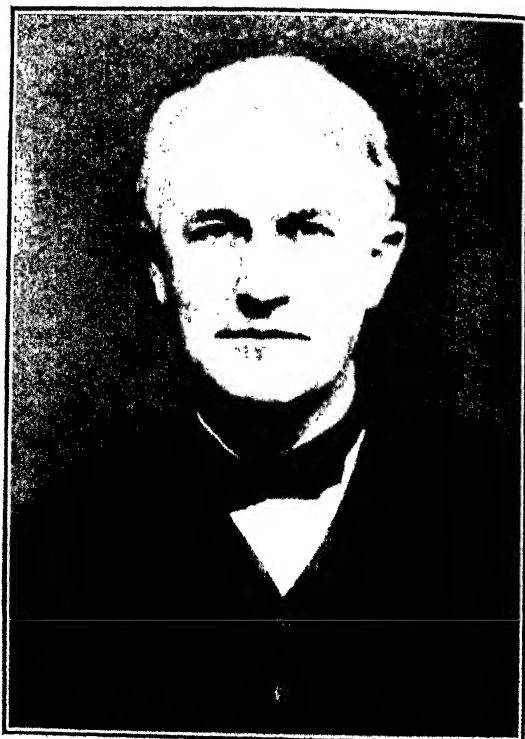
By and by he found that he was earning from eight to ten dollars a day. One of these he gave to his mother, and most of what was left he spent on apparatus and material for his chemical experiments. His long hours on the railway left him very little time for work at home, and he was eager to try many experiments of which he had read in the books at the library. He thought of the idle hours he had to spend on the train, and resolved to try to turn these to account. Thinking it over, he hit upon a plan. There was a car attached to the train, part of which was meant for baggage and part for the United States mails, but for a long time it had not been used. Thomas saw no reason against setting up his laboratory in this car, and no sooner had the idea come to him than he proceeded to carry it out. Little by little he transferred his treasures from the cellar to the train; and then when his salesman's duties were over, he retired comfortably to his traveling laboratory, and went happily on with his experiments.

But he did not neglect the business of making money and soon he saw an excellent way of

increasing the sale of his papers. The Civil War had begun, and everybody was eager for news. When a big battle had been fought all sorts of rumors went about the country and no one knew for some time how great the victory or the disaster had really been. Thomas had made friends with the typesetters of the *Detroit Free Press* and he was often able to see proofs of the papers some time before they were issued. He persuaded the telegraph operator at Detroit when any specially important piece of news was contained in the paper, to telegraph to each station-master on the line and ask him to write it on the blackboard that was used for putting up the times of the trains. People seeing this rushed to buy the papers in order to get further details. In April, 1862, when General Grant won a great victory over the Southern forces, the demand for Thomas's papers was enormous. "The first station, called Utica," he said, describing the scene, "was a small one where I generally sold two papers. I saw a crowd ahead on the platform, and thought it some excursion, but the moment I landed there was a rush for me; then I realized that the telegraph was a great invention. I sold thirty-five papers there. The next station was Mount Clemens. I usually sold six to eight papers there. I decided that if I found a corresponding crowd there the only thing to do to correct my lack of judgment in not getting more papers was to raise the price from five cents to ten. The crowd was there and I raised the price." So it went on all down the line until at Port Huron the last of the papers were sold at twenty-five cents each.

Later Thomas set up a little paper of his own. He bought a font of type and a little press that had been used for printing bill-heads, and printed the paper in his laboratory on the train. He wrote it all himself too, giving local news and special items concerning the railway, and its employees; it was called *The Weekly Herald*, and several hundred copies were sold each week.

Yet underneath the business man and the budding scientist, the old adventurous Thomas Edison, always on the lookout for a new experience, was still alive and eager, and ready for any difficult and dangerous undertaking that offered. One day Thomas was asked to



*Courtesy Commonwealth Edison Co.*

THOMAS EDISON  
1847-1931

go to the office of a company that owned a large number of steamships on the Great Lakes. He was told that the captain of one of their biggest vessels had died suddenly and that a message must be taken to call up another captain who had retired, and lived fourteen miles from a station. Would Thomas take the message for fifteen dollars? It was evening, with rain falling and a clouded sky. "I must get another boy to go with me," said Thomas, "so I must have twenty-five dollars." This was given him, and with some difficulty he found a boy willing to bear him company. They reached the nearest station at half-past eight, and, each carrying a lantern, they set off. It was a rough path through a dense forest where lived deer and coons and, worst of all, bears. The boys had no idea how best to evade these dreaded beasts, and they went slowly and warily, throwing the light of the lanterns before them as far as possible. Then, to their dismay, first one lantern and then another went out. "We

up against a tree and cried," said Edison, "I thought that if ever I got out of that alive, I would know more about the of animals and everything else, to be ed for all things." By and by their rew accustomed to the darkness and they ed to make out the faint outline of the

They went on, fearing at every step to face to face with a prowling bear; and a faint gleam of dawn appeared in the e footsore boys limped into the captain's ard and delivered their message.

t was a serious adventure but there were which were pure mischief. A regiment hunter soldiers was encamped at the f Edison's house, and Thomas had noticed here came nearly every night from the ary of the camp that touched his father's , some such call as, "Corporal of the , No. 1." This was repeated from sentry try until it reached the barracks. The : of playing a trick upon the soldiers l a temptation that young Thomas not resist. One dark night he and el Oates hid at the bottom of the garden lled out loudly, "Corporal of the Guard, ." To their delight the cry was taken l passed on, and they stole back to the chuckling at the thought of the confusion ould be caused at the other end. They is successfully on two following nights, e third time the enemy was lying in wait, ichael was caught. Thomas was chased house, where he dived into the cellar, and two barrels of potatoes, one nearly empty, stily turned the few remaining potatoes e other barrel, crouched down and pulled apty one over his head. He heard his come in with the soldiers, but no one it of looking under the barrel, and when ad gone out and all was quiet he crept up . Next morning he was obliged to reveal f, and then the switch was taken down ore, and wielded with such energy by her that Thomas, in spite of his fourteen had to confess that as an instrument of ment it was not altogether to be despised. el, having suffered a severe fright and a imprisonment, was let off without further sement.

this time the lad had never slackened in

his work at chemistry and he had begun also the study of physics. The railway van held now a large and carefully chosen collection of apparatus, some of it quite intricate and costly. Thomas had spent nearly all the money he had earned upon it, and he was very proud of his traveling laboratory. One morning he was busy selling his papers as usual, while the train was going at a very high speed. Suddenly it gave a violent lurch, and a lump of phosphorus fell from its shelf in the laboratory to the floor. It burst into flames, which spread quickly, and in a few moments the car had begun to blaze. In rushed Thomas, and in rushed the conductor in a raging temper. They managed to put out the fire, but the conductor's wrath still burned fiercely. At the next station he seized Thomas's cherished apparatus and threw it out, one armful after another, on the platform. The printing-press followed, and then came a hearty box on the ear for the boy.

Bewildered and dizzy with the blow, Thomas stood on the platform among the ruins of the apparatus he had so laboriously accumulated. Here, it seemed, was an end of his hopes. But it was only for a minute that he allowed himself to be cast down. Then he set to work to mend matters. He carried home every piece in the collection that was not too badly broken to be still of use, and set them up in the cellar once more, promising his mother, who was a little nervous of his experiments, that he would be very careful; and henceforward he worked at home, replacing the apparatus he had lost piece by piece, as the money came in.

He was turning from chemistry now to what had become the more absorbing study of electricity. He and one of his friends, John Ward, set up a wire between their homes. It was just an ordinary piece of iron wire with bottles as insulators. The money for the battery which was to produce the current was not at once forthcoming so Edison set to work to generate electricity by vigorously stroking the back of the household cat. This method, however, was not found to be effective, and the boys had to wait until between them they had saved the necessary sum. Then to their great joy they were able to send messages to one another and they sometimes sat up half the night carrying on a telegraphic conversation.

The line did not last very long, being destroyed by a cow that had got into the orchard. By that time Thomas felt that he had learned all that such a simple contrivance could teach him and he was on the lookout for a chance of getting on to more advanced experiments. The chance came in an unlooked-for fashion. One August morning in 1862, when he was fifteen years old, he saw at a station on the line the little son of the station-master playing with some pebbles and sand in the middle of the railway track. A car was coming swiftly toward him, and Thomas had only just time to throw down his papers, rush at the child and snatch him from the track before the car passed over the place where he had been.

The boy's father was a poor man and could not give Edison the reward that in his gratitude he would have liked to bestow. The only return he could think of was to offer to teach the lad all that he himself knew about electricity. Nothing could have delighted Edison more. The two set to work, and within ten days he had constructed a miniature set of telegraphic instruments which worked regularly and accurately.

People in the neighborhood began to talk about Thomas and to marvel at his remarkable success in everything he undertook. His heart was now set on the study of electricity and he toiled at it in every moment he could take from his work on the train. Then there came a chance of leaving his occupation as train-boy and becoming a telegraph operator. Edison seized upon it eagerly. He was sixteen by this time, and he had found his life work. How he went on from invention to invention; how he toiled with untiring energy, patience, and resource; how he endured hardships and overcame disappointments; how through him science made such advances that miracles were wrought and time and space were vanquished—the history of the phonograph, the cinematograph, and his many other marvelous inventions has made known to all the world.

(You will read about Edison's life from the time when he became a telegraph operator, in Volume Two, pages 169-171, and will also see there a photograph of him as an old man at work in his laboratory.)

<sup>1</sup> From "Boys and Girls Who Became Famous," by Amy Cruise. By permission of Harcourt Brace and Company, publishers.



SIR JAMES BARRIE  
1860-

*Beresford*

## JAMES BARRIE<sup>1</sup>

### MOTHER AND SON

AWAY up in the north, in the county of Forfar, now called Angus, there is a lovely glen with the river Garrie flowing through it, and at the head of the glen there stood, more than sixty years ago, a huddle of red stone houses with two church steeples rising above them. In the middle was a weather-beaten old market place, and the inhabitants of the red stone houses spoke proudly of their fine town of Kirriemuir. In many of the houses there was a hand loom, placed so as to catch the light from the window, and a bent old man or woman behind it; for Kirriemuir was a weaving town, and in those days power-loom and factories had not reached Forfarshire, though they were on the way.

On a fair day in May, in the year 1860, there was great excitement in one of the little stone houses. Two wonderful things had happened.



, the six hair-bottomed chairs, to buy the family had saved and scraped for. The chairs had been purchased at last; the father carried them in and set them up in the best in their collective splendor. And then came another event, even more marvelous and more delightful. A new baby had been born, and was lying now beside his triumphant mother in the front bedroom.

He was a fine healthy baby and he grew almost as quickly as the fresh, green grass that was springing up in the fields under the sweet May sun. In due time he was carried to the church and there christened, receiving the name of James Matthew. He wore the grand christening robe which his four sisters and his brothers had worn before him, and which his mother loved best of all her possessions. She had lent it to many babies for their christening and had sat in her pew watching proudly as the baby was carried up to the font, spread out in its splendor on the godmother's arm. Two of her own girl-babies had died not so very long ago; they had worn it, and their loss had stricken her poor mother to the heart; but this new baby brought her comfort. She pretended to him quite an ordinary child, and when the visitors came in and praised him in the usual terms that Scotch people allow themselves to use on such occasions, she only smiled demurely. When they shook their heads, and said, "But I doubt if you'll be able to give him a good education," she shook hers too; though in her mind's eye all the time she saw him as a little laddie, and afterward a famous scholar — the same with the six new chairs. She showed them as quite ordinary pieces of furniture when visitors were by, smiling politely at compliments paid them, but when she had been alone to herself, she would take a seat on the edge of them with the proud air of a duchess, going out of the room would turn quickly to open the door again for the joy of one more use of them in their polished splendor.

The first thing the little James Matthew remembered clearly was a terrible day when he was six years old. There came a letter that began by saying that his elder brother David, who was away at school, was very ill, and that

his mother must come quickly if she would see him alive. She said little, but she went about her preparations for the journey with a pale, still face that frightened the children. They walked with her down to the little wooden station; her ticket was taken and she had bidden them good-by when they met the father coming out of the telegraph office. "He's gone," he said huskily; and they all turned and went home in stricken silence.

For a long while after that the busy, active mother lay in her bed in her darkened room, with a look always on her face that smote little James to the heart. He and the devoted elder sister, who was now nurse and housekeeper, thought of nothing but how they could comfort her in her terrible grief.

"Go into her," the sister said to James, "it is you who can cure her hurt if any can. And never fret if she talks only of the laddie who is gone. It will ease her heart, and, after, she will remember that she has another laddie, and take some joy in him."

The little boy went, and stood anxiously just inside the door, not knowing how to begin his work of comfort, until his mother spoke feebly from the bed. "Is that you?" It seemed to him that she must mean his brother, and he answered humbly and sadly, "No, it's not him, it's only me." Then the mother did remember that she had another laddie, and knew that his heart was sore, like her own. She opened her arms and he came to them, and she kissed him and they cried together; and from that moment James understood that great as was the love his mother had given to her dead boy, she had also for this living son a love large enough to satisfy even his eager heart.

He was her small knight, vowed to do her service; and the service that seemed to him most urgently needed was to make her laugh. He worked hard to do this, thinking out each new plan with deep seriousness and watching his mother's face anxiously to see if it had been successful. When anything amusing happened among his playfellows or in the streets he would rush back and re-enact it in that quiet room. Once he stood on his hands on the bed, his feet against the wall, and cried anxiously, "Are you laughing, Mother?" Each time he made her laugh he put down a stroke on a piece of



paper, and he showed this paper to the doctor, when there were five strokes on it, explaining what they meant.

"Has your mother seen it?" asked the doctor.

"No," replied the little boy.

"Come and show it to her then," said the doctor, and the two went in together. The mother laughed her old merry laugh when the strokes were shown and their meaning explained; and her delighted son at once put down another stroke, which made her laugh again — and that meant yet another.

At length she grew better and was able to go about her work again, and to be to her children the same tender, humorous, capable mother that she had been before. But she was really a frail and broken woman and they knew it; and for the rest of her life it was the chief care of James Matthew and his sister to shield and help her in every way they could. She was brave and independent, even obstinate, so that their task was not easy; and from the time he was six years old until he was a grown man it was James Matthew's chief business and delight to coax or coerce his mother into doing the things that were good for her. She hated to be cosseted and insisted on going her own way, and both she and her son found much enjoyment in the loving battles that they fought over whether she should or should not have her breakfast in bed each morning, and similar points on which they strongly disagreed.

When James was about ten years old there came a change in the little town of Kirriemuir. Factories began to be built and machinery to be set up, and instead of bent old men working in their own homes there were troops of sturdy lasses trooping into the great buildings and earning bread for the family. Workers from the country round came in and the little town grew to twice its original size; and grew more lively too as the young workers filled the streets and squares with their chatter and laughter.

The old folks shook their heads and foretold dismal things about the future of Kirriemuir, but James and his companions found the changes much to their minds. The factories while they were being built made playgrounds where daring boys might have all sorts of pleasing adventures and hairbreadth escapes both from bodily dangers and from the wrath of the

authorities; and when the building was over the new life in the streets offered opportunities for thrilling experiences of many kinds.

Fair times grew much more lively, and the crowd at the Great Fair in the summer was as big, the boys felt sure, as any that had ever been seen in Glasgow. The amount of money that was spent passed all reckoning. There were the stalls, with their toys, and every boy must buy one of the musical instruments with which he could add so gloriously to the din of the fair. There were the three cornered packets of sweets done up in gold paper, which every lassie in the town expected to receive as a fairing — the small ones from fathers or brothers, and the maidens who had entered their teens from their devoted swains. James bought one for his mother and she declared the sweets were delicious. Then there were the Shows. The Menagerie was a favorite with James and his school-fellows and they found out that if you kicked the outside of the caravan the beasts inside began to roar and growl so that the Showman could not make himself heard. They thought nothing of "Jerusalem and Back in a Jiffy." It was a swindle, so those who had been in told the others. "You just keek through a hole." The play of "The Mountain Maid" was better, but that cost threepence, and few of them cared to lay down so much money for a single entertainment. You could see Sam Mann's tumblers and acrobats and sword-swallowers for a penny; and for a halfpenny you could see Gubbins' "All the World in a Box" which was a peepshow, with representations of Joseph and his Brethren, Daniel in the Lion's Den, the Bombardment of Copenhagen, the Battle of the Nile, and Mount Etna in eruption. The fair day was the great day of the year to the boys of Kirriemuir, and for weeks afterward James would be telling his mother of its glories, and she in return would tell him of the fairs she had gone to when she was a blithesome lassie of sixteen and had worn a white gown with pink rosebuds and blue ribbons on her bonnet.

The traveling showmen came to Kirriemuir at all seasons of the year, and often in the winter when the snow was so deep that the people had to dig their way out of their houses through the drifts there would be a colony of them

mped on some sheltered patch of ground giving their shows in an outhouse. All day the encampment looked miserable enough, the boys coming out of school and loitering and it with curious eyes could see little except tents and the carts and the shivering dogs; by the wheels. But as soon as the early came on the showman sent out his drum and fife to march through the windswept streets, playing as loudly and blithely as they could, and soon there was a small crowd of boys, young men and girls just out from work waiting after them, ready for any sort of amusement that offered. By the time they got to the outhouse they had collected fifty or sixty people, but not all these paid their money and went in. James and his friends were ready to make a play of marching after the show, but except at fair time, there were no boys in the pockets of their well-mended overcoats. But it was almost as much fun inside and outside and hear the music and the voice of the showman who was trying to induce the crowd to pay their money and go in; and when the show began the boys ran home feeling satisfied with their evening's entertainment. James enjoyed just as well — perhaps better these evenings he spent at home with his mother, reading the books they took out of the circulating library at the rate of a penny for a week. The first of these was "Robinson Crusoe" and they read that several times. The next was "The Arabian Nights," but concerning this there was a painful misunderstanding. They had borrowed it in the firm belief that it was a tale about the Arabian Nights and would have nothing to do with them when they found it was only "Nights." They — as everybody did in those days — "The Boy's Progress"; and they read every book dealing with adventure worthy of the name that they could come across. Occasionally, as James grew up, he managed to earn enough money to buy a book, and then for weeks he haunted the bookseller's shop and read pieces from nearly every volume in the establishment before he made his choice. In his early days he took in a periodical called *Punch* which cost him a halfpenny a month, and he was so charmed with a certain serial that appeared in it, about a lovely girl

who sold watercress, that he could scarcely wait the four weeks that had to pass between one instalment and the next; and when the magazine did not arrive punctually it seemed a misfortune not to be borne.

By and by they had read all the books they cared for in the circulating library and all they had been able to buy; and then one day the glorious idea came to James that he would write a story himself. His mother was busy at the time, making a rag hearthrug, and she said she thought it would be a splendid thing for him to do so he went up to the garret and began. The story was all about desert islands and enchanted gardens and knights dashing about on coal-black chargers, and a lady of the most dazzling beauty who sold watercress. When he had written a chapter he rushed down to read it to his mother; and as he wrote without stopping and made the chapters very short, the hearthrug got on rather slowly. But both James and his mother enjoyed the story immensely.

Soon the time came for him to leave the town school and go to a more advanced establishment some distance from Kirriemuir. When the day of parting came his mother did not know how to let him go, nor he how to leave her; but it was over at last, and he came, very subdued and homesick, to Dumfries Academy. He knew no one there, and as he walked about the playground on the first day he felt with shame that he was far more downhearted than a really brave boy of twelve years ought to be. After a time a boy came up to him.

"What's your high jump?" he asked.

"Three and a half," replied James. "What's yours?"

"Four. What's your long jump?"

"Six. What's yours?"

"Seven. What's your hundred yards?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "What's yours?"

"Five seconds less than yours," replied the other.

The new boy now perceived that the other was making fun of him, and his wrath began to rise. He was about to make a scathing reply when he heard the offender murmur a single word — "Pathfinder." James paused. He was a devout admirer of Fenimore Cooper's books,

and here it appeared was some one who admired them too. So instead of the uncomplimentary remark he was preparing to make he said:

"Chingachgook," the name of another hero in the great story.

"Hawkeye," said the other.

"The Serpent," said James.

"I knew you had read about them as soon as I saw you," affirmed the other boy.

"How?" enquired James.

"By your cut," was the cryptic answer.

James was not certain what a "cut" was, but he thought it safe to reply, "I like your cut, too."

"Do you remember," went on the other, "how the Pathfinder laughed?"

"Yes. He laughed so softly that no one could hear it."

"Listen, then!"

James listened. Not a sound.

"I'm laughing like Pathfinder," said the boy, after a moment. "I always do it now."

From that day the two boys became close friends, and James found school quite a pleasant place. It was delightful to have a chum whose literary tastes agreed with his own, and together they read all the penny dreadfuls that their pocket money enabled them to buy. They revelled in stories of blood and crime, of highwaymen and pirates scouring the seas under their black flag. There was a school magazine in which James became much interested and to which he contributed a serial called *Reollections of a Schoolmaster*, edited by James Barrie, M. A., A.S.S., LL.D. It was much admired by the school and made the writer quite a famous character.

In their walks the boys often met an imposing figure in a great shovel hat and a big cloak, and with a ponderous staff in his hand. James was very much excited when he was told that this was Thomas Carlyle. His mother was a great reader of Carlyle and thought him the most wonderful writer in the world, and her son when he met the great man—which happened many times—always took off his hat and bowed with deep respect. But Carlyle never took any notice of this homage. His wife had died not long before and he had not yet so far recovered from his grief as to take

any interest in the greetings of chance strangers, so that when James went home he could tell his mother nothing about the famous man except that he looked rather like Jove come down to visit the homes of men.

On the whole the five years that James spent at Dumfries Academy were very happy ones, though his heart and his thoughts were still with his mother, and the partings that came at the end of each holiday never grew less painful to either of them. He looked forward to the end of his school life that he might devote himself to her and earn money to buy her all the wonderful and splendid gifts that he had been planning to give her since he was six years old. But she told him gleefully that he was to be a college man after all. She had worked and saved for it ever since the day when, standing by his cradle, she had agreed so decorously with her neighbors that it was impossible.

So James Barrie went to Edinburgh University and when his course was finished he wrote the books which have made him famous; and of nearly all of them his mother, under one name or another, is the heroine.

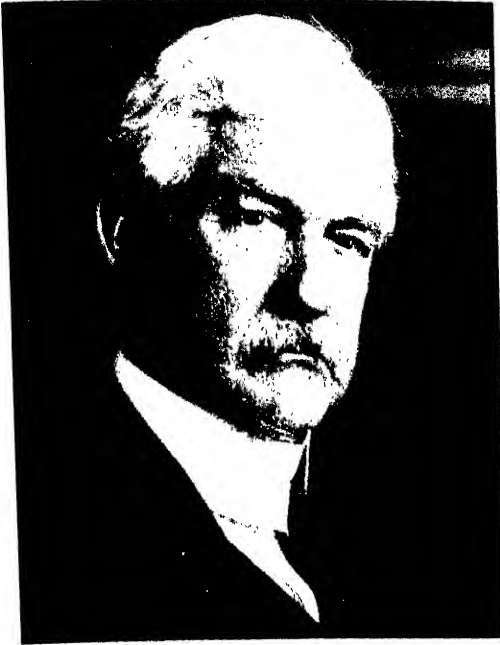
## WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS<sup>1</sup>

WHO MADE THE CANAL ZONE SAFE

IN some of our Southern States yellow fever used to break out every few years. Towns had to be quarantined, all business with them was completely stopped, and many persons died. This fever came from Cuba, and was caused, many people thought, by the filth of her cities. As long as Spain held the island nothing could be done; but when, at the close of the Spanish-American War in 1898, Cuba came under the care of the United States, our army set to work to clean house.

This business was put into the hands of Surgeon-Major Gorgas. He was born in Alabama, son of a West Point graduate, and had seen active service in Florida, Dakota, in what used to be Indian Territory, and on the Mexican Border of Texas. He was a gentle, courteous man of "old school manners," a man who never went away from a place without leaving many friends behind him. He now

<sup>1</sup> From Eva March Tappan's "Heroes of Progress," 1921, used by permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

*Underwood & Underwood*

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS  
1854-1920

gan to clean up Havana; and it *was* cleaned. fairly shone with cleanliness. Apparently enemy had been conquered. But the next ag was an epidemic of fever in the spotless y, and the most discouraging fact was that very worst of the epidemic was in that t of the city which had been put into the t condition! What was to be done?

as early as 1881 Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, pected that mosquitoes had something to with the spread of yellow fever, and the ical board of the army thought it was quite th while to try some careful experiments . find out whether this was true. They ad that it was; that fever was not given ctly by one person to another, but through bite of a mosquito that had previously bitten offerer. The thing to do, then, was to get of these mosquitoes, and Dr. Gorgas went ork. The result was that after a few months e was only one case of fever in Havana.

hen a man has made a success of one piece work he is usually honored by having a ler piece put into his hands, and Dr. Gorgas, noted to be Colonel and Assistant Surgeon-eral Gorgas, was now sent to Panama.<sup>1</sup>

Panama was hot and wet. The Chagres River was, as some one said of the Concord River, "too lazy to keep itself clean," and moved so slowly that one could hardly tell which way it was flowing. There were swamps and morasses, steaming up hotly; there were quagmires and stagnant pools everywhere. In the towns of Colon and Panama matters were quite as bad as in the country. There was no "city water," and it was the custom to keep an uncovered rain-barrel just outside the door. In front of the door was usually an open and very bad-smelling ditch to carry off the foul water.

The Isthmus was a perfect paradise of mosquitoes, both those that spread yellow fever and those that spread malaria. They had things all their own way out of doors, and as nobody used screens they flew into the houses as they liked. Of course all sorts of fever flourished, and occasionally there was an epidemic of yellow fever. The only marvel is that any one could live there. Indeed, very few persons did live there in any condition of health. Even if they escaped yellow fever they suffered from malaria. Both kinds of mosquitoes were ready to have a fine time infecting newcomers.

This was the place into which it was proposed to turn thousands of men, not only men from hot countries and negroes, who rarely take yellow fever, but men and their families from cool, clean homes in the North, just the people to be struck down by the disease.

They came. Malaria spread and yellow fever increased. People began to laugh at the mosquito theory, scoffed at the sanitary commission, and asked that Gorgas be sent away and some one else appointed in his place. There was a general fright and a rush for the returning steamers. The whole trouble was that Colonel Gorgas could not get the supplies that he needed, and that it had not been fully decided what our legal rights were in the cities of Colon and Panama. Before long the supplies came, the legal tangle was straightened out, and sanitation began in earnest.

It was a big job. Here were many thousand men brought to work on the great canal. Well men were needed, not sick men. Sick men were useless and expensive. When a man is sick not only must he be cared for, but a well man

<sup>1</sup> See also Volume Four, pages 319-329.

must take his place. Then, too, many men brought their families. It was Colonel Gorgas's business to see that, as far as possible, neither the men nor their families became ill. He must look out for the general health as well as for special diseases.

Good water was especially necessary, and he brought it in through great mains. This was not the work of a day, and while the system was being installed he established stations where pure drinking-water was supplied. The streets of the towns were paved and cleaned. The open ditches for foul water were filled up and sewage systems were installed. Before this the only collectors of garbage had been the vultures that swooped down for anything that they found eatable; but Dr. Gorgas insisted upon the use of covered garbage-cans, quite a new idea in Panama. Houses were examined, one by one, and the inmates were taught how to keep them sanitarily clean. Doors and windows were screened. Swinging shelves were put up, hung by oiled twine, so that food might be kept from ants and roaches. Bubonic plague is brought in by rats, or rather by the fleas that live on rats, and therefore, when it appeared on the Pacific Coast, Colonel Gorgas put himself at the head of a thriving business, paying ten cents for every rat tail brought him.

To prevent yellow fever just one thing was necessary, and that was to do away with the fever mosquito. It breeds in stagnant water, and therefore uncovered rain-barrels were no longer allowed to stand beside the doors. Swamps and pools were drained, and any morass that could not be drained was covered with a film of oil. Mosquito wrigglers come to the surface for air every few minutes, and if the surface is covered with oil they cannot push their breathing tubes through, and so they drown by the thousands.

Malaria is spread by the bite of another species of mosquito. This species never makes long flights, so General Gorgas had the brush cut away for one hundred yards around the houses. With no brush to shelter the insect the people were safe in their homes. Windows and doors were, of course, protected against both kinds of mosquitoes by well-made screens.

How was this done so thoroughly? In the first place, Colonel Gorgas was an excellent

organizer, and he promptly divided the Canal Zone of about five hundred square miles into seventeen districts. Each district had an inspector, one assistant who knew mosquitoes as well as his *a, b, c*; another who understood all about making drains and ditches and oiling swamps; and a third who was able to take general charge of the workmen needed. The sanitary inspector reported at headquarters every day the number of malaria cases in his district. If in any one week this increased above one and one-half per cent, there was a prompt investigation.

Second, a number of camps were established, where men needing an immediate operation or suffering from an accident could be cared for without even the small delay of carrying them to the large hospitals at Colon or Panama. Every case of yellow fever was taken at once to the hospital, and there was so carefully screened that not one mosquito could get near him to spread the disease.

On paper all this seems smooth sailing, but in reality it was not an easy matter. Gorgas's chief difficulty was with the people who did not believe in mosquito infection because they could not see it. A large number of the workmen were ignorant negroes from the West Indies. They themselves were immune from fever, and it was hard to persuade them that piles of dirt, stagnant water, and windows without screens would make trouble for other people. Colonel Gorgas found that the only way to manage them was to treat them like children. Just when the workman was not expecting a visit a Government inspector would appear at his door to inspect his house. If the rules had not been obeyed there was a fine to pay; and great pains were taken to make sure that the workman understood just what he had done that was wrong. If he was ill he was carried to a hospital; and before he was set free he was told simply and clearly what had caused his illness, and how he could take better care of himself. Before long one thing was perfectly clear in his mind, namely, that the only way to escape fines and penalties and hospital life was to obey rules and keep clean. In short, he now wanted to keep clean, because he had found out that if he did not life was not comfortable, and he did like to be comfortable.

he second of Colonel Gorgas's troubles was the difficulty in getting Congress to understand that he was doing a big work and needed money to carry it on. He had not torn down mountains or built locks. He had, to be sure, made the building of the canal possible by keeping many thousand people alive and healthy; but he could hardly march them before Congress and demand larger appropriations. He did his best to persuade Congress to give, and he did his best with what Congress had given; after a while his work found the appreciation that all good work does find sooner or later. It was owing to Colonel Gorgas that the Canal Zone became a more healthful place to live in than the City of New York. While the engineers were at work on the Isthmus little was known of sanitation. They had an average force of 10,000 men; and lost in all 22,000. Americans had an average force of 33,000, and lost 4000. It was proved by Colonel, or rather Brigadier-General Gorgas that the tropics could be made a safe place for even white men from the North, and throngs of the best workmen in the world, men who were as eager to do good work as to get good wages, came to Panama. Gorgas had attempted "the greatest feat of sanitation that has ever been undertaken," and he had succeeded. Without his help the building of the Panama Canal would have been impossible.

## LUTHER BURBANK

PLANT-BREEDER

LUTHER BURBANK when a young man spent some little time in his uncle's machine shop in Worcester, Massachusetts. He did not like it so well as outdoor life, but he did not rest; and his "best" was to invent a machine which enabled him, doing piecework, to make ten to sixteen dollars a day instead of the dollar that he had been receiving. Now came the struggle. He loved flowers and plants, and he felt sure that the lifework of a man should be among them. His friends, however, were equally sure that he could be a rich inventor. Which should it be? He decided in favor of plants. He left the fac-



*Underwood & Underwood*

LUTHER BURBANK

1849-1926

tory and set to work on a bit of ground belonging to his family, raising vegetables for market; but he did much more than to plant and cultivate and sell, for he studied the plants and thought about them and about what he believed they could be led to do.

Among his vegetables he raised some Early Rose potatoes. This had been an excellent potato, but it seemed to have run out. Indeed, potatoes in general were becoming so poor that some people thought there would be a potato famine before many years had passed. The Early Rose had never been known to bear seed-balls, but one day the gardener found on a plant a single ball. Now, if the eye of a potato is planted, the same variety will be raised; but if the seed is planted, the result is quite different. There was a chance that he might get a much better potato than the Early Rose.

He did; he got the famous "Burbank potato." A great deal of money was made out of it, but not by Burbank himself, for he, like Agassiz, "had not time to make money." He gave his product freely to the world. The humble potato was a princely gift, for, according to a member of the Department of Agriculture, the income of American farmers is \$17,000,000 a year greater because of this plant. He sold his discovery to a seedsman, and with the hundred and fifty dollars that he received, he went to California.

Before long his money was gone. He was sick and lonely, and the young man who, as time would prove, had given millions to the world was almost starving. A kind woman, richer than he in that she owned a cow, offered him a pint of milk a day, all that she could spare from her children. He refused for fear he would never be able to pay her. She insisted, and perhaps saved his life.

For a year he did any kind of work that would give him food and a place to sleep, but after a while he was able to get a bit of land to work on and carry out his idea. It was a very definite idea, namely, to make the food of the world better and more plentiful.

He was not aiming at making money. "No man ever did a great work for hire," he declared in later years; but he needed money in order to carry on his work. Before long his opportunity came. A man wanted to set out a prune orchard of twenty thousand trees, and he wanted them in nine months. To grow a prune tree large enough to plant had always taken two or three years. Much to the surprise of the planter, the young man took the contract. He knew what he could do, and he knew what Nature would do if she were given a chance. The almond was the fastest-growing tree that would answer his purpose, so he engaged every man and boy that could be found to plant almonds. Just as soon as the young trees were large enough, he budded them with twenty thousand prune buds. At the end of the nine months the prune trees were ready; and the orchard is still bearing generously.

At length the nursery began to pay, and in 1893 he could count upon an income of ten thousand dollars a year. Most "level-headed" men would have advised him, as did his friends,

to appreciate a good thing when he had it, and develop the business. Again he had to choose between money and work, and again he chose work, real work, for fourteen hours a day in his average working time.

Just what was he doing? In the first place he was improving many of the grasses, trees, vegetables, and flowers that we already have; and in the second place, he was developing new ones. He did this by breeding; that is, by uniting plants of different species and producing new ones which were unlike them, and better. The stamens of a flower produce pollen, and the wind carries it to the pistil of some other flower, where it grows and forms seeds. Bees gathering pollen for honey get it on their wings, and when they go to the next flower, it rubs off on the pistil, and seeds are formed. Mr. Burbank got up as early as the bees and did this work before them, to combine the best qualities of various superior plants which he had selected for the purpose. The seeds were planted, and from hundreds or thousands of the little plants, he selected a few, sometimes only one or two.

This breeding and selecting does not sound like a particularly difficult thing to do, and it was not — for Mr. Burbank. He seemed to have a natural understanding of plants that was lacking in other people. He could pass by five hundred with scarcely a glance, and fix upon one; and that one would be the only one for his purpose. He never worked blindly, leaving it to chance to bring forth something worth while; he always had a definite aim. He decided how a plant could be improved, and then went to work to bring the improvement to pass. The well-known Shasta daisy is a good illustration of his method, and of his kindly feeling for what we call "weeds." "There is not a weed alive," he said, "but what will sooner or later respond to good cultivation and persistent selection." The white field daisy of his Massachusetts home, hated by farmers because it did not suit the taste of horses and cattle, seemed to have been one of his favorites. At any rate, he meant to see what could be done to give it a long, slender stem, much larger blossoms, and rays of the purest white. The Massachusetts daisy was a vagabond; it was not easy to kill it out, as the farmers knew, and it was small. In Japan there was one that



as small, but it had snow-white rays. In place of the small daisy there was a much larger daisy with a specially strong stem.

For three years he combined; then patiently, year after year, he watched and worked, choosing each season the flowers that came nearest to his ideal. At length he was satisfied; the recent Shasta daisy was a success. But his work was just begun. He would not sell the plant until he had made it as far as possible climate-proof and "fool-proof." It was now taught to flourish in heat and cold, with only the indifferent care that most people would give it. This was accomplished, and the new Shasta daisy was ready to greet the polite world.

For many people who know the Shasta daisy, the sweet-scented verbenas and calla lilies, the dahlias with the fragrance of the magnolia have heard less about Mr. Burbank's practical work. He never forgot his aim to make food better and cheaper, and, as in the case of the daisy, he sent all over the world, wherever necessary, for plants that possessed the qualities needed. The results are marvels. He made the hardy little beach-plum, bitter and useless unless cooked, he produced a large, rich plum without bitterness, and as easy as the beach-plum to grow in any soil, whether rich or how poor. He grew plums without the canning cherry which thoughtfully leaves its stone on the tree; the quince without the core of a pineapple, and mellow enough to eat when raw; corn which bears many ears of one or two. He increased the size and improved the quality of several kinds of almonds. He showed plants how to work better and faster and how to do their work. Cherries can now be raised several months earlier than formerly. His cross between the English walnut and a California walnut has produced a tree that produces about twelve times as much timber, valuable hard wood, as its ancestors could have done in the same space of time, to say nothing of the great yield of fruit.

He persuaded the chestnut tree to live when only a year and a half old.

Mr. Burbank removed briars and prickles, and made even the thorny cactus an agreeable

member of society. It was juicy, an excellent food, and it was happy growing in the hot, rainless desert; but it was covered with thorns; and no one who has ever had the experience will forget how it feels to take hold of a cactus by mistake. Mr. Burbank chose a species which had thorns without number and leaves containing so much woody fiber that they were not very digestible. On the other hand, it would grow in the heat of the desert, and would also endure quite severe frosts. With this he crossed a cactus of fewer thorns, another of less woody fiber, and so on. He bred and selected until he had a thornless cactus which is a rich food for cattle. Its fruit is of a delicious flavor and may be eaten fresh or preserved. Moreover, it will grow freely upon what are now desert lands.

Mr. Burbank was once asked what he considered his most important accomplishment. He replied thoughtfully:

"The 'Burbank' potato was the first thing which I introduced, but not by any means whatever the most important, although there have already been enough of these raised to load a freight train to reach fourteen thousand miles. Yet the forty new kinds of plums which I have introduced and which are shipped by the million boxes East each season, and my new commercial grasses, grains, vegetables, trees, berries, and hundreds of other things are of infinitely greater importance than the potato. But among such a multitude, it is impossible to tell which is the most important. In fact, it may take fifty years yet to decide; but I can tell you, very plainly and very briefly, just what my most important work has been. It is simply this: that I have educated the world to the fact that plants are pliable and amenable to the will of man and can be improved beyond the dreams of any of the older growers, thus making it possible for millions to inhabit the earth where only thousands could before."

If Mr. Burbank had handled his creations solely to make money, he would have been a multimillionaire, but he would not have been what he would call a successful man; that is, a man who aims to do, as the old saying puts it, "all the good you can to all the people you can."



JAMES JEROME HILL<sup>1</sup>

JAMES JEROME HILL was famous as a builder of roads, but the first one that he built brought him neither fame nor fortune. His father said, "If you will make a road from the farm to the village, I will give you a two-year-old colt." With the help of the other boys the hardy little fellow made the road. It was a mile long, and wherever there was a swamp he had to lay down logs, and then put smaller logs across them to form a "corduroy" road. When the work was done the colt was two and a half years old. The boy did not fare so well as he deserved, for his father had a creditor and the creditor wanted a colt, and poor little "Jim" was left crying in the vacant stall.

The Hill family removed to Rockwood, Ontario, and the boy was sent to the Rockwood Academy. He had attended a good district school from the time that he was five years old, and now for four years he was under the influence of the strong, wise, and inspiring man who was principal of the Academy. On the death of Mr. Hill the family made their home in Guelph. School had to be given up, but not study, and this was carefully guided by his teacher and friend. The grateful boy never forgot this kindness, and in writing to this teacher thirty years later, he began the letter, "My dear old Master."

On leaving school he had found work in a store, and he felt rich, indeed, when he handed his first month's wages to his mother. He was faithful, and after one year his salary was trebled. He was not exactly a millionaire even then, for he had received at first only one dollar a week; but with sewing and washing and gardening, and three dollars a week as a steady income, the little family counted themselves well-to-do.

As the months passed, the boy became restless. He was probably not planning, even in his dreams, to build railroads, but he did feel that he might be doing something better than selling nails and calicoes in a village store. His mother believed in her boy and thought he ought to have a better chance in life; and so, quite in the storybook fashion, he started off

one morning with twenty dollars in his pocket and a bundle swung over his shoulder on a stick.

Before many days had passed he was in Buffalo, with a dollar-a-day job. He had doubled his village salary, and he sent the twenty dollars back to his mother. Everybody was going to California in those days, and he went too — as far as Davenport, Iowa; thence to St. Paul, Minnesota. At the office of the steamboat company he asked for work. In less than two minutes he was hired. "If you have n't sense enough to use figures, you are surely strong enough to hustle," said the man at the desk, looking at his sturdy figure.

In 1856 Minnesota built her first railroad. It was ten miles long; it had one engine and about a dozen open freight-cars. These were not especially well filled, because it was quite as easy to float logs down the river as to carry them to the railroad and load them into freight-cars; and the route did not pay. A new company bought it out, gave it the ambitious name of "St. Paul and Pacific," and extended it to connect with a line of steamers running north down the Red River to Winnipeg. James Hill was also a connecting link between road and river, for he had for some time been interested in the steamship line, and he now became the St. Paul agent of the railroad.

This was not a very magnificent position, for the road was not a success, and it owed a large amount of money; more than it could ever pay, said the wise folk who took the trouble to give it a thought. There was one man, however, who believed in the shabby little railway, and that was James Hill. He had been over the country between St. Paul and Winnipeg in both summer and winter, and he knew it thoroughly. He knew that it was fertile land and that it would raise wheat. But there must be settlers to plant the wheat, and there must be a railroad to carry the crop to market.

He succeeded in persuading several men of means and enterprise that the road was worth saving, provided the bondholders, chiefly Dutchmen, would sell out at a low price. The Dutchmen sent representatives over from Holland, and when they had learned the condition of the property, they agreed to sell the bonds at

<sup>1</sup> From Eva March Tappan's "Heroes of Progress," 1921, used by permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

less than half their face value. The four men formed a company, and Hill became general manager.

He set to work to improve the miles of the decrepit old road, and to extend them. It was said that he knew every spike that went into the road. At an average rate of three and one-fourth miles for every working day, the railroad was pushed on to the westward, through Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Puget Sound.<sup>1</sup>

To drive on the building of six thousand miles of railroad would generally be enough to occupy one man, but Mr. Hill was at the same time attending to the other side of the business, he was filling the country with people. To genuine settlers he made prices of land low and terms of payment easy. Moreover, he did not leave them to struggle on alone after they had bought the land, for he imported farm horses and cattle to make sure that they had the best stock. Seeds and farm implements were provided at much less than market prices. Hundreds of thousands of comfortable homes were established in the "Jim Hill country." Mr. Hill himself set up a model farm near St. Paul, and ran an "experimental station," giving the farmers the benefit of his experiments. There was no question that hundreds of millions of bushels of grain could be raised in Minnesota alone; but it would be of small value to either the settlers or the world unless it could be carried away from the grain fields and distributed where it was needed. Moreover, it must be carried cheaply; and here was one of the problems that Mr. Hill had been solving. This general manager "hated like poison an empty box-car on one of his trains." Hauling an "empty" was the same thing as carrying freight for nothing, and was a loss to the railroad. The people on the Pacific Coast were glad to get the grain of the East, but they were comparatively few in number, and had not much to return.

Mr. Hill had not built the Great Northern without foreseeing that this would happen, and finding a remedy. In the Northwest was the best lumber in the world. There was no market for it because the other railroads had agreed ninety cents to carry one hundred

pounds East. He called together the principal lumbermen and asked, "How much can you afford to pay for freight on lumber?"

"Sixty-five cents a hundred," they replied.

"No," objected this original manager; "you could send a little at that rate, but you could not move any large amount if you paid more than fifty cents a hundred." This was something new, and the lumbermen began to open their eyes. Mr. Hill continued, "I will give you a rate of forty cents on fir and fifty cents on cedar."

The result of this was that there were long lines of cars loaded with lumber, so many, indeed, that trade actually began to swing the other way, and soon the "empties" were not going east, but west; that is, they would have been if the general manager had not been looking out for this very state of things and providing a remedy before it came to pass. He had been sending men to Japan and China and India, and he planned a great business in carrying wheat to Asia and bringing back Asiatic products. He had built two huge ships to ply between our Pacific Coast and the Orient; but laws forbidding railroads to make competitive rates or to own steamship lines made it impossible to carry out his schemes for building up this foreign trade.

Mr. Hill maintained strict discipline, but he never tried to put himself on a pedestal away from his men. King Albert of Belgium was his friend, and as his guest had been over the Great Northern Railway. In later years, when some one spoke of the King's friendliness with his subjects, he said he had learned that from Mr. Hill's manner toward his men.

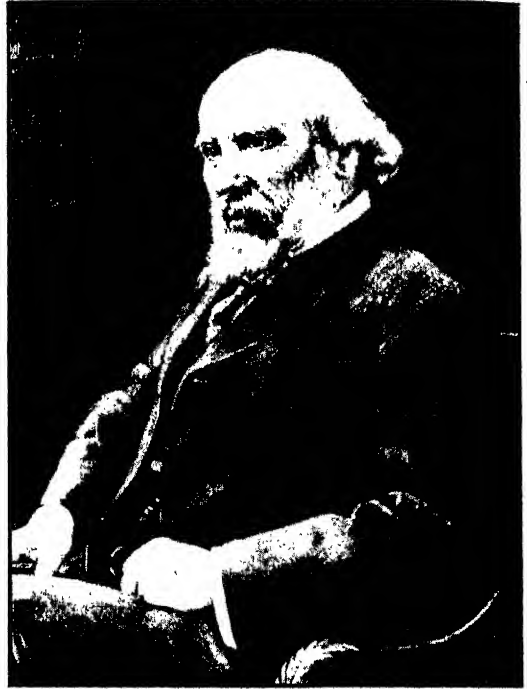
On Mr. Hill's seventy-fifth birthday, the Veteran Employees' Association held a celebration; and the older ones among the employees swapped jokes and stories with him as freely as if they were boys on a fishing trip. In response to an address he said, "It has not been the easiest thing in the world to play first violin in the Great Northern band . . . but somebody must lead the band, or there won't be harmony." Three months after his death this same Association wrote of him, "While we respected and admired him, first and before all, and every year more and more, we loved him."

<sup>1</sup> See also Volume Four, page 338.

And yet this man never curried favor with his employees or any one else; but he was never intentionally unjust, and when he was sure that he was in the right, no power could move him. A conductor on the railroad was once discharged for breaking rules. He had a strong political "pull," and soon one United States Senator and two judges asked that he be put back into his position. Mr. Hill replied: "We are charged with the responsibility for lives and property committed to our care. The responsibility is a heavy one, and we cannot discharge it by retaining undesirable trainmen in our employ. I am surprised that these judges should so far lower themselves as to make their request. They certainly should know better."

As the world's greatest expert in transportation, Mr. Hill spoke in 1912 on that subject, and put his finger on the weak spot in the transportation systems. When traffic is blocked, he said, and the railroad yards are filled with cars that cannot be moved, the railroad is losing money, business men are losing trade, and the workers are losing employment. Transportation must move freely and easily; but how? People talk of a car shortage, when they mean slowness of movement at the terminals; that is, time lost in getting into or out of or through terminal points because there is not room enough to handle the cars. "If you increase the size of a bottle without enlarging its neck, more time and work are required to fill and empty it," said this keen-eyed man. "What is needed is not more cars, but larger terminals."

Among the many subjects in which Mr. Hill was interested was one of the questions that are pressing upon us to-day. He saw, as students had seen before him, that the number of inhabitants in the world was increasing more rapidly than the amount of food. Mr. Hill had a remedy, and this remedy was conservation. The ground is all that we have to depend upon, he said, and therefore we must plough deeply, fertilize, practice rotation of crops; in short, the quantity of food which an acre produces must be made to increase as fast as the population. Then, too, we must take care of the iron, coal, oil, etc., of the earth, for there is no more to come. We must use lumber wisely and carefully, because it takes many years for a tree to grow.



*Underwood & Underwood*

JAMES JEROME HILL

1838-1916

This address went everywhere. President Roosevelt called the governors of the States to the White House to consider how the natural resources of the land could best be conserved and to listen to Mr. Hill. This was the beginning of the National Conservation Commission.

In giving up the presidency of the Great Northern he had said, "Most men who have really lived have had, in some shape, their great adventure. This railway is mine." But his name became as closely associated with conservation as with railroads. He was asked to contribute a limerick in aid of some charity, and this is what he sent:

"There was a young farm in the West,  
So much overworked and hard-pressed  
That it wearily said:  
'I'll just take to my bed  
And drop through to China to rest.'

"But alas! when the roots of the trees  
Caught the eye of the frugal Chinese,  
They proceeded to pounce,  
And to plant every ounce  
Of that Farm to Potatoes and Peas."



AS A BOY

## CHAUNCEY YELLOW ROBE

## THE STORY OF AN INDIAN BOY OF TO-DAY

IN the coldest part of winter, in the middle of the month of crackling trees," a tiny Indian babe was born. His father, Chief Yellow Robe of the Lakota Tribe, was famous as a fearless warrior, a great hunter, and a swift runner. The baby's mother, because she was beautiful, gentle, and shy, bore the name of Fawn.

The name they picked for the child was Canawicakte — Killed-in-the-Woods — after his grandfather. When they had named their child, Chief Yellow Robe and his wife gave a great feast, to which they invited all the chiefs, warriors, and medicine men. There were many ceremonies to honor this baby. His ears were pierced, for among the Indians only those of rank may wear earrings. Before the feast

was ended, the father gave away two of his best horses in honor of the little warrior.

His mother made him a baby board with a bed of soft furs on which he was tied. On this board she carried him from place to place. While she dug for herbs or picked berries, she left his board hanging on the limb of a tree so that the wind would rock him to sleep. But before long he grew too big for his board. In the bottoms of his first pair of moccasins were holes cut by the mother: then the evil spirits could not lead the child away, for with such moccasins the little feet could not walk very far without becoming sore. When he was still a very little boy, his father made him a small bow and arrow. With this new toy he spent much time shooting at targets.

When Canawicakte grew old enough to observe his surroundings, he saw that his parents' lodge was made of buffalo hides. In the center of the large tepee, his mother kept a bright fire burning, both to cook the meals, and to keep her little warrior warm. This home was but one of a great circle of tepees on the Rosebud Reservation.

The little boy spent much of his time at his grandmother's lodge. At home he must be very quiet, for, being chief of the tribe, his father held meetings with other warriors to discuss the business of the camp. Of course he must be quiet, lest he disturb his elders. But in his grandmother's lodge he might make all the noise he wished. She loved to have children near. Here his mother dried all the meat, and tanned skins for clothing and bed robes. In her husband's lodge there was no room for such work.

When the little Indian boy was old enough to learn, his grandparents began to teach him. Many hours he spent beside the blazing camp fire memorizing legends which had been handed down for generations. In order that he, in turn, could pass them on, he had to know them well. He was taught reverence and respect for the Great Spirit. Painstakingly he learned the history of his tribe — stories of the great deeds of famous chiefs, warriors, and medicine men.

The young Canawicakte was taught things of a practical nature. He learned the art of making bows and arrows for hunting. To prepare himself for hunting the buffalo, he mastered the difficult feat of riding bareback. His elders taught him games of endurance: foot-racing and wrestling. Once, as a great test of his manliness, his

father awakened him, made him rise from his bed of warm furs, then dared him to roll in the snow before he put on his heavy skin clothing.

Chief Yellow Robe often took his son hunting. The father taught him the secret of the woods, the habits of animals and birds. When the chief shot a deer or elk, the boy helped skin it and bring it back to camp.

The lazy Indian Summer day when he killed his first buffalo was one of Canawicakte's proudest. The tribe had been roaming on the banks of the Belle Fourche River. His parents had not gone with the hunting party, for now there were other small brothers and sisters who could not go so far. But Canawicakte went on this hunting trip with his uncle and aunt. Even then, he had not expected to get any hunting at first hand, for it was his duty to care for the large herd of ponies while his uncle, Iron Plume, went looking for buffaloes. One day when the uncle was absent from camp, a crier shouted that a great buffalo herd was moving towards camp. The men and boys all prepared to join in the chase. Canawicakte knew he should not leave his aunt's tepee, but temptation was too great. He watched his chance until his aunt had gone out to hang up some drying meat. Quickly he snatched his bow and arrows, and a length of buffalo-hide rope to use as a horse-rein. He jumped on his fleet-footed horse, and raced after the hunters.

Three thousand of the animals were grazing on a broad stretch of lowland. Stealthily the little party crept behind the hills. Then suddenly, with a great whoop, they made the charge. The mighty herd stampeded. In the intense excitement, Canawicakte lost control of his pony. Ears straight back, the pony dashed directly into the midst of the stampeding animals, and raced with the herd. At first the boy was frightened, for the buffalo brushed against his sides, and he feared he might be brushed off his horse and trampled to death. But within a few minutes he regained confidence. His arrow flew through the air and hit its mark. A yearling fell. A second arrow finished the task. A great pride swept into his heart, for with the bow and arrows he had made for himself he had killed his first buffalo. Dismounting, he tied his pony to a sagebrush. As his father had taught him, he skinned the buffalo. Since he was riding bareback, and

had no saddle to which he could tie the pulling rope, he knew it would be impossible to take the whole animal back to camp. There was nothing to do but to throw the buffalo hide over the pony's back.

The fresh skin terrified the pony. It bucked and kicked. Finally, to cure the pony's fright, Canawicakte rubbed buffalo blood on its nose and face. He had no more trouble, but loaded the skin and hind-quarters on the pony's back, and returned to camp. He threw his proud burden on the ground in front of his aunt's lodge, turned his pony loose, then rested while a delicious buffalo roast was browning over the coals. Although the uncle and aunt had been worried about the boy, they greeted him warmly, and asked eagerly about his part in the chase. When they knew that Canawicakte had really killed a buffalo, they were overjoyed.

His boyhood contained many other exciting events, but perhaps one of the most exciting occurred at a trading post on the Missouri River. Canawicakte and his brother were playing in front of their lodge when they observed a strange-looking being walking towards them. He was white, with long hair and beard. He wore a large hat and a fringed buckskin suit, and on his shoulder carried a musket. With growing fear they watched his advance. Was this an evil spirit coming to steal them? They ran back to tell their father what they had seen, and begged for his protection. They were puzzled when Chief Yellow Robe only laughed and told them that the strange sight was a white man. They had never before seen one.

One day, when Canawicakte was fifteen years old, his father came home from a council and solemnly announced that he had promised to send two of his children away to school. Little realizing how greatly their lives would be changed, Canawicakte and his brother only thought it would be great fun. Immediately they were in a state of intense excitement. When the day for departure arrived, they donned the new skin clothing and fine moccasins which their mother had made. As a final touch they painted their faces. But when they saw the big trains they lost their enthusiasm, and would much rather have returned home with their father. Brave warriors never complained, so the two lads kept silent when their father gave them into the

sleeping of General Pratt of the Carlisle School. As the train began to move, Canawicakte caught hold of the arm of the seat. No one had attached horses to it, yet it was moving! He must hold on tightly, however, so that if the rain ran off the tracks he would have a firm hold. To the bewildered boys, it seemed ages before the train stopped and they were taken into the railway restaurant to eat. Canawicakte was told to sit on a stool. He had never seen a chair, but always had sat on the ground. When the waiter asked him if he wanted the same food as the other boys, he just said "Yes" — he had been told to answer "Yes" if anyone asked him a question. A plate of food, and a knife and fork were set before him. He did not know how to use them: he had never seen a knife and fork before. Miserable, he just sat still, not eating. "But," as he said when telling of it years later, "I was very hungry, and had to think fast in order to decide what to do before I had to go back to the train." He watched very sharply, and when no one was looking, he put some food under his blanket, and went back to the train. And that afternoon, as they traveled along, the two brothers ate lunch in their own fashion.

Upon reaching Carlisle, the boys were taken to town to be photographed in their native costume. They were told that if they sat quietly in front of the camera, the photographer would give them pictures of themselves. Sitting very still, they waited. But disappointment awaited them, for they could not have the pictures immediately, but must wait a day or two for them.

The next torture for these boys was to have their hair cut. Because all the braves in the tribe had long hair, they could not understand why their hair must be cut off. Then their beautiful buckskin clothes were taken from them. The boys were put into tubs of warm water with plenty of soap. Having bathed, they were given white men's clothes to wear. After the free, easy Indian clothes, these were most disagreeable. Years later, Canawicakte said: "These clothes were as uncomfortable to my physical nature as the new and strange school was to my Indian spirit. I have never experienced such homesickness as I did then. Many times I watched the western skies and cried within my broken heart, wishing to be free again with my mother and father on the plains."

At first the young warrior was painfully shy. Even the kindness of his teachers and General Pratt could not quiet his fears. But as he learned the new language and new customs, he found that these kindly people were trying to help him. He began to appreciate what they were doing for him. All the rest of his life, whenever General Pratt's name was mentioned, he always said: "That is the man to whom I owe all the inspiration I have ever received."

Shortly after his arrival at the school, he was faced with a new problem. His name was so difficult to pronounce that he was asked to choose another which he would like to use. All his friends gathered to decide the weighty matter. Many names were proposed: none pleased him. Finally someone suggested Chauncey. Even then he was undecided; but somehow Chauncey sounded to him as if it might be part of his real name. Finally he selected it, and from that day he was known as Chauncey Yellow Robe.

Before very long, Chauncey Yellow Robe had learned his new language. By this time he had forgotten all his fears, and was as happy at school as he had been on the Rosebud Reservation. Not only was he clever at his studies, but he joined in all the social activities and found great enjoyment in athletics. He spent much time playing football, his favorite game. But always, he studied faithfully.

During the summers of his years at Carlisle, he worked in the fields and at harvesting. One of the summers was spent at the Moody Summer School at Northfield, Massachusetts. Wherever he went, he was well-liked, for his disposition was friendly, and he was kind.

One year, he worked at farming later than usual, and meanwhile attended the country school during the fall term. At the first snow-storm, the schoolboys divided into two groups, and had a snow-fight. Gradually Chauncey was left to himself — with all the boys battling against him! Very angry, he made a pocketful of balls, wet them at the pump, and started for the whole group. They ran into the school building for protection, but Chauncey was hot on their heels slinging the hard snowballs at them with deadly aim. The boys escaped by jumping out of the windows, but the schoolroom was a complete wreck. Next day the teacher demanded to know who had caused all the trouble.

When Chauncey confessed, he was told he must be punished. He decided against telling that the boys had bothered him, but was ready to accept his punishment silently. But his good-hearted comrades told the whole story to the teacher, and thus saved Chauncey from unjust punishment.

While still at school he managed to stop an event which might have brought tragedy to his family. He heard that during the Sitting Bull Ghost Dance his father's tribe had gone on the warpath. Deeply sorrowful, he realized now that the whites wished to help his race. He wrote immediately to his father, begging that they should stop fighting, and return peacefully to the reservation. Away out in the mountains, the letter reached Chief Yellow Robe. At a council of warriors, he read the letter, with the result that they decided to follow the youth's advice. Without further warfare, all the tribe went back to the Rosebud Reservation.

When his years of study were over, Chauncey Yellow Robe was asked to remain at Carlisle as assistant to the teachers. While a student, he had done such good work with the new boys that the authorities did not want him to leave. Several new Indian schools were opening; so for the next five years he was sent from one to another, helping to organize them. In each school he taught physical culture. By this method he could reach the hearts of his pupils quickest, for Indian boys are fond of sports. Chauncey Yellow Robe, with this new interest, saved hundreds of boys from the homesickness which he had experienced.

When he had finished this work, he was anxious to visit his family. His father and mother were getting old. He returned to the reservation for a year with them, then returned to the Indian service. This time he was sent to Rapid City, South Dakota, where he spent the next twenty-five years aiding his people. On June 22, 1906, he married Miss Lillian Sprenger, a nurse. Together this noble red man and his white wife led a busy and happy life.

At the end of twenty-five years, Rapid City had seen many changes. Chauncey Yellow Robe's wife had died. In his loneliness, he traveled to New York to visit his daughter Rosebud. With him went his other daughters, Chauncine, named for her father, and Evelyn.



THE MAN

It was during this visit that Chauncey Yellow Robe was able to do a great deal towards presenting to the public a true picture of native Indian life. He was historical advisor for, and took a leading part in, a moving picture showing the life of the Indians before the white men came to America. You may have seen this picture: it is called "The Silent Enemy." For a year he left his daughters in New York while he journeyed to the wilds of Canada in order to make the picture. But when he returned to New York, Chauncey Yellow Robe was stricken with pneumonia, and died.

His task had been a double one: to aid his people to understand the white people, and to help the white man to understand the Indians. Chauncey Yellow Robe stands in sharp contrast to those Indians whom civilization has hurt and made unhappy; he is the finest example of a high type of Indian who was able to profit by the white man's culture. When he died, the Indians suffered a great loss. And the white men felt that a real friend had passed on — to a happy Hunting Ground!

<sup>1</sup> For other stories of Indian Life, see Volume One, pages 375-391.



CHRISTOPHER CARSON<sup>1</sup>

## TRAPPER AND GUIDE

WHILE the War of 1812 was going on, a family in Missouri were aroused one day by a light knock at the door, and a hoarse voice, "Indians!" The father of the family picked up his gun, the mother dressed the children as well as she could in the darkness, and the whole family hurried to the log fort. Kit Carson was one of these children, and the scene was among the earliest of his memories.

It was an exciting life for a little boy, but he must have felt that his days were dull and gray when his father apprenticed him to a trader and hour after hour he had to sit and work on saddles and harnesses. He did his work well, but two years later, when he was sixteen, he had a chance to do something that seemed much better. A company was going to carry furs and goods from eastern Missouri to the Spanish town of Santa Fé, and he went with them. He did not return with them, however, but pushed on farther into the mountains. When he was hungry, he shot a bird or a squirrel or a turkey or, perhaps, a deer. When night came, he made a little shelter of bark and brush. In the mountains he chanced to meet a hunter who had built himself a hut and meant to spend the winter. Kit agreed to stay with him.

With plenty of furs and wood, they were comfortable and warm; and with their rifles there was no trouble about keeping the table well supplied. He studied Spanish with his new friend, and studied so hard that when spring came he could speak the language with ease.

When the spring Kit started to go home, but the way he met some traders. When they told him that he had been over the trail twice, he asked, "Will you turn back and be our guide?" The next question was, "Can you speak Spanish?" Kit answered yes to both questions, and they offered him large pay if he would go with them not only as guide but as hunter. This was just what he wanted to do, so he went back to Santa Fé.

His next business was hunting and trapping. He could start off for a month or more with no money but a horse to ride and a mule to carry the luggage.

He wore trousers and hunting shirt, or tunic, of deerskin, often cut into fringe at the bottom and ornamented with embroidery of porcupine quills. On his feet were thick moccasins. Of course he had a rifle, plenty of powder and bullets, and a sharp knife stuck into a sheath at his belt. The mule carried more ammunition, a blanket or two, iron traps, and an extra knife and hatchet. Carson was in search of beaver, and when he saw their dams in a stream he chose some place near for his camp. To make his house he drove two strong stakes into the ground and two shorter ones back of them. On top of these stakes he laid boughs and bark for a roof. The walls were also made of bark. In half a day he could build this shed, open on one side. His bed was a fur robe or a blanket spread upon hemlock branches. There was plenty to eat in the stream and the forest, so when the house was built he set his beaver traps. Every morning he went to examine them. He skinned the beavers that had been caught, stretched the skins out to dry, and when he had as many skins as his mule could carry, he went back to the settlement and sold them.

For several years he lived as trapper and guide. He had all sorts of adventures. Once when he was alone in the woods he shot an elk, but before he could load his gun again he heard angry growls behind him. They came from two big grizzly bears that were rushing toward him. Of course he ran for a tree, and swung himself up among the branches, but only a moment before one bear struck a fierce blow with his paw. Unluckily, grizzly bears can climb trees, as Kit well knew; but these two waited a minute, as if deciding which should go first. In that minute the hunter had pulled out his sharp knife, cut off a stout branch and made it into a cudgel. He knew that while a grizzly bear does not object seriously to being peppered with shot, he is very sensitive to even a scratch on the end of his nose. Therefore, when the first bear began to climb, Kit Carson gave him a tremendous blow right on his sensitive nose. The bear dropped to the ground howling and roaring. The other one tried it, but in a minute he, too, was howling with the pain in the end of his precious nose. They

<sup>1</sup> Eva March Tappan's "American Hero Stories," used by permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.





"KIT CARSON"  
1809-1868

glared up into the tree at the man with the cudgel. They growled at him, they snarled, and they roared; but neither of them cared to meet the stick again. At last they concluded that they would have to get their dinner somewhere else, so they trotted away together, still growling and occasionally looking back over their shoulders.

There was always danger from Indians. Kit Carson treated them fairly and kindly, but there were many other men who stole from them and shot them as if they were wild beasts. The Indians looked upon all white men as belonging to one tribe, and, therefore, if a white man had injured them, they thought it was only justice to punish any other white man whom they could catch. When the hunters made a camp, they had to keep close guard or their horses would be stolen. Once, when Kit Carson was with a party of hunters, they found one morning that the Indians had crept up in the night and carried away eighteen horses. Carson and eleven other men galloped after them, and at the end of a fifty-mile ride came upon them. It was noon, and the In-

dians had stopped to rest the animals. When they saw the white men, one Indian came toward them unarmed. That meant, "I want to talk with you." Kit Carson, also unarmed, went toward the Indian, and this meant, "I am ready to listen." The Indian said, "We never thought those horses were yours; we supposed they belonged to the Snake Indians, our enemies. The white men are our friends, and we should not think of injuring them." Not a word did they say about giving back the horses.

When they were through speaking, Kit Carson said, "I am glad that you are our friends. We are willing to forgive the mistake. We will take our horses and go away." But no horses were brought. He insisted, and at length they brought five of the poorest that they had stolen. "That is all," they said. "We will bring no more." Then both parties seized their rifles, and every man tried to get behind a tree. There was a long fight, but at last the Indians fled. All the red men who knew Carson liked him, and often, instead of shooting him, he acted as peacemaker among them. It happened once that the Sioux had been hunting on the land of the Comanches, and the two tribes had fought several battles. The chief of the Comanches sent to Carson and said, "Will you not come to help us and lead us against the Sioux?" Carson went to them, but, instead of leading them to war, he persuaded the Sioux to leave the hunting ground of the Comanches, and there was no more fighting.

After sixteen years of such life, he went back to his old home in Missouri; but many of his friends were dead and the place was so changed that he soon left it and started to return to the west. On the steamboat going up the Missouri, he met Lieutenant John C. Frémont, whom the government had sent to explore the country west of Missouri. His guide had failed him, and he was glad to engage Carson.

Then Carson became a messenger. He went alone for three or four hundred miles, although he knew that the Indians were angry with the whites, and would be likely to kill even him if they could catch him. He went on two other expeditions with Frémont, and twice made the long journey to Washington with letters from him to the President. It must have seemed

y strange to the hunter to be the guest of  
 or at dinners and receptions and to meet  
 the "great folk" of Washington and St. Louis;  
 he was so gentle and courteous that every  
 liked him, and he was so simple and sin-  
 e and so forgetful of himself that he could  
 be awkward.

After Carson went back to Santa Fé, he  
 ight a large farm, or ranch, in New Mexico,  
 l there he lived with his wife, a Mexican  
 y, and their children. He did other things  
 ides managing his ranch. Once he spent  
 ny weeks driving a flock of more than six  
 usand sheep from his home to California.  
 could not have done this if he had not known  
 well in which direction to go and just where  
 ind water and good pasture. Once he brought  
 ether eighteen of his old friends, and they  
 it off on a trapping excursion up the South  
 te River. They had not lost their skill, and  
 y came back with a great quantity of furs.  
 The government appointed Carson Indian  
 nt, and no better man could have been  
 nd. Almost all the tribes knew him, and  
 led him "Father Kit." The good ones loved  
 1, but the bad ones were much afraid of him;  
 if they attacked the white men, he was  
 e to punish them. Sometimes when he  
 rd that the Indians were planning a war,  
 went straight to their encampment and  
 ked with them as if they had been his chil-  
 n. "You have hundreds of warriors," he  
 uld say, "but the Great Father in Washing-  
 i has thousands. You will kill some of his  
 diers, but he has plenty more to call out, and  
 the end they will kill all your warriors. Why  
 you make him fight you? He does not want  
 fight. He wants to help you, and to have you  
 p him." The Indians would almost always  
 ld; and if all the white people had treated  
 m as fairly and reasonably as did Kit Carson,  
 re would have been few Indian wars.

Not long before Carson's death the story of his  
 was written, and the book was read to him.  
 s doctor said afterwards: "It was wonderful  
 read of the stirring scenes, thrilling deeds, and  
 row escapes, and then look at the quiet,  
 dest, retiring, but dignified little man who  
 d done so much. . . . He was one of nature's  
 olemen, pure, honorable, truthful, sincere."

## CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER<sup>1</sup>

### AMERICAN ACE OF ACES

WITH a total of twenty-five confirmed  
 victories in air duels, Captain Edward  
 V. Rickenbacker of Columbus, Ohio, attained  
 the unofficial title of our Ace of Aces. What  
 was the secret of his prowess?

Rickenbacker was widely known throughout  
 the United States as an automobile racer before  
 we entered the war. He had taken a conspicu-  
 ous part in many speed contests and was well  
 known to newspaper readers as a fearless yet  
 prudent driver. When we entered the war in  
 the spring of 1917, Rickenbacker happened  
 to be in England trying to procure a special  
 motor for his racing car. He returned home full  
 of enthusiasm over a plan that had occurred  
 to him—he would organize a squadron of  
 fliers among his racing associates! Though  
 none of them had learned to fly as yet their  
 experiences in fast traveling would fit them  
 particularly for the war in the air!

This project of his received no encourage-  
 ment in Washington. Rickenbacker therefore  
 abandoned it and suddenly accepted the offer  
 of General Pershing to accompany him back to  
 France as his official chauffeur. He served  
 General Pershing in this capacity for several  
 months in France, his heart during this time  
 remaining set upon entering the Air Service  
 at the first opportunity. He rightly judged  
 that taking this job with the General would  
 give him a short cut to the front. It did.

On March 4, 1918, after a month's work at  
 the Cazeau Gunnery School, Rickenbacker was  
 ordered to the Villeneuve aërodrome, a member  
 of the newly formed 94 Squadron. But one  
 other all-American squadron had reached the  
 front; this was 95 Squadron, and it was sta-  
 tioned on the same aërodrome, eighteen miles  
 behind the lines. Our observation balloons  
 could be seen swinging in the breeze, a few miles  
 forward. But there was no flying, as neither  
 of the American squadrons had machines.

To 94 Squadron were attached several famous  
 American fliers who had seen service with the  
 French; Raoul Lufbery, our leading Ace, James  
 Norman Hall, the author of "Kitchener's

<sup>1</sup> From "Heroes of Aviation," by Laurence La Tourette Driggs, copyright, 1927, by Little Brown & Company

Mob," John Huffer and Dave Peterson, both Aces. This strong quartet had been separated from the Lafayette Escadrille and pressed into the task of explaining to our raw air recruits the mysteries of air fighting.

It was not until April 13, 1918, that the two American fighting squadrons were equipped with guns and airplanes. On that day they removed to Toul, a city some thirty miles southeast from Verdun. Eddie Rickenbacker had already made his maiden flight over the lines, in company with the veteran Lufbery; they had encountered Archie and had observed from a safe distance the patrolling enemy machines. Though Rickenbacker had fired no bullets as yet, he had learned and had unlearned several theories; he, with other green pilots, found that flying had to become instinctive while one's mind was occupied with measures of defense and attack; he discovered that landmarks on the ground, as well as the instruments in his cockpit, had to be read automatically while eyes are intent upon the all-encircling skies where a distant speck one moment may become an enemy the next; that surprise is three-fourths the victory; that gun failures and latent defects in the airplane usually come to embarrass one at the most critical moment. There were several items here new to the automobile racer. No amount of study can supply the knowledge brought by experience.

Rickenbacker was not the type predominating in the Aces of the air. He was large in build; they are small. He was quiet and thoughtful; they are noisy and reckless. He was slow in speech and action; they are rapid as a flash. Rickenbacker considered well before moving; the average Ace plunged in upon impulse and won through sheer audacity.

Rickenbacker was twenty-eight years of age when he began his career in the air; the bulk of the famous air fighters of the war made their reputations when they were eight or ten years younger.

Doubtless his experience as a racing driver was very helpful. He was accustomed to danger, to excessive speed, to a quick decision in a moment of peril; he was skilled in watching the actions and estimating the intentions of an antagonist. These characteristics gave him a shrewd advantage over his rivals as well as

over opponents who had never received this schooling. His familiarity with these elements of the game steadied him and gave him self-confidence. Above all he was impressed with one valuable principal—it is never advisable to take an *unnecessary* risk.

Good judgment then may be said to have distinguished Eddie Rickenbacker throughout his activities at the front. He studied and imitated the successful tactics of Lufbery and the other veterans in air fighting. He sought the upper ceiling when approaching a conflict; he utilized the bright sun and the clouds to hide his approach; he estimated at its true worth the value of surprise.

Douglas Campbell and Alan Winslow, both of Rickenbacker's squadron, brought down two German machines on the very first day of operations at the Toul aérodrome. This was on April 14, 1918.

The two Pfalz pilots, lost in the fog, had mistaken this American field for their own, which lay at Metz, thirty miles north. Flying close to the ground for a landing, they did not discover their error until Winslow and Campbell were upon them. Both German machines were shot down, a minute apart, and they fell near the aérodrome in full sight of the American pilots and of the French inhabitants of Toul. Great was the enthusiasm of that little city for the Americans when these two captured German machines were rolled into the town and placed upon exhibition in the public square! Neither enemy pilot was seriously hurt.

Rickenbacker brought down his first enemy aircraft two weeks later, in company with Jimmie Hall, who shared this victory.

Campbell and Winslow thus achieved the first victories for their Hat-in-the-Ring Squadron. Campbell indeed became the first American Ace on May 31, 1918. But, four days later in a combat, he received an explosive bullet in his back which put him out of the war. On July 31, Alan Winslow achieved his second victory, this time over a Fokker; but he was wounded in the fight and was dropped a prisoner into Germany where his right arm was amputated. Wounds in action forced both these airmen out of the war. Rickenbacker never permitted himself to be wounded.

A great deal of luck attends air fighting, of



EDDIE RICKENBACKER

*Keystone*

course. Rickenbacker came back to the aerodrome, time and again, with bullet holes through his airplane. On one occasion a bullet passed through the fuselage less than three inches back of his head. That three-inch miss was simply luck. The bullet which ended Douglas Campbell's fighting career came from the enemy's observer in a two-seater Rumpler as Campbell dove over it after an attack from the front; the observer's explosive bullet passed through the floor of Campbell's machine just as he was hanging there, making a turn; it went through

the seat beneath him without touching him; then it exploded against a wire two or three inches behind his back! Most of the fragments flew towards the rear, tearing great holes in the fabric of the Nieuport. This very lucky circumstance undoubtedly saved Campbell's life, for only two of the fragments went forward and penetrated his back. Questionable luck for Campbell perhaps, but it might have been worse. He conquered the enemy Rumpler on this occasion, he and Jimmie Meissner together, and it was Campbell's sixth victory; but he had placed himself in a position of great danger in achieving this victory, a position which he had taken recklessly and in blind determination to win or die. Rickenbacker never placed himself as a target for his enemy's guns. Like all the successful air fighters who fought through the war he conducted his tactics on surprise and superior position; if his sudden attack was unsuccessful, he withdrew and waited for another opportunity.

While these safety-first tactics lose something in thrill and spectacular entertainment for the onlooker, nevertheless such tactics are sound in air-fighting practice. It is better to fight and run away and live to fight another day, than to fight and fall, particularly when falling does no good to your cause. If Campbell had not ventured too much in his desire to get that Rumpler at that moment, perhaps he would have added Ace of American Aces to his name before the end of the war. He led Rickenbacker at the time of his retirement to the hospital and was regarded by his fellow pilots as their best.

Eddie Rickenbacker received confirmation of his own fifth victory a few days after Campbell left for the American hospital at Nice. Rickenbacker's fifth victory had been won on May 30, 1918, all five being obtained in about one month. Besides the first one which he shared with Captain Hall, he had met and defeated single-handed two fighting Albatros machines and two of these biplane machines. He was acclaimed the second Ace of 94 Squadron.

As he progressed in his stalking and hunting patrols, as he plumbed in successive encounters the possibilities and limitations of maneuvering for position, Rickenbacker, like other successful

Aces, began to seek higher elevations for his hunting grounds. Most of his subsequent victories were won at three miles or so in the air. He accustomed himself to early morning patrols at altitudes where the cold is very intense and the stress on one's organs is very severe.

He developed trouble with his ear just as he was getting into his real stride. A few days after his fifth victory the new Ace was ordered to the Paris hospital to recover from a fever which threatened to put him out of the war altogether.

On June 27, 1918, the American fighting squadrons were transferred to an aërodrôme twenty-five miles below Château-Thierry to get in position for the great American advance at that point.

The First Pursuit Group now comprised four squadrons; besides 95 Squadron and 94 Squadron which had been fighting at Toul since April, it now contained 27 Squadron under Major Harold E. Hartney, and 147 Squadron under Major Geoffrey Bonnell, both additions having come over from the training field at San Antonio, Texas. Each squadron contained fifteen to twenty pilots. New French Spads had just replaced the old Nieuport machines. The Spad was considered somewhat superior to the Fokker in performance.

Rickenbacker, sick as he was, hung about the Spad depot in Paris until the first of these new machines was ready for the Americans. Seizing it as soon as the mechanics pronounced it fit, Rickenbacker flew it to his new aërodrôme early in July. He was made Flight Leader and for a few days he made his patrols. But he came down again with the fever and was sent back to the hospital. He did not win his next accredited victory until September 14th.

Thus, after Rickenbacker had become an Ace he lost more than three months' active service at the front. Out of the eight months in which his rivals for the "title" strove to bring down enemy machines, Rickenbacker flew less than five. Yet in these five months of service he was credited with more hours of flying over the lines than any other pilot in his squadron.

\* \* \* \* \*

On September 24, 1918, Captain Edward Rickenbacker was made commanding officer

of 94 Squadron. He had then won just seven of his victories. In the following month, under the responsibility of his new position, he won eighteen more!

An illuminating entry in Rickenbacker's diary of this date may put us on the track of his dominating idea which resulted in his becoming our Ace of Aces. On September 24th, he wrote:

"Just been promoted to command of 94 Squadron. I shall never ask any pilot to go on a mission that I won't go on. *I must work now harder than I did before!*"

Rickenbacker at once summoned the pilots of 94 Squadron together and had a talk with them, telling them that the honor of the squadron depended upon more work in bringing down enemy airplanes. He established a forum at the supper table for discussion and comparison of engagements and tactics. He told them that 27 Squadron lately had surpassed their score, mainly through the extraordinary successes of Frank Luke, who had flashed like a meteor across the Verdun front in the past ten days. It was their job to put in everything they had to recover their lead.

The new commanding officer then gathered together the mechanics upon whose fidelity and hard work depended the best possible condition of the pilots, guns, and machines. He told them the ambition he had for 94 Squadron and he aroused in them the fullest coöperation to make 94 Squadron the star outfit at the front. He established a new feeling of attachment between pilot and mechanic that in fact distinguished this squadron as a unit of outstanding solidarity among its fellows.

Then he organized his "ground work," the writing of reports and letters — the thousand and one details that takes the time of a squadron commander — and freed himself almost entirely from this expenditure of energy by placing competent ground officers in charge.

Finally he turned his sober inspection upon himself.

Next morning Rickenbacker led his patrol across the lines for the first time under the new régime, and his desire to acquit himself well in his new responsibility resulted in his first double-header; two victories in a single flight!

His account of this encounter is as follows:

September 25th, 1918, was my first day as Captain Squadron. Early in the forenoon I started for lines alone, flew high over Verdun and east of Etain. Almost at once I saw a pair of G. two-seater machines coming out of Germany at me. They were certainly bent upon photographing our lines. Five Fokkers were above and behind, acting as protection until our were reached.

Looking for the sun for all I was worth I decided I had not attracted their attention. When they were well in their rear and far above them I put my nose and made a bee line for the nearest one.

I did not see me until it was too late. I had been exactly in my sights when I pulled both triggers and burst long. He made a startled attempt to get away, but bullets were already ripping through his engine.

He must have been killed instantly. His machine was wrecked and crashed just south of Etain.

I intended to zoom up and protect myself against the other four Fokkers. But when I saw they were founded at this unexpected attack I changed tactics and plunged straight on through them to reach the photographing machines ahead.

The two-seaters had seen the fight and already their noses pointed down to get more speed to Germany. I looked over my shoulder and saw that the Fokkers were milling about, undecided to do.

The two L. V. G.'s began to draw apart. Both divers in the rear seats were firing at me but the

aim was too far for accuracy. I dove more deeply, passed out of range under the nearest one, and zoomed up quickly from beneath him. It was not going to be so easy!

The pilot suddenly kicked his tail around, giving me under a good view of me below; and in the time the other L. V. G. had turned on me and his tracer bullets go streaking past my nose.

I zoomed up diagonally out of range, made a U-turn and as the Fokkers still held off I came back straight at the first L. V. G., firing as I

passed. Several times I repeated this maneuver, but he wouldn't drop. The Fokkers kept waiting for me to get up to them. All this time we were drifting back into Germany. I decided upon one last attack from near at hand and if this failed I would get back to my own lines before the Fokkers could do me.

The two L. V. G.'s were flying parallel to each other not fifty yards apart. Dropping in a side slip I had one of them between me and the other, I lightened out at the right instant and leveled my machine directly at the nearest one and began

passing directly through my line of fire and I was forced to swerve aside and cease firing. The satisfaction of seeing him burst into flames. Turning over and over as he fell, the L. V. G.

started a blazing path to earth just as the four Fokkers came tearing down for the rescue. I fed in the gas and streaked it for home.

The Fokker and the L. V. G. both fell inside ten minutes. It was my first double-header and I was glad it had come this morning for the good effect it would have on the other pilots.

After reading this account of his tactics it cannot be said that Rickenbacker took no chances. Naturally he took chances every time he came within the range of his enemy's guns; but he did not risk himself inside that range when he could possibly attain his object without that risk. Knowing the "blind spots" of the enemy machine, he kept himself there, as every prudent air duelist did, anticipating the next move of the enemy and venturing forth into only those positions of superiority which were out of range. The observant reader will readily sense the precaution which dominates his every movement while in the midst of combat.

From this day on Rickenbacker's constant thought was of more flying. He put in more hours over the lines where the enemy machines were than did any of the pilots under his command. He flew high above his own patrols, searching for his opportunity. He utilized each scrap of knowledge which came to him from each encounter. When the sun did not afford him a hiding place for the launching of a sudden attack, he maneuvered through the clouds; when clouds failed him, he stalked his quarry until finally a momentary inattention gave him his opportunity for a surprise.

In all his repeated attacks and victories Rickenbacker made himself master of the situation by waiting prudently for an opening — then seizing his opportunity in a flash. Perhaps this habit was second nature to Rickenbacker, acquired from his racing contests. Luck was with him certainly, but it was a luck strongly seasoned with habitual caution, a caution which preserved his life and let him continue his victories and his leadership.

Lufbery once told Rickenbacker when he was a novice that he could never find enemy machines sitting around a stove; if you wanted them you must go after them! Rickenbacker's adoption of this suggestion accounts for much of his success; his painstaking and patient

"following the rules" accounts for his supremacy.

The sporting, hazardous, romantic nature of aviation as it appeared to the world in its infancy issued a direct appeal to the youngsters of every nation. Their elders looked upon it with an unfavorable eye; flying was to the sober-minded man a reckless and a dangerous sport.

When the call to arms came our young civilians looked over the choice of pursuits offered them, each selecting that particular field which most appealed to him. The call of the air seemed to make an appeal most particularly to the sport-loving undergraduates of our colleges. From every nation involved in the war the college men leaped forward to make war aviation their own.

The extent of the individual's zeal, the intensity of his perseverance, often marked him with success even before he had proved his ability. Thus Guynemer, despite a frail and sickly constitution, fought his way to the very top of his profession through sheer determination. Philip Fullard, a slight English boy of eighteen with no history of athletic prowess behind him, shot down more than thirty enemy machines during his first three months at the front. McKeever, the Canadian, flying a two-seater Bristol Fighter, brought down thirty enemy machines, establishing a record which was not equaled by another airman during the war—and he was twenty years of age, and had never participated in an athletic contest in his life.

In searching for the common denominator of character which runs through these successful pioneers of air fighting, one must come to the conclusion that neither athletic ability nor conspicuous mental attainments are common to all. Perseverance and persistence, applied

to each separate department of the business,—marksmanship, condition of the machine, flying ability, fighting tactics, search for combats—here is revealed one trait which accompanies success.

Eddie Rickenbacker possessed this trait to a marked degree.

It is a curious fact, considered in this connection, that despite the overwhelming preponderance of college men in our fighting squadrons, America's three most conspicuous air fighters—Lufbery, Luke, and Rickenbacker—were none of them college men. Book knowledge had little influenced their lives. Lufbery had "hung his hat in every part of the world," having run away from home when he was a boy of sixteen; Luke had some schooling in the public schools in Arizona; Rickenbacker graduated from the Columbus, Ohio, public school into automobile racing.

Lufbery was thirty-two when he fought his last combat in air. Luke was twenty, which age may be considered the usual and average age of the fighting aviators. Rickenbacker was twenty-eight.

Comparison of the air-fighting tactics of Rickenbacker with those of Frank Luke reveals plainly the differences between these two leading American Aces. In character Luke was absolutely fearless, somewhat imaginative, bold, headstrong, and ungovernable.

Rickenbacker, older and steadier, was matter of fact. More contact with the world had made him tolerant; he understood the value of team work; he was cautious, calculating, hard-working, and obedient.

Luke's headlong impetuosity lost for his country a resolute and valuable soldier; Rickenbacker's forethought preserved a valuable soldier for further service to his country—and made him America's Ace of Aces.







ARTHUR SEIZED THE HILT, AND INSTANTLY DREW FORTH THE SWORD



KNIGHTS WITH THEIR ESQUIRES AND PAGES SETTING OUT ON A QUEST

## DRIES AND PLAYS OF KNIGHTS AND YEOMEN

### KING ARTHUR AND THE TABLE ROUND

#### THE MINSTRELS' SONGS

*stories of King Arthur were first sung as by Welsh minstrels, and they became so that they spread all over England. There is so mixed up with myths and folk tales it is difficult to say what part of them are real things that really happened, but those we best say that probably there never was king, nor such a Round Table. Here there is place to tell of Arthur's life, but if you are not sure you will get one of the many fine books in which you may read of the deeds of the Knights of the Round Table and of the search for the Holy Grail.]*

#### HEAD OF THE ROUND TABLE

#### IN CARETH FOR THE CHILD ARTHUR

Many years ago, there ruled over Britain a king called Uther Pendragon. A mighty warrior he was, and feared by all men; yet, he sought the love of the fair Igraine, a queen, so that, from grief and disappointment, he fell sick, and at last seemed like

Now in those days, there lived a famous magician named Merlin, so powerful that he could change his form at will, or even make himself invisible; nor was there any place so remote but that he could reach it at once, merely by wishing himself there. One day, suddenly he stood at Uther's bedside, and said: "Sir King, I know thy grief, and am ready to help thee. Only promise to give me, at his birth, the son that shall be born to thee, and thou shalt have thy heart's desire." To this the King agreed joyfully, and Merlin kept his word, for he gave Uther the form of one whom Igraine had loved dearly, and so she took him willingly for her husband.

When the time had come that a child should be born to the King and Queen, Merlin appeared before Uther to remind him of his promise; and Uther swore it should be as he had said. Three days later, a prince was born and, with pomp and ceremony, was christened by the name of Arthur; but immediately thereafter the King commanded that the child should be carried to the postern gate, there to be given to the old man who would be found waiting without.

Not long after, Uther fell sick, and he knew that his end was come; so, by Merlin's advice,

he called together his knights and barons, and said to them: "My death draws near. I charge you, therefore, that ye obey my son even as ye have obeyed me; and my curse upon him if he claim not the crown when he is a man grown." Then the King turned his face to the wall and died.

Scarcely was Uther laid in his grave before disputes arose. Few of the nobles had seen Arthur or even heard of him, and not one of them would have been willing to be ruled by a child; rather, each thought himself fitted to be King, and, strengthening his own castle, made war on his neighbors until confusion alone was supreme and the poor groaned because there was none to help them.

Now when Merlin carried away Arthur — for Merlin was the old man who had stood at the postern gate — he had known all that would happen, and had taken the child to keep him safe from the fierce barons until he should be of age to rule wisely and well, and perform all the wonders prophesied of him. He gave the child to the care of the good knight Sir Ector to bring up with his son Kay, but revealed not to him that it was the son of Uther Pendragon that was given into his charge.

#### ARTHUR DRAWETH FORTH HIS SWORD

At last, when years had passed and Arthur was grown a tall youth well skilled in knightly exercises, Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and advised him that he should call together at Christmas time all the chief men of the realm to the great cathedral in London; "For," said Merlin, "there shall be seen a great marvel by which it shall be made clear to all men who is the lawful King of this land." The Archbishop did as Merlin counseled. Under pain of a fearful curse, he bade barons and knights come to London to keep the feast, and to pray heaven to send peace to the realm.

The people hastened to obey the Archbishop's commands, and, from all sides, barons and knights came riding in to keep the birth feast of our Lord. And when they had prayed, and were coming forth from the cathedral, they saw a strange sight. There, in the open space before the church, stood, on a great stone, an

anvil thrust through with a sword; and on the stone were written these words, "Whoso can draw forth this sword, is rightful King of Britain born."

At once there were fierce quarrels, each man clamoring to be the first to try his fortune, none doubting his own success. Then the Archbishop decreed that each should make the venture in turn, from the greatest baron to the least knight, and each in turn, having put forth his utmost strength, failed to move the sword one inch, and drew back ashamed. So the Archbishop dismissed the company, and, having appointed guards to watch over the stone, sent messengers through all the land to give word of great jousts to be held in London at Easter, when each knight could give proof of his skill and courage, and try whether the adventure of the sword was for him.

Among those who rode to London at Easter was the good Sir Ector, and with him his son, Sir Kay, newly made a knight, and the young Arthur. When the morning came that the jousts should begin, Sir Kay and Arthur mounted their horses and set out for the lists; but before they reached the field Kay looked and saw that he had left his sword behind. Immediately Arthur turned back to fetch it for him, only to find the house fast shut, for all were gone to view the tournament. Sore vexed was Arthur, fearing lest his brother Kay should lose his chance of gaining glory, till, of a sudden, he bethought him of the sword in the great anvil before the cathedral. Thither he rode with all speed, and, the guards having deserted their post to view the tournament, there was none to forbid him the adventure. He leaped from his horse, seized the hilt, and instantly drew forth the sword as easily as from a scabbard; then, mounting his horse and thinking no marvel of what he had done, he rode after his brother and handed him the weapon.

When Kay looked at it, he saw at once that it was the wondrous sword from the stone. In great joy he sought his father, and showing it to him said, "Then must I be King of Britain." But Sir Ector bade him say how he came by the sword, and, when Sir Kay told how Arthur had brought it to him, Sir Ector bent his knee to the boy, and said, "Sir, I perceive that ye are my King, and here I tender you my homage";

and Kay did as his father. Then the three sought the Archbishop, to whom they related all that had happened; and he, much marveling, called the people together to the great one, and bade Arthur thrust back the sword and draw it forth again in the presence of all, which he did with ease. But an angry murmur rose from the barons, who cried that what a

Thus Arthur was made King; and to all he did justice, righting wrongs and giving to all their dues. Nor was he forgetful of those that had been his friends; for Kay, whom he loved as a brother, he made Seneschal and chief of his household, and to Sir Ector, his foster father, he gave broad lands.

#### ARTHUR FIGHTETH FOR HIS KINGDOM

Thus Arthur was made King, but he had to fight for his own; for eleven great Kings drew together and refused to acknowledge him as their lord, and chief among the rebels was King Lot of Orkney, who had married Arthur's sister, Bellicent.

By Merlin's advice, Arthur sent for help overseas, to Ban and Bors, the two great Kings who ruled in Gaul. With their aid, he overthrew his foes in a great battle near the river Trent; and then he passed with them into their own lands and helped them drive out their enemies. So there was ever great friendship between Arthur and the Kings Ban and Bors, and all their kindred; and afterward some of the most famous Knights of the Round Table were of that kin.

Then King Arthur set himself to restore order throughout his kingdom. To all who would submit and amend their evil ways, he showed kindness; but those who persisted in oppression and wrong he removed, putting in their places others who would deal justly with the people. And because the land had become overrun with forest during the days of misrule, he cut roads through the thickets, that no longer wild beasts, and men fiercer than the beasts, should lurk in their gloom, to the harm of the weak and defenseless. Thus it came to pass that soon the peasant plowed his fields in safety, and, where had been wastes, men dwelt again in peace and prosperity.

Among the lesser Kings whom Arthur helped to rebuild their towns and restore order, was King Leodegrance of Cameliard. Now Leodegrance had one fair child, his daughter Guenevere; and, from the time that first he saw her, Arthur gave her all his love. So he sought counsel of Merlin, his chief adviser. Merlin heard the King sorrowfully, and he said: "Sir King, when a man's heart is set, he



King Arthur asks the Lady of the Lake for the sword Excalibur

any could do, a man could do; so, at the Archbishop's word, the sword was put back, and each man, whether baron or knight, tried in his turn to draw it forth, and failed. Then, for the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword. Immediately there arose from the people a great shout: "Arthur is King! Arthur is King! We will have no King but Arthur"; and, though the great barons scowled and threatened, they fell on their knees before him while the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and swore to obey him faithfully as their lord and sovereign.

may not change. Yet had it been well if ye had loved another."

So the King sent his knights to Leodegrance, to ask of him his daughter; and Leodegrance consented, rejoicing to wed her to so good and knightly a King. With great pomp, the princess was conducted to Canterbury, and there the King met her, and they two were wed by the Archbishop in the great cathedral, amid the rejoicings of the people.

#### THE ORDER OF THE ROUND TABLE

On that same day did Arthur found his Order of the Round Table, the fame of which was



SIR GALAHAD AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR

to spread throughout Christendom and endure through all time. Now the Round Table had been made for King Uther Pendragon by Merlin, who had meant thereby to set forth plainly to all men the roundness of the earth. After Uther died, King Leodegrance had possessed it; but, when Arthur was wed, he sent it to him as a gift, and great was the King's joy at receiving

it. One hundred and fifty knights might take their places about it, and for them Merlin made sieges, or seats. One hundred and twenty-eight did Arthur knight at that great feast; thereafter, if any sieges were empty, at the high festival of Pentecost new knights were ordained to fill them, and by magic was the name of each knight found inscribed, in letters of gold, in his proper siege. One seat only long remained unoccupied, and that was the Siege Perilous. No knight might occupy it until the coming of Sir Galahad; for, without danger to his life, none might sit there who was not free from all stain of sin.

With pomp and ceremony did each knight take upon him the vows of true knighthood: to obey the King; to show mercy to all who asked it; to defend the weak; and for no worldly gain to fight in a wrongful cause: and all the knights rejoiced together, doing honor to Arthur and to his Queen. Then they rode forth to right the wrong and help the oppressed, and by their aid the King held his realm in peace, doing justice to all.

#### SIR LAUNCELOT DU LAC AND QUEEN GUENEVERE

Now, as time passed, King Arthur gathered into his Order of the Round Table knights whose peers shall never be found in any age; and foremost among them all was Sir Launcelot du Lac. Such was his strength that none against whom he laid lance in rest could keep the saddle, and no shield was proof against his sword dint; but for his courtesy even more than for his courage and strength, Sir Launcelot was famed far and near. Gentle he was and ever the first to rejoice in the renown of another; and in the jousts he would avoid encounter with the young and untried knight, letting him pass to gain glory if he might.

It would take a great book to record all the famous deeds of Sir Launcelot, and all his adventures. He was of Gaul, for his father, King Ban, ruled over Benwick; he was named Launcelot du Lac by the Lady of the Lake, who reared him when his mother died. Early he won renown; then, when there was peace in his own land, he passed into Britain, to Arthur's Court, where the King received him gladly, and made him Knight of the Round Table

and took him for his truest friend. And so was that, when Guenevere was to be brought to Canterbury, to be married to the King, Launcelot was chief of the knights sent to wait on her, and of this came the sorrow of later days. For, from the moment he saw her, Sir Launcelot loved Guenevere, for her sake remaining wifeless all his days, and in all things loving her faithful knight. But busybodies and mischief-makers spoke evil of Sir Launcelot and the Queen, and from their talk came the undoing of the King and the downfall of his great work. But that was after long years, and after many true knights had lived their lives, honoring the King and Queen and doing great deeds.

Before Merlin passed from the world of men, he had uttered many marvelous prophecies, and one that boded ill to King Arthur; for he retold that, in the days to come, a son of Arthur's sister should stir up bitter war against the King, and at last a great battle should be fought, when many a brave knight should find his doom.

Now, among the nephews of Arthur, was one most dishonorable; his name was Mordred. No knightly deed had he ever done, and he hated to hear the good report of others because he himself was a coward and envious. But of all the Round Table there was none that Mordred hated more than Sir Launcelot du Lac, whom all true knights held in most honor; and not the less did Mordred hate Launcelot that he was the knight whom Queen Guenevere had in most esteem. So, at last, his jealous rage passing all bounds, he spoke evil of the Queen and Launcelot, saying that they were traitors to the King. Now Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth, Mordred's brothers, refused to give ear to theseanders, holding that Sir Launcelot, in his faithful service of the Queen, did honor to King Arthur also; but by ill fortune another brother, Sir Agravaine, had ill will to the Queen, and professed to believe Mordred's evil tales. So the two went to King Arthur with their ill stories.

Now when Arthur had heard them he was wroth; for never would he lightly believe evil of any, and Sir Launcelot was the knight whom he loved above all others. Sternly then he bade them begone and come no more to him with

unproven tales against any, and, least of all, against Sir Launcelot and their lady, the Queen.

The two departed, but in their hearts was hatred against Launcelot and the Queen, more bitter than ever for the rebuke they had called down upon themselves.

Great was the King's grief. Despite all that Mordred could say, he was slow to doubt Sir Launcelot, whom he loved, but his mind was filled with forebodings; and well he knew that their kin would seek vengeance on Sir Launcelot, and the noble fellowship of the Round Table be utterly destroyed.

All too soon it proved even as the King had feared. Many were found to hold with Sir Mordred; some from envy of the honor and worship of the noble Sir Launcelot; and among them even were those who dared to raise their voice against the Queen herself, calling for judgment upon her as leagued with a traitor against the King, and as having caused the death of so many good knights. Now in those days the law was that if anyone were accused of treason by witnesses, or taken in the act, that one should die the death by burning, be it man or woman, knight or churl. So then the murmurs grew to a loud clamor that the law should have its course, and that King Arthur should pass sentence on the Queen. Then was the King's woe doubled; "For," said he, "I sit as King to be a rightful judge and keep all the law; wherefore I may not do battle for my own Queen, and now there is none other to help her." So a decree was issued that Queen Guenevere should be burnt at the stake outside the walls of Carlisle.

Forthwith, King Arthur sent for his nephew, Sir Gawain, and said to him, "Fair nephew, I give it in charge to you to see that all is done as has been decreed." But Sir Gawain answered boldly: "Sir King, never will I be present to see my lady the Queen die. It is of ill counsel that ye have consented to her death." Then the King bade Gawain send his two young brothers, Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris, to receive his commands, and these he desired to attend the Queen to the place of execution. So Gareth made answer for both: "My Lord the King, we owe you obedience in all things, but know that it is sore against our wills that we obey you in this; nor will we appear in arms in the

place where that noble lady shall die"; then sorrowfully they mounted their horses and rode to Carlisle.

#### SIR LAUNCELOT RESCUETH THE QUEEN

When the day appointed had come, the Queen was led forth to a place without the walls of Carlisle, and there she was bound to the stake to be burnt to death. Loud were her ladies' lamentations, and many a lord was found to weep at that grievous sight of a Queen brought so low; yet was there none who dared come forward as her champion, lest he should be suspected of treason. As for Gareth and Gaheris, they could not bear the sight and stood with their faces covered in their mantles. Then, just as the torch was to be applied to the fagots, there was a sound as of many horses galloping, and the next instant a band of knights rushed upon the astonished throng, their leader cutting down all who crossed his path until he had reached the Queen, whom he lifted to his saddle and bore from the press. Then all men knew that it was Sir Launcelot, come knightly to rescue the Queen, and in their hearts they rejoiced. So with little hindrance they rode away, Sir Launcelot and all his kin with the Queen in their midst, till they came to the castle of the Joyous Garde, where they held the Queen in safety and all reverence.

At last Sir Launcelot desired of King Arthur assurance of liberty for the Queen, as also safe conduct for himself and his knights, that he might bring Dame Guenevere, with due honor, to the King at Carlisle; and thereto the King pledged his word.

So Launcelot set forth with the Queen, and behind them rode a hundred knights arrayed in green velvet, the housings of the horses of the same all studded with precious stones; thus they passed through the city of Carlisle, openly, in the sight of all, and there were many who rejoiced that the Queen was come again and Sir Launcelot with her, though they of Gawain's party scowled upon him.

When they were come into the great hall where Arthur sat, with Sir Gawain and other great lords about him, Sir Launcelot led Guenevere to the throne and both knelt before the King; then, rising, Sir Launcelot lifted the Queen to

her feet, and thus he spoke to King Arthur, boldly and well before the whole court: "My lord, Sir Arthur, I bring you here your Queen, than whom no truer nor nobler lady ever lived; and here stand I, Sir Launcelot du Lac, ready to do battle with any that dare gainsay it"; and with these words Sir Launcelot turned and looked upon the lords and knights present in their places, but none would challenge him in that cause, not even Sir Gawain, for he had ever affirmed that Dame Guenevere was a true and honorable lady.

Then Sir Launcelot spoke again, "Now, my Lord Arthur, in my own defense it behooves me to say that never in aught have I been false to you."

"Peace," said the King to Sir Launcelot: "We give you fifteen days in which to leave this kingdom." Then Sir Launcelot sighed heavily and said, "Full well I see that nothing availeth me." Then he went to the Queen where she sat, and said: "Madam, the time is come when I must leave this fair realm that I have loved. Think well of me, I pray you, and send for me if ever there be aught in which a true knight may serve lady." Therewith he turned him about and, without greeting to any, passed through the hall, and with his faithful knights rode to the Joyous Garde, though ever thereafter, in memory of that sad day, he called it the Dolorous Garde.

#### SIR MORDRED USURPETH THE KINGDOM

In after times when the King had passed overseas to France, leaving Sir Mordred to rule Britain in his stead, there came messengers from Britain bearing letters for King Arthur; and more evil news than they brought might not well be, for they told how Sir Mordred had usurped his uncle's realm. First, he had caused it to be noised abroad that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot, and, since there be many ever ready to believe any idle rumor and eager for any change, it had been no hard task for Sir Mordred to call the lords to a Parliament and persuade them to make him King. But the Queen could not be brought to believe that her lord was dead, so she took refuge in the Tower of London from Sir Mordred's violence, nor was she to be induced to leave





THE MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS AT THE FORD





strong refuge for aught that Mordred could promise or threaten.

Forthwith, King Arthur bade his host make ready to move, and when they had reached the coast, they embarked and made sail to reach Britain with all possible speed.

Sir Mordred, on his part, had heard of their coming, and hastened to get together a great army. It was grievous to see how many a stout knight slain by Mordred, yea, even many whom Arthur himself had raised to honor and fortune; for this is the nature of men to be fickle. Thus it was that, when Arthur drew near to Dover, he found Mordred with a mighty host, waiting to oppose his landing. Then there was a great sea fight, those of Mordred's party going out in boats, to board King Arthur's ships and slay him and his men or ever they should come to land. Right valiantly did King Arthur fight for him, as was his wont, and boldly his followers fought in his cause, so that at last they drove their enemies and landed at Dover in spite of Mordred and his array.

Now, by this time, many that Mordred had deceived by his lying reports, had drawn unto King Arthur, to whom at heart they had ever been loyal, knowing him for a true and noble king and hating themselves for having been deceived by such a false usurper as Sir Mordred. One night, as King Arthur slept, he thought that Sir Gawain stood before him, looking just as he did in life, and said to him: "My uncle and my King, God in his great love has suffered me to come unto you, to warn you that in no wise ye fight on the morrow; for if ye do, ye will be slain, and with you the most part of the people on both sides. Make ye, therefore, ready." Immediately, the King awoke and showed to him the best and wisest of his knights. They all were agreed that, on any terms whatever, a treaty should be made with Sir Mordred, even as Sir Gawain had said; and, at the dawn, messengers went to the camp of the enemy, to call Sir Mordred to a conference. It was determined that the meeting should take place in the sight of both armies, in an open space between the two camps, and that King Arthur and Mordred should each be accompanied by fourteen knights. Little enough faith had either in the other; so, when they set forth to the meeting, they bade their

hosts join battle if ever they saw a sword drawn.

Now as they talked, it befell that an adder, coming out of a bush hard by, stung a knight in the foot; and he, seeing the snake, drew his sword to kill it, and thought no harm thereby. But on the instant that the sword flashed, the trumpets blared on both sides and the two hosts rushed to battle. Never was there fought a fight of such enmity; for brother fought with brother, and comrade with comrade, and fiercely they cut and thrust, with many a bitter word between; while King Arthur himself, his heart hot within him, rode through and through the battle, seeking the traitor Mordred. So they fought all day, till at last the evening fell. Then Arthur, looking round him, saw of his valiant knights but two left, Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere, and these sore wounded; and there, over against him, by a great heap of the dead, stood Sir Mordred, the cause of all this ruin. Thereupon the King, his heart nigh broken with grief for the loss of his true knights, cried with a loud voice, "Traitor! now is thy doom upon thee!" and, with his spear gripped in both hands, he rushed upon Sir Mordred and smote him that the weapon stood out a fathom behind. And Sir Mordred knew that he had his death wound. With all the might that he had, he thrust him up the spear to the haft, and, with his sword, struck King Arthur upon the head, that the steel pierced the helmet and bit into the head; then Mordred fell back dead.

Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere went to the King where he lay, swooning from the blow, and bore him to a little chapel on the seashore. As they laid him on the ground, Sir Lucan fell dead beside the King, and Arthur, coming to himself, found but Sir Bedivere alive beside him.

#### ARTHUR RETURNETH THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

So King Arthur lay wounded to the death, grieving, not that his end was come, but for the desolation of his kingdom and the loss of his good knights. And, looking upon the body of Sir Lucan, he sighed and said: "Alas! true knight, dead for my sake! If I lived, I should never grieve for thy death, but now mine own end draws nigh." Then, turning to Sir Bedivere, who stood sorrowing beside him, he said:

"Leave weeping now, for the time is short and much to do. Hereafter shalt thou weep if thou wilt. But take now my sword Excalibur, hasten to the waterside, and fling it into the deep. Then, watch what happens and bring me word thereof." "My Lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your command shall be obeyed"; and, taking the sword, he departed. But as he went on his way, he looked on the sword, how wondrously it was formed and the hilt all studded with precious stones; and, as he looked, he called to mind the marvel by which



SIR BEDIVERE CASTS THE SWORD EXCALIBUR INTO THE LAKE

it had come into the King's keeping. For on a certain day, as Arthur walked on the shore of a great lake, there had appeared above the surface of the water a hand brandishing a sword. On the instant, the King had leaped into a boat, and, rowing into the lake, had got the sword and brought it back to land. Then he had seen how, on one side the blade, was written, "Keep me," but on the other, "Throw

me away," and, sore perplexed, he had shown it to Merlin, the great wizard, who said: "Keep it now. The time for casting away has not yet come." Thinking on this, it seemed to Bedivere that no good, but harm, must come of obeying the King's word; so, hiding the sword under a tree, he hastened back to the little chapel. Then said the King, "What saw'st thou?" "Sir," answered Bedivere, "I saw naught but the waves, heard naught but the wind." "That is untrue," said King Arthur; "I charge thee, as thou art true knight, go again and spare not to throw away the sword."

Sir Bedivere departed a second time, and his mind was to obey his lord; but when he took the sword in his hand, he thought, "Sin it is and shameful, to throw away so glorious a sword." Then, hiding it again, he hastened back to the King. "What saw'st thou?" said Sir Arthur. "Sir, I saw the water lap on the crags." Then spoke the King in great wrath: "Traitor and unkind! Twice hast thou betrayed me! Art dazzled by the splendor of the jewels, thou that, till now, hast ever been dear and true to me? Go yet again, but if thou fail me this time, I will arise, and, with mine own hands, slay thee."

Then Sir Bedivere left the King and, that time, he took the sword quickly from the place where he had hidden it, and, forbearing even to look upon it, he twisted the belt about it and flung it with all his force into the water. A wondrous sight he saw, for, as the sword touched the water, a hand rose from out the deep, caught it, brandished it thrice, and drew it beneath the surface.

#### ARTHUR PASSETH TO THE VALE OF AVILION

Sir Bedivere hastened back to the King and told him what he had seen. "It is well," said Arthur; "now, bear me to the water's edge; and hasten, I pray thee, for I have tarried over long and my wound has taken cold." So Sir Bedivere raised the King on his back and bore him tenderly to the lonely shore, where the lapping waves floated many an empty helmet and the fitful moonlight fell on the upturned faces of the dead. Scarce had they reached the shore when there hove in sight a barge, and on its deck stood three tall women, robed

in black and wearing crowns on their  
ads.

"Place me in the barge," said the King;  
d softly Sir Bedivere lifted the King into it.  
d these three Queens wept sore over Arthur,  
d one took his head in her lap and chafed  
hands, crying, "Alas! my brother, thou  
st been overlong in coming and, I fear me,  
r wound has taken cold." Then the barge  
gan to move slowly from the land.

When Sir Bedivere saw this, he lifted up his  
ce and cried with a bitter cry: "Ah! my  
d Arthur, thou art taken from me! And  
whither shall I go?"

"Comfort thyself," said the King, "for in  
is no comfort more. I pass to the Valley  
Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound.  
hou seest me never again, pray for me."  
o the barge floated away out of sight, and

Sir Bedivere stood straining his eyes after it  
till it had vanished utterly. Then he turned  
him about and journeyed through the forest  
until, at daybreak, he reached a hermitage.  
Entering it, he prayed the holy hermit that he  
might abide with him, and there he spent the  
rest of his life in prayer and holy exercise.

"ONCE KING AND KING TO BE"

But of King Arthur is no more known. Some  
men, indeed, say that he is not dead, but  
abides in the happy Valley of Avilion until  
such time as his country's need is sorest, when  
he shall come again and deliver it. Others  
say that, of a truth, he is dead, and that, in  
the far West, his tomb may be seen, and written  
on it these words, "Here lies Arthur, once  
King and King to be."



THE VIGIL

When a knight was to take the solemn holy vows of the order of chivalry established in King Arthur's name, it was the  
m for him to spend the previous night in prayer and fasting before the altar of the church. This all-night vigil is here  
red in a reproduction of a painting by John Pettie in the Tate Gallery, London.



LITTLE JOHN GIVES ROBIN HOOD A DUCKING AND WINS A FRIEND

# ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

## POPULAR BALLADS

*The story of Robin Hood and his merry men come down to us from the ballads sung by wandering minstrels, many years ago, before the art of printing. We know very little about the real facts of his life, but his name is mentioned in some of the old legal records, and tradition has it he was born in 1160 and died in 1247, so there is little doubt that there was once a real Robin Hood. The story of his life was worked into rude plays, which were acted before crowds of lookers on an annual holiday set apart for him. He is the patron saint of archery, and will always be loved for his courage, his chivalry, and his championship of those who were too weak to champion themselves.]*

## THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

### HOW ROBIN BECAME AN OUTLAW

On a fine May morning in the reign of King John I, a youth who went by the name of Robin Hood was walking through Sherwood Forest, when he came upon several of the foresters resting beneath a lofty oak. He laughed at Robin, taunting him for his slowness, and saying that his bow was too large for such a lad. Just then a deer appeared some distance off, and one of the foresters dared Robin to aim at it. In an instant Robin raised his bow, fitted an arrow, loosed it from the string, and the deer fell dead upon the path. At that murmuring rose among the foresters, and they determined to take Robin to Nottingham, where the Sheriff would surely hang him for slaying the King's deer. At that Robin fled, but as soon as the forester who had dared him called out an ugly jest about his luck at the shooting. "I'll show thee whether I shoot straight or not," cried Robin in a fury, and, taking swift aim, he shot the man in the forehead. Then he was forced to flee indeed, and he made for the depths of the wood, sick at heart because of what he had done that day. Thus did Robin become an outlaw. Because of his prowess, both with the long-bow and the

quarter-staff, he soon became the leader of the outlaws of the forest, and his fame spread, so that many who had suffered wrongs at the hands of grasping priests or unjust nobles came to Sherwood to join Robin and his merry men, and all the efforts made by the Sheriff of Nottingham to capture Robin came to naught.

### ROBIN GAINETH HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN

One day, when Robin was alone in the wood, he came to a stream spanned by a bridge so narrow that only one man could cross at a time. From the other side came a tall stranger, and both set foot upon the bridge at the same time, and neither would give way to the other, so they entered upon a bout at quarter-staff, to see which would tumble the other into the stream. Quick and skilled as was Robin, the stranger was still more quick, and over he went Robin into the stream. It was like then to go hard with him, for the stranger was angry, but Robin blew three blasts upon his horn, and out from the wood leaped his merry men.

"How now, Master," cried Will Stutely, a twinkle in his eye; "hast thou fallen into the stream?"

"Seize yon stranger and bind him," cried Robin, "for he hath well-nigh cracked my crown."

In an instant the foresters had the stranger fast, and would have ducked him, but Robin bade them stop, and begged the stranger to stay with them and be his right-hand man.

"Aye, that I will," said the stranger, "for well do I love thee."

"How art thou called?" asked Robin Hood.

"Men call me John Little," answered the stranger.

"That we will alter," cried Will Stutely. "Because he is full seven feet tall he shall be called Little John. Come, let us christen him!"

So they took that sweet pretty babe and clothed him all in Lincoln green, and christened him in good Malmesley, and he became Robin's right-hand man.

To all who joined the band did Robin set forth these rules: "Look that ye do no harm to any honest man, be he peasant or noble,

but if fat priests or haughty churchmen come  
your way let them not depart until you have  
taken full toll from them, and never forget that  
the Sheriff of Nottingham is our most bitter  
enemy."

THE BALLAD OF ROBIN HOOD, THE BUTCHER,  
AND THE SHERIFF

Upon a time it chanced so,  
Bold Robin in forest did spy  
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,  
With his flesh to the market did hie.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said jolly Robin,  
"What food hast thou? tell unto me;  
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,  
For I like well thy company."

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,  
"No matter where I dwell;  
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham  
I am going, my flesh to sell."

"What 's the price of thy flesh?" said jolly Robin,  
"Come, tell it soon unto me;  
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,  
For a butcher fain would I be."

"The price of my flesh," the butcher replied,  
"I soon will tell unto thee;  
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,  
Four marks thou must give unto me."

"Four marks I will give thee," said jolly Robin,  
"Four marks shall be thy fee;  
The money come count, and let me mount,  
For a butcher I fain would be."

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,  
His butcher's trade to begin;  
With good intent to the Sheriff he went,  
And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers did open their meat,  
Bold Robin got gold and fee,  
For he sold more meat for one penny  
Than others did sell for three.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham  
To study as they did stand,  
Saying, "Surely he is some prodigal  
That has sold his father's land."

"This is a mad blade," the butchers still said;  
Said the Sheriff, "He is some prodigal,  
That some land has sold for silver and gold,  
And now he doth mean to spend all.

"Hast thou any horn-beasts," the Sheriff asked,  
"Good fellow, to sell to me?"

"Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff,  
I have hundreds, two or three.

"And a hundred acres of good free land,  
If you please it to see:  
And I 'll make you as good assurance of it  
As ever my father made me."

The Sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,  
And with three hundred pounds of gold,  
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,  
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the Sheriff and Robin did ride,  
To the forest of merry Sherwood;  
Then the Sheriff did say, "God keep us this day  
From a man they call Robin Hood."

But when a little farther they came,  
Bold Robin he chanced to spy  
A hundred head of good red deer,  
Come tripping the Sheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horn-beasts, good Master Sheriff?  
They be fat and fair to see";  
"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,  
For I like not thy company."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
And blew but blasts three;  
Then quickly anon there came Little John,  
And all his company.

"What is your will?" then said Little John,  
"Good Master, come tell unto me";  
"I have brought hither the Sheriff of Nottingham  
This day to dine with thee."

Then Robin took his cloak from his back  
And laid it upon the ground;  
And out of the Sheriff's portmanteau  
He took three hundred pound.

He then led the Sheriff through the wood,  
And set him on his dapple gray;  
"Commend Robin Hood to your wife at home,"  
He said, and went laughing away.

ROBIN AIDETH ALAN-A-DALE

One day Robin and his men found a fair  
youth in the forest, mourning because his lady  
love, fair Ellen o' the Dale, was in three days to  
be wedded to Sir Stephen of Trent, and Sir  
Stephen's cousin, the Bishop of Hereford,  
an old enemy of Robin's, was to perform the  
ceremony.

Now this youth, Alan-a-Dale, was loved far  
and near because of the rare sweetness of his

ing, and Robin and his men were glad to see him win his lady; so they engaged in one of their merriest adventures, finding a stout knight, Friar Tuck, to aid them, surrounding the church when the bride was led to the altar, seizing Sir Stephen, while Friar Tuck cried banns from the organ loft. Then was the good Bishop forced to marry Alan and Ellen, and to give to Ellen the rich gold chain that hung about his neck, and then all the company were allowed to go in peace. But Alan ended the band, which never lacked for sweet songs, and the jolly Tuck begged Robin to make him chaplain of the band—"for," said he, "all I wot ye have need of my services."

#### ROBIN SAVETH SIR RICHARD OF THE LEA

One day Little John went forth to the highway, to see if he could come across some knight or squire to lead to a feast under the greenwood tree. He had not been long upon the road when he met a knight, mounted on a white charger. This knight seemed sunk in melancholy, for he rode slowly, his head bowed upon his breast. Unlike most of Robin's guests, he made no resistance when Little John turned the charger to lead him into the forest. It need not matter to him where he went. When they had come to the greenwood tree, Robin Hood gave the knight a fair greeting, telling him his name.

"I am called Sir Richard of the Lea," answered the knight, courteously.

"Welcome, Sir Richard, to our feast," said Robin, and while some of his men were preparing the feast others entertained the knight with sports of wrestling and cudgel play, and then such shooting that the knight seemed to forget his sorrows for the moment.

At the end of the feast, Robin, as was his custom, requested the knight for some recompense for his entertainment. If a guest gave not readily and generously, Robin was used to bid him go without further molesting, but if he had refused to pay, then did Robin take from him all that he had, even to the chain about his neck.

"Alas," said Sir Richard, "I would gladly pay you, but I have only ten shillings with me."

"I can scarce believe that so noble a knight

can be so situated," quoth Robin, something sternly, and he bade his men search the saddlebags upon the white charger. They found but the ten shillings, as the knight had said.

"Sir Richard," said Robin, "thou art a true man of thy word. But, I prithee, how came you to such a pass? Perchance I may be of service to thee, since thou art a true Saxon knight, and no false Norman."

"I thank thee, good Robin," said the knight, smiling sadly, "but I fear that thou canst do nothing for me. But a little while ago I was possessed of four hundred pounds, and I and my lady were as happy as any in the land. But misfortune doth ever lie in wait for us, and three months past my son did slay a Norman knight in fair tournament. Had we not been Saxons, nothing would have been made of the matter, but thou knowest how the Normans do seize every chance to persecute us. Great outcry was made that the Norman was not fairly slain, and I was forced to pay such sums to save my son that I did have to pledge my lands to the Priory of Emmet. In the time of my prosperity I had many friends, but now they will have none of me, so that I have sought for help in vain. To-morrow is the day when I must pay four hundred pounds to the Prior of Emmet or forfeit my lands, and I have but these ten shillings."

"Now a pox on these Normans," cried Robin. "Would I had them here to teach them how to serve true Saxon knights. But that does not help thee, Sir Richard," he added. "Go, Little John, and bring four hundred pounds from the treasury, likewise a bale of good silk velvet and one of cloth of gold, that Sir Richard and his lady may be attired according to their rank."

At this the water stood in the knight's eyes, and he did not know how to thank his benefactor.

"In a twelvemonth will I come to pay thee, friend," he said, as Robin sent him forth, with twoscore merry men to serve him until he could regain his knightly retinue, and a gentle palfrey, richly caparisoned, for his good lady.

Thus did Sir Richard pay his debt to the Priory of Emmet, and twelve months later he came again to the greenwood tree, bringing with him the four hundred pounds, and a noble





TOP: LITTLE JOHN AND THE FORESTER. ROBIN HOOD PLAYS THE POTTER. BOTTOM: ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.  
ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRIAR



TOP: ROBIN HOOD AND THE LADY. ROBIN AND HIS MEN KNEEL TO THE KING. BOTTOM: ROBIN THE FRIEND OF THE PEASANTS. ROBIN FIGHTS FALSE GUY OF GISBOURNE

present of tenscore good yew bows inlaid with silver, and tenscore quivers filled with arrows, and ever after was he a good friend to Robin and his band.

#### THE KING COMETH TO SHERWOOD FOREST

So far spread the fame of Robin Hood that Richard of the Lion Heart, who was now king, came on a visit to Nottingham, vowing that, since the Sheriff could not capture Robin, he would do it himself.

After he had been at Nottingham a day or two, he rode into the forest with some of his followers, all dressed as monks. As he had hoped, they had not ridden far when they were surrounded by a company of men clad from head to foot in Lincoln green, and led into the forest until they came to the greenwood tree, where Robin made them welcome, and bade some of his men prepare the feast, while others made good sport.

When they came to the shooting, a wand was set up with a garland upon it, and all who failed to shoot within the garland must stand up to receive a buffet on the ear from Robin Hood. At last it came Robin's turn, and, shooting carelessly, he missed.

"Now, good master, stand up that I may serve thee," cried Little John.

"Nay," quoth Robin, "rather will I let the monk here give the buffet," for Robin thought a monk would not be apt to have a strong arm.

At that the king stood up in his friar's robes, baring so mighty an arm that Robin repented him of his bargain. And so great was the buffet he received that he measured his length on the grass. But the monk's cowl had fallen back from his face as he gave the blow, and Robin knew him for the king, and, throwing himself at Richard's feet, begged for mercy for his band.

So pleased was the king with all that he had seen that he granted his pardon to the band, and made them his foresters.

#### ROBIN MEETETH GUY OF GISBOURNE

After King Richard died, King John, who liked not such free lances, set his Sheriff to capture Robin. The Sheriff, knowing well that he could not do it himself, hired Guy of Gisbourne, an

outlaw famed for his evil deeds, to come and slay Robin Hood. He, coming to Sherwood, met Robin and gave him insult so that Robin drew his sword.

Then followed the fiercest fight that ever Sherwood saw. Once did Robin, jumping back from a hard stroke, slip on a pine root, but he turned the other's sword with his hand, and, leaping up before Guy of Gisbourne could recover from the stroke, he smote him twice, so that he fell dead upon the green sod. Thus did the fairest and the foulest of the outlaws of Merry England meet that day.

#### HOW ROBIN DIED BY TREACHERY

When he saw that the Sheriff of Nottingham could not take Robin, King John sent an army against him, and this army did Robin and his band beat back from Sherwood with great slaughter. Now, since first he had slain a man, Robin could not abide the killing of men, and he brooded upon those slain in the battle, though it had been done in fair fight. So long did he brood that a fever came upon him, and at length he determined to go to the nunnery near Kirklees, where his cousin was prioress, since she was skilled as a leech, and would bleed him. But she was desirous of currying favor with those in power, so she met Robin with fair words, and led him to a cell in the nunnery, where she opened a vein in his arm. Then she left him, bolting the door behind her. After the vein had bled for a time Robin felt a great weakness coming upon him, and he saw that he had been betrayed. Then he raised himself where he lay, and blew three feeble blasts upon his bugle. But Little John heard them, and came running and forced his way into Robin's cell. When he saw that his master was beyond help, he would have burned the nunnery to the ground. But Robin turned him from his purpose, for never while he had been leader had one of the band harmed a woman. Then he bade Little John hold him up before the window, and he shot his last arrow, and where that arrow fell did his men bury him.

Thus died Robin Hood with mercy in his heart towards those who had betrayed him, as he had been merciful all his life towards those who were weaker than himself.



OP: THE BLACK ARROW; ROBIN HOOD'S SIGNAL. LITTLE JOEN AND THE KNIGHT. BOTTOM: RESCUE OF WILL STUTELY. CAPTURING THE ABBOT OF SAINT MARIE'S



#### THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

In those days the battles raged furiously, and personal valor counted for much. With a spirited leader, the fray was thrilling, and it was victory or death.

IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR<sup>1</sup>

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

*Characters*

KING ARTHUR	SIR KAY
SIR LANCELOT	SIR BORS
SIR GERAINT	A PAGE
THREE CHAMBERLAINS	
TWO PLAYERS, <i>taking the parts of</i> HUGH	
AND SALADIN	
<i>Other knights in audience room</i>	

[KING ARTHUR seated at head, all the knights about. Knocking heard without. Exit Page; returns.]

PAGE. Sir Kay, a man at the door desireth peech with thee.

[Exit Sir Kay; returns.]

SIR KAY. My lord king, a band of strolling players at the door crave audience. They desire to present before this company a play of chivalry, which they declare to be pleasant and joyous, full of goodly teaching and excellent adventure.

KING (*turning to knights*). Ye have heard this request. What is your pleasure? Shall we admit these players and pass away an hour in listening to their tale?

SIR LANCELOT. A joyous jest with goodly teaching interspersed. Fair Sire, it soundeth well.

SIR BORS. Aye, aye, it soundeth well.

SIR GERAINT. An it tell of arms and chivalry, 't will well please me.

KING. And me as well. Sir Kay, bring these men into our presence.

<sup>1</sup> The three plays which follow are by Marion Florence Lansing.



[*Exit Sir Kay, returning with Player in long cloak with hat in hand. He kneels and does homage to the King, then rises.*]

PLAYER. Most noble king, and all ye members of the Table Round in council here assembled, I thank you for your courtesy. If it please you, I will here, with others of my band, act forth a tale of long ago, in the days when chivalry was being tested in every land and was ever victorious. In faith, it is a goodly play, and hath given pleasure to many an audience. Therefore I crave your permission.

KING. It is given. Proceed.

[*Exit Player; returns, having thrown off his cloak, clad in armor, accompanied by companion. Knights draw back, leaving space for the two.*]

PLAYER. Noble king and knights of the Round Table, ye see me here in guise of one Sir Hugh of Tabarie, a gallant knight of chivalry, who lived in the time of the crusades, and fared forth therefore to Jerusalem, where he was made king of that city to defend it from the Moslems. And this, my companion, he taketh the part of Saladin, a king well known to all, a right great lord and a full loyal Saracen, who ruled that land in paynimry, a cruel lord, who oft did great harm to our folk through pride of heart and evil will. A battle hath befallen, and Sir Hugh hath come into the hands of Saladin. Six days he hath been a prisoner, and now Saladin hath ordered him brought into his presence. Here beginneth our jest.

SALADIN. By Mahomet, I am glad of thy taking, Hugh; and now I promise thee one thing — 't was settled in the council of all the Moslem kings but yester eve — either thou shalt die at our hands or thou shalt buy thy life and freedom with great ransom.

HUGH. Since you give me my choice, I will take the ransom, provided I have the wherewithal to pay.

SALADIN. Yea, thou shalt give over to the council of the kings one hundred thousand besants.

HUGH. Ha, Sir, that could I not do if I were to sell my lands and offer all my goods.

SALADIN. 'T is pity, for thou wouldst do well to save thy life, and only thus may it be

saved. The treasury must see one hundred thousand gold besants or ever thou goest free.

HUGH. But by what means, Sire? Here I be prisoner.

SALADIN. I have heard oft of the fellowship of Christians; how high they prize each other, and especially if they be knights. Thou art a valiant man, of great hardihood and mighty chivalry. Would thy lords gainsay thee a gift to buy thee back? Surely no man of heart would refuse a few besants to save thee from the cruel fate of death.

HUGH (*proudly*). 'T is not for lack of heart, Sir King, my fellow-knights would fail to buy me back. 'T will be, if it be so, for lack of gold, of which ye heathen seem to have no lack, though of that heart of which ye speak ye seem to have but little. If the lords of the Moslems will permit, I will send messages to the Christian knights at once.

SALADIN. Aye, I have sent that word in message yester eve that we may see how high they prize thee. But now, since thou must bide here for a time, I have a request to make of thee.

HUGH. It is not custom to make requests of prisoners — rather to give commands.

SALADIN. Ah, Hugh, I love thy pride, and I did somewhat test thee to prove thou wouldst not cringe even at fear of death. But that is past. I pray thee lay aside hard thoughts, for I have somewhat to ask thee.

HUGH. I gladly answer to thy courtesy, Saladin.

SALADIN. Hugh, by the faith ye owe to the God of your law, make me wise, for I am fain to know all of the ORDER OF CHIVALRY, and how knights are made.

HUGH. Faith, Sir, this I may not do.

SALADIN. And why?

HUGH. I will tell thee. The holy order of knighthood would be to thee of no good, for thou holdest an evil law and a false faith, and to cover such with the cloak of knighthood would be as if to throw a web of silk over an evil-smelling pile. It were no good. No man could compass it. And if it were possible, yet would I not dare to do it, for sore blame would rest on me for the deed.

SALADIN. Not so, Hugh. No blame will be

ine, for thou art my prisoner, and what I command thee thou must do, however little thou likest it.

HUGH. Sir, if I must do this thing, and no refusal will avail, do it I will without further talk.

HUGH (*as Player, turning from Saladin to the king and audience*). So now, gentle lords, if Hugh did perform such acts as were needful in the preparation of a knight in those days, showing Saladin all that would be done. He made him dress his hair as became a Christian. He made him enter a bath, and when the Saracen asked him what that might signify he told him, even as we shall show you now. (*Turns back to Saladin.*)

SALADIN. And what does this bath signify?

HUGH. It meaneth that ye ought to come forth from it, even as a new-born child, pure, free from all felony, and fulfilled of courtesy. In honesty and in good will and kindness shouldst thou bathe, and come forth in kindness to all the world.

SALADIN. By God, this beginning is most beautiful.

HUGH. Then must thou be clothed in white, even as I now clothe thee. Take not this thing lightly, for these white garments that cover your body give you to understand that even as you have been made clean of all guilt, so every knight should study to keep himself clean and stainless.

SALADIN. It is good teaching.

HUGH. Now give I thee this scarlet robe.

SALADIN. I marvel much. Wherefore this garment?

HUGH. This robe betokeneth that you must hold you ready to shed your blood for the defense of the holy church, that it be wronged of no man; for so it belongeth to a knight to do if he would fain please God; this I give you to understand by the scarlet color.

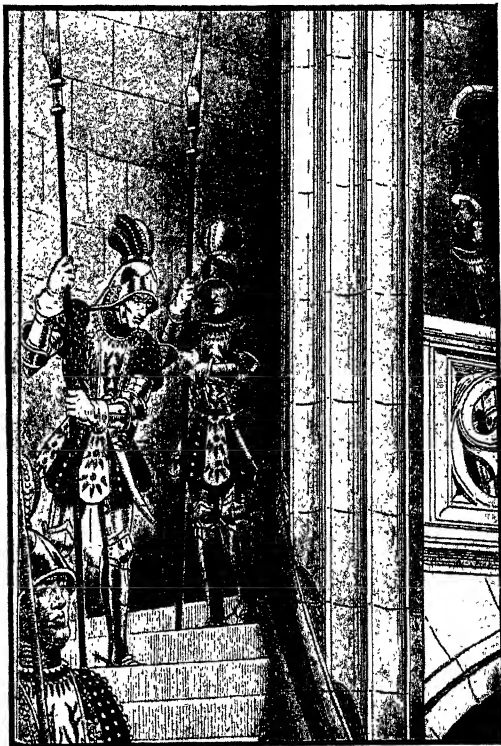
SALADIN. Hugh, much I marvel and admire.

HUGH. Now do I put upon your feet black footgear. This should remind you to hold death ever in remembrance, for ye walk ever towards death. So remember the earth from which you came and to which you must return, guarding yourself thus that ye fall not into pride; for pride should not hold sway over a

knight, nor have any place within him; but he should seek simplicity in all things.

SALADIN. All this is right good to hear, and rejoiceth me much.

HUGH. Rise now, and I will gird thee. (*Puts on belt, a white girdle.*) Sir, by this girdle you are to know that you shall keep your flesh clean, and look steadfastly to hold thy body pure, "for ever loveth knightly man to hold his body free from stain."



SENTINELS AT THE COURT

HUGH (*putting on spurs*).

"Take thou these spurs,  
And ever bear this in mind,  
That as thou wouldst have thy steed mind  
thee,  
That he prompt and docile and obedient be,  
So shall thy vows thee bind."

So readeth the book of knighthood, and likewise, as your horse is eager for the race and turns quickly when ye smite him, so shall these show you are eager to serve God all your life.

SALADIN. I am well pleased with that.



HUGH (*giving him a sword*). I give thee this sword to guard against the attack of the foe. It is two-edged as you see, which giveth you to understand that always should the knight have justice and loyalty; which is to say,

“To guard the poor folk of the land  
Against the rich man’s heavy hand,  
And feeble people to uphold,  
’Gainst shaming by the strong and bold.”

Such is the work of mercy.

SALADIN. With all that thou hast said thus far, I can agree with my whole heart. Such precepts gladly would I follow. Is there no more to be done?

HUGH. Yes, Sire, but this one thing I dare not do.

SALADIN. And what may it be?

HUGH. ’T is to give the accolade, the stroke which maketh a man a knight.

SALADIN. And what does it betoken, this stroke which thou hast not given me?

HUGH. Sire, it is the reminder of the knight who brought the man to the altar and invested him with his gear and ordained him knight. But I will never give it to you, if I lie in prison here forever. Though I be in prison, I will not do foul or ugly deed. By me that stroke shall not be laid.

SALADIN. Sir Hugh, I thank thee for what thou hast done for me. It was well, and I have great joy in it. Now I will call my chamberlains and councilors. (*Claps his hands. They enter. Six men in Moslem garb seat themselves. Saladin seats himself at their head in great chair; Hugh, prisoner, sits at his feet.*) Sit not there, Sir Hugh, but here beside me. (*Takes his hand and seats him in chair beside him.*) Sir Hugh, and ye my chamberlains, know that this is a man to whom I would do honor. He is a man of valor and worth beyond any I have seen. Therefore in the hearing of these my men I make this promise. Let all take heed. Sir Hugh, if any of thy people are taken in pitched battle or fray, if thou dost come and plead for them, they shall go their way. Thou shalt ride through my land peacefully, thy helmet hung on thy palfrey’s neck, that no man shall do thee hurt.

HUGH. Gramercy, sir. This deed deserveth

good thanks, but dost thou forget that I am a prisoner?

SALADIN. Such as thou, Sir Hugh, can never be a prisoner long. By Mahomet, it would not take a Christian heart to know that. Any man of worth and spirit, even such as I have heard your knights to be, and such as there are many in every faith and of every tongue in this world, would give his help that thou shouldst not die for a paltry sum of gold.

HUGH (*springing to his feet, and going to kneel before Saladin*). Then, Saladin, I come to thee, most noble man of the Moslem faith that ever I have seen. If such a plight as mine must touch the heart of any man, it must touch thine. Thou hast told me to beg my ransom. I beg it of thee.

SALADIN. But it is not mine to gainsay. The company of Moslem kings have sworn that one hundred thousand besants must go into the treasury ere thou go free, and that vow will not be broken. I am but one of them.

HUGH. Nay, Saladin, I ask thee not to break a vow with thy kings. I ask thee to help me make up my ransom by giving me gold. So didst thou tell me to ask of every worthy man, and thou art the worthiest I have met.

SALADIN (*throws back his head and laughs merrily*). By Mahomet, thou art as shrewd as thou art brave. I am trapped in my own words. (*Brings forth bag and pours into Hugh’s cloak, which he holds up, fifty thousand besants.*) Thou shalt not fail of thy life through me. Now I will tell thee what to do. These chamberlains are rich men, I know, for I have made them so. (*Laughs.*) Thou and I will go to them and beg them to help ransom thee, for I swear to thee they too are worthy men, and thou shalt see that it is not only among the Christians thou dost find men of heart.

[*Saladin comes down from his chair, takes Hugh’s hand, and together they go and kneel down before each chamberlain.*]

SALADIN. Lords, give us wherewith to help ransom from the council of kings this high prince.

CHAMBERLAIN I. In faith it were a pity that so gallant a knight should die. Gladly I give thee ten thousand besants.

CHAMBERLAIN II (*sullenly*). This business I do not understand. (*Glances fearfully at Sala-*



A TOURNAMENT BEFORE A ROYAL AUDIENCE

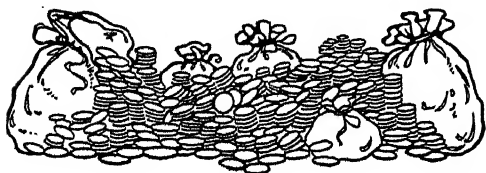
*in, who looks sharply at him.)* But I give thee a thousand pieces.

CHAMBERLAIN III. Thou shalt never say the Moslems have not generous, pitying hearts. *Gives remainder.)*

HUGH. Gallant sirs, I thank thee. In the Christian camp will I tell of your kindness; nor ever shall I forget it while I live. Nay, more than this, it shall be sung by minstrels and harpers until long after I am gone. The tale shall be told, and men shall remember as long as chivalry abides, and shall talk of the noble deed of Saladin and his lords.

*[They bow and retire.]*

*Curtain*



## THE KNIGHTING OF PERCEVAL

A CHIVALRY PLAY IN FIVE SCENES

### Characters

PERCEVAL	TWO PAGES
GAWAIN	THREE OTHER KNIGHTS
KAY	SENTINEL
ARTHUR	HERALD
PERCEVAL'S MOTHER	FOOL
A LADY	

### SCENE I

*Characters:* PERCEVAL, GAWAIN, KAY, and another knight.

*[In the forest. Perceval standing alone, a lad clad in goatskin garments and cap, and holding a long, light wooden spear.]*

PERCEVAL. How strange it is that the great God of heaven, who has all power, as my mother has so often told me, should have

made this beautiful world and have put no one in it but my mother and me and the creatures — the goats, and the deer, and the birds, and the squirrels. If He is so wonderful I should think He would have others like us to enjoy this world and to live together in it. (*A clanking of armor is heard in the distance.*) Hark! what is that? I never heard a sound like that in the forest before.

[*The clanking becomes louder, and steps can be heard as men come nearer. Enter three knights clad in armor. For a moment they do not notice Perceval.*]

PERCEVAL. What are they? They must be the God of whom my mother has told me. She thought there was but one, but here are three. Surely they are more beautiful than anything else in the world. Ah! they see me. I will pray to them, as my mother has taught me. (*Kneels.*) Great God who dwells in Heaven —

GAWAIN. My son, who art thou, and what wilt thou?

PERCEVAL. Son am I to my mother who dwelleth in the forest. Tell me which one of you all three is the great God of whom my mother has told me?

GAWAIN. Nay, nay, my lad, hold us not to be gods. We are only knights. Kneel not before us.

PERCEVAL (*rising*). And what manner of beast may knight be? For of it I have never heard. Where doth it dwell?

KAY (*rudely*). Hear now, did you ever listen to the like of that? He calls us beasts.

OTHER KNIGHT. But is he not a wondrous comely lad? This is a strange matter.

GAWAIN. Of a faith, my lad, I will tell thee truly what a knight is. It is a beast that is strong and powerful and mighty above all other beasts, be they man or giant or dragon. It dwelleth in city and court and highway, wherever fair adventure may be found and brave service done.

PERCEVAL. Tell me, Knight-Beast, what dost thou bear on thy head? And what is that which hangeth at thy neck? It is red and shineth in the sun.

GAWAIN. That which I wear on my head is a helmet made of steel, and this that hangeth from my neck is a shield.

PERCEVAL. But of what use is it?

GAWAIN. It is to ward off the blow of a sword or lance. But tell me, lad, didst thou never see a man in armor?

PERCEVAL. Nay, kind sir, never; but I pray thee by thy courtesy, tell me yet one thing more. With what hast thou clad thyself? It seemeth to be of many tiny rings.

KAY. Come, come, Gawain, how long are you going to stop here parleying with a child? Have you forgotten that we are on a quest?

OTHER KNIGHT. Nay, let us see this matter through.

GAWAIN. There is no haste, Kay, and courtesy demandeth that we answer the lad's questions.

KAY. Courtesy — dost talk of showing courtesy — to a fool?

GAWAIN (*sharply*). Peace, Kay, didst leave thy manners at King Arthur's court? If the lad were a fool, it would be no excuse to you, and unless I mistake me much, this is no fool. I have not seen lads grow up in Arthur's court these many years without knowing a true face and manner. (*Turning back to Perceval.*) I pray your pardon, lad. What was it you asked me?

PERCEVAL. Thy coat, with the many rings?

GAWAIN. It is a coat of mail. So closely are these rings woven together that the point of a sword cannot pierce between and wound me.

PERCEVAL. And what hast thou at thy side? Tell me, if thou wilt.

GAWAIN. That is the sword, which is the badge of knighthood. It is to work against all those who are doing evil in this world; for remember this, my son, the sword of King Arthur is not given for idle combat, but to be wielded in worthy causes — and woe betide the faithless knight that useth it amiss.

PERCEVAL. Knight-Beast —

KAY. Knight-Beast! hear him calling Gawain, next knight in honor to Arthur himself, *Beast*. 'T will make a good tale at court.

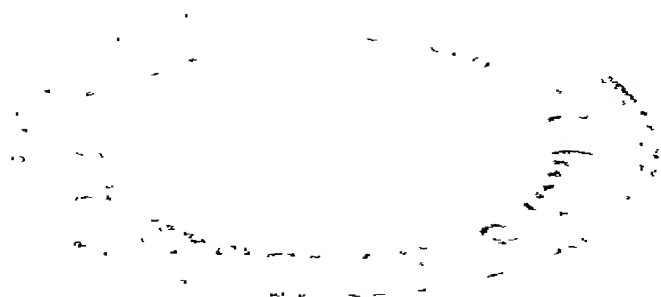
OTHER KNIGHT. Kay, Kay, will you never learn to hold your peace?

PERCEVAL. Knight-Beast, could I also become a knight, for I too am a man?

GAWAIN. Look at me, lad, and heed what I ask as if I were indeed thy God. Wilt thou



PERCEVAL MEETING THE KNIGHTS



brave and valiant, and never turn back  
on an enemy?

PERCEVAL. I will.

GAWAIN. Wilt thou flee all wrong as if it  
were a plague, and follow ever after purity,  
imperance, and reverence?

PERCEVAL. I will.

GAWAIN. Of a truth I believe thou wilt,  
for I never saw fairer lad, nor more honest.

PERCEVAL. But how shall I become a  
knight?

GAWAIN. A noble king, Arthur, rules in this  
land. He is the best knight in the realm, and  
head over all knights. By him canst thou be

made knight, if he will receive thee. But first  
thou must go to thy mother and ask her if  
thou mayest. I must away now with my  
other knights. Farewell, lad.

PERCEVAL. Farewell, Sir Knight-Beast.

[The three go off, Gawain first. Perceval  
stands watching them out of sight.]

*Curtain*

## SCENE II

*Characters:* PERCEVAL and his MOTHER.

[In the forest. Perceval's mother is on the  
stage, walking as if looking for someone.]

*Enter Perceval, almost running.]*

MOTHER. My son, where have you been?  
It is late. I was anxious, and have come in  
search of you.

PERCEVAL. O mother! I have seen such a  
sight.

MOTHER. Come here, what is it? Are  
you ill?

PERCEVAL. Nay, mother, I am not ill.  
But I have been in the forest and seen a fair,  
fair sight.

MOTHER. What was it?

PERCEVAL. It was a man. There are other  
men in the world, mother, besides thee and  
me. Didst thou know it? Thou didst never  
tell me. This man was more beautiful than  
anything I have ever seen. At first I thought  
him God, but he told me that he was a knight,  
and there were two other knights with him.  
And, mother, I would fain be a knight too,  
and I must go to King Arthur's court.

MOTHER. Alas, my son! Long have I la-  
bored and much have I striven that thou

shouldst know naught of knighthood or of  
chivalry or of aught that belongeth to the world  
of arms. I would choose that thou hadst never  
heard of it.

PERCEVAL. But why, mother? why should  
I not be a knight?

MOTHER. Thy father was a knight, the  
greatest knight of his time, but he was slain;  
and so were my brothers and my father, till I  
was alone save for thee. Therefore I came away  
into this forest, resolving that thou shouldst  
know nothing of the world of arms where  
men are ever busy with fighting.

PERCEVAL. Was my father a knight? Then  
mother, sweet mother, may not I go to-day and  
be a knight?

MOTHER. Son, thou art all the comfort  
I have. God hath left me nothing more, but  
with thee I was content.

PERCEVAL. But I must be a knight. I  
tell thee if I may not, thou shalt have little joy  
of me hereafter.

MOTHER. It is true. Thy heart is no longer  
here, even if thy body is. Sit here by me a  
moment, lad, and let me tell thee what thou  
shalt do to be a knight, for thou knowest  
little enough of hall or bower though I have  
taught thee with all faithfulness the knightly  
virtues. Harken now to these three things  
which I tell thee. When thou meetest a knight  
doff thy hood, for so wilt thou show proper  
respect. That is the first thing thou must do.  
Then, honor thy king and give to him such  
service and obedience as thou hast given me.  
And the third thing is this. Always show  
courtesy to a lady. If thou findest anywhere,  
be it far or near, a lady who is in need, succor  
her even to the measure of thy life. If thou  
doest these three things, thou wilt not go far  
amiss in Arthur's court.

PERCEVAL. I will remember, mother. And  
now let us away home, for I must get something  
to eat and be off to the court of the king.

*Curtain*

## SCENE III

*Leading characters:* KING ARTHUR, PERCEVAL,  
KAY, A LADY, HER PAGE, A SENTINEL,  
A FOOL; two or three other knights are  
about.

[*In King Arthur's court. King Arthur and his knights are seated. A sentinel is at the door. Knocking.*]

SENTINEL. Who goes there?

PERCEVAL. Is this King Arthur's court?

SENTINEL (*throwing open the door*). It is. What wouldst thou?

PERCEVAL. I would see the king.

SENTINEL. I will go tell him.

PERCEVAL. And I with thee, for I am in haste to become a knight.

SENTINEL. A knight! Thou seemest to think it a simple matter!

PERCEVAL. Art thou a knight?

SENTINEL. Nay, I am but an esquire.

PERCEVAL. Ah, then I need not doff my hood to thee.

SENTINEL. What is that?

PERCEVAL. My mother told me I must doff my hood to a knight to show proper respect — but come, take me to the king.

[*He starts and the sentinel has to go with him.*]

[*The two stand before Arthur.*]

SENTINEL. Sir King, this lad would not be gainsaid. I tried to make him wait while I brought you word of him, but —

PERCEVAL. Art thou King Arthur?

ARTHUR. I am.

PERCEVAL (*kneeling and doffing hood*). Wilt thou make me a knight?

ARTHUR. Rise, lad, and tell me of thyself. Who art thou, and whence dost thou come?

[*Sentinel salutes and returns to his post.*]

PERCEVAL. From the great forest I come. My mother bade me not tell my name, but ask thee to prove me whether I be of noble blood or not. But I would be one of thy knights.

ARTHUR. What knowest thou of knight-hood, my son?

PERCEVAL. Naught know I, save what I learned from one of thy own fair knights whom I met in the forest.

[*Enter Kay.*]

KAY. Sir Pendragon, the table is spread for thee to sit down to meat. Ha! 't is the fool! He came right quick.

ARTHUR. Knowest thou this lad?

KAY. Aye, we met him but the other day in the forest at the other side of the kingdom.

Thou knowest I set forth with Gawain, and then Gawain decided to go a longer quest, and I returned. Gawain talked with this lad, and kept us waiting an endless time.

ARTHUR. Sit thee down, yonder, lad, for thou hast come a long journey. Thou shalt eat with us, and afterwards I will tell thee what I can do for thee, for thou must learn many things before thou canst be a knight. (*To Kay.*) Thou sayest that the table is spread. Thou knowest that it is my custom not to sit down to meat until I have heard some adventure or till some stranger knight or distressed damsel has given challenge or sought help from the knights of the Round Table.

KAY. I will go, my lord, and look from the tower and see if anyone is approaching.

ARTHUR. It is well spoken.

[*Exit Kay. He returns in a moment, smiling.*]

KAY. Sir Pendragon, adventure is not far to seek. Our meats will not get cold for waiting to-day. A lady is at our very doors. Ah me! there will be sore hearts and sore heads over her. Our gracious queen and ladies of the castle may well take heed lest they lose their laurels. Such an one was never seen in our court.

ARTHUR. A most ungracious speech, Sir Kay, and it is well for thee that none of the ladies are here to hear it.

KAY. Ah, but wait till you see her, my lord.

[*Knocking. The sentinel steps out and shuts the door behind him. He returns in a moment (during which those in the court have been able to hear a murmur of voices) and comes before the king. He is evidently trying very hard to make his report without laughing.*]

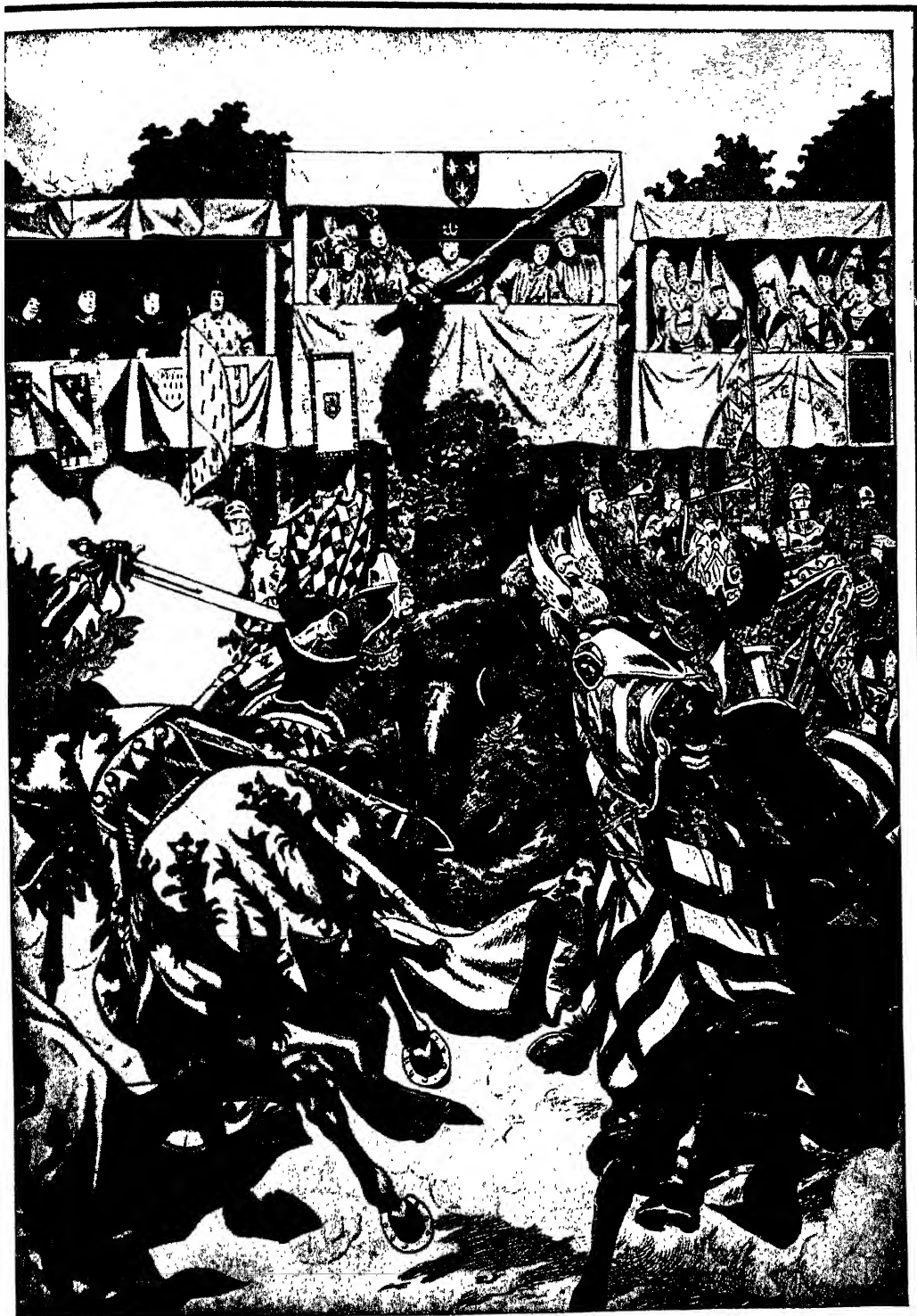
SENTINEL. Sir Pendragon, a-a-a lady (*stops and chuckles, then brings it out with a rush*) a lady is without and desires speech with thee.

ARTHUR. Bring her into our presence.

[*Sentinel goes out, and returns accompanied by a lady and her page. She is richly dressed, but has a terribly ugly, twisted face (effect to be got by a mask). She is preceded by the page, who steps before the king, salutes, and speaks.*]

PAGE. Most noble King Arthur, my fair mistress has come to ask a boon of thee.

FOOL. Thy fair mistress! Are there more like her where you come from? There will not be many knights left in Arthur's court if



A WILD MAN BURSTING INTO A FRENCH TOURNEY



there are damsels like that to be found anywhere.

KAY. I told thee such an one was never seen in court. I should think her page would hesitate to bring her to the court for fear she be taken from him.

ARTHUR. Be silent. This is no time for jesting.

KAY. Is it so? I never saw a better.

ARTHUR. Welcome, madam, to our court. Is there any way in which we can serve you? At least you will stay and sit at meat with us.

LADY. A boon, a boon, Sir King. Long have I heard of the bravery *and the courtesy* of your knights.

FOOL (*aside*). She is no simpleton, for all her ugly face. She is a lady and gives us a well-deserved rebuke as a lady should.

LADY. And of how no distressed damsel is ever turned away unaided from your court.

ARTHUR. You honor us by your coming and your words.

LADY. Therefore I am come to ask a boon. The manner of the service I am under pledge not to tell, but it is a valorous and difficult task, well worth the undertaking of your bravest knight. It promises much adventure and demands much courage. I may not tell what it is, but I can say that the knight who accompanies me on this mission of rescue will do a kindly and courteous deed, for it will save not only me but many others from distress if he succeed.

KAY. Accompanies her! Ah, there will be no lack of knights to claim the honor if they may accompany her.

ARTHUR. Peace, Kay. Thy rudeness shames the court and makes me question whether I do well to keep thee as steward of my household. (*To his knights.*) You have heard this request. What is your pleasure?

KNIGHT I. Sir King, thou knowest that I am but just returned from a long quest, and would fain rest here awhile.

KNIGHT II. And I, Sir King, am hardly recovered of my wounds. I must be excused.

KAY. And I, Sir King, regret exceedingly, but I am needed here to keep thy household, as thou didst but lately remind me.

ARTHUR. What! Is there none who will go? Am I to be ashamed of my court, and are

you to be shamed before a lady? Would that Gawain or Lancelot were here! Such a service would not go begging.

PERCEVAL (*to the Fool*). Is that a lady?

FOOL. Aye, lad, it is, and a truer one, I doubt not, than many of fairer face, though I was not quick enough to see it before she spoke.

PERCEVAL. Then I must help her, for so my mother bade me. (*To Arthur.*) Sir King, I pray thee, let me go with this lady and serve her as she may command.

ARTHUR. Thou art but a lad.

PERCEVAL. Yes, my king, but I would fain be a knight — and if there be none other —

ARTHUR. It is true, but there will be others. Madam, you can bide with us till more of my knights return, can you not?

LADY. No, I must go to-day. That is why I am come in such haste. If the lad will go with me, I will not wait, for the sooner my mission is performed, the better for many who are in distress.

PERCEVAL. Sir King, may I not go?

ARTHUR. Aye, go, and do thy best. Thy skill may be small, but thy courage and thy courtesy will carry thee far toward success. And thou wilt save the court of King Arthur from shame on the first day in which thou art come to it. But now let us all to meat. Thou wilt join us, madam?

LADY. I thank you. If you so desire.

[*The king and the lady pass out, Perceval taking the page's place beside the lady. The others follow until only Kay and the Fool are left.*]

FOOL. Thou and I and all the court were taught a lesson in courtesy by that lad, were we not?

KAY. Nay, that was not courtesy. The lad is a simpleton and knew no better.

FOOL. If he was courteous because he knew no better, we might well have been because we did know better. But come on! I see thou art to-day as great a fool as I.

KAY. Nay, I am no fool. Thou art the fool.

FOOL. Thou art not always a fool, I grant that. But to-day methinks thou art the greater fool. I play the part because I have overmuch wit, but thou because thou seemest to have none at all.

*Curtain*

## SCENE IV

*no characters: ARTHUR and GAWAIN.  
Arthur's court. Arthur is sitting alone.  
Enter Gawain.]*

ARTHUR (*rising*). Ah, Gawain, it is good to see you back. Come and sit by me and tell me of your adventures. How long is it since you went?

GAWAIN (*seating himself beside Arthur*). Six months, my king, and I often wearied to be at court. But first tell me something. I have heard many tales since I came back of the lad whom I met in the forest and sent me.

ARTHUR. Aye, he was a lad after my own heart. I grieved to send him out from me so soon. But you heard why he went?

GAWAIN. That no one else would go. Would he have been here!

ARTHUR. That was what I said. But truly, Gawain, though I spoke sternly before the king and was rightly ashamed of the knights, it was not so strange as it sounds, for she was so kind and fearful beyond any mortal woman I have ever looked upon. And perhaps it was not the best thing for the lad, as it has proved.

GAWAIN. How is that?

ARTHUR. Did they not tell you? Scarce a week has passed in these six months that some knight or esquire or page or damsel has not come to the court to say that the lad in the goatskin had bade him or her come and tell King Arthur either that he had conquered him in the forest, or had slain some dragon who distressed the people, or that he had taken the castle of his enemy. Verily, his progress has been fuller of adventure than is the lot of most full-fledged knights.

GAWAIN. So he still wears the goatskin? And he sends them all to you?

ARTHUR. Aye, he wears it over his armor; and that is the one thing he bids them do.

GAWAIN. But where did he learn his skill in fighting? He was a strong lad, but he knew nothing of arms.

ARTHUR. That I know too. He lodged a night with Sir Palmides — thou wilt remember that?

GAWAIN. Well! he gave me my first lessons in arms.

ARTHUR. He has given the lad his first lessons. They were detained there by a storm, and then the damsel bade him stay and learn, and Palmides told me he had never had an apter pupil. He said a strange thing too, and one on which I have pondered much. Do you remember Perceval?

GAWAIN. Indeed I do. We were made knights at the same time, and were often comrades in arms. I was with him when he died.

ARTHUR. Palmides told me this youth reminded him of Perceval, and I have inquired and can find no trace of what became of Perceval's wife and boy after he died. Do you know?

GAWAIN. No; I was sorely wounded myself, and later went overseas on a quest. I thought they died.

ARTHUR. Perhaps they did, but since Palmides spoke of him, I have wondered if they did die, or whether this may perhaps be Perceval's son.

GAWAIN. Perceval's son! Verily as I remember the youth, I think he had a look like him! If it were indeed the son of Perceval, it is no wonder that my heart was stirred at the sight of the boy as he questioned me there in the forest. But did he not tell thee his name?

ARTHUR. No, he said that his mother bade him not tell, but to ask me to prove him whether he be of noble blood or not.

GAWAIN. She might well feel safe that such blood would tell if it was the same that ran in Perceval's veins — one of the noblest knights I ever knew. But where is the lad?

ARTHUR. The last messenger who came was a knight whom he had defeated at a tourney on the edge of Wales.

GAWAIN. Has he done the damsel's mission yet?

ARTHUR. That is the strange part of it. Apparently he has not, for she is still with him, and yet she bids him stop and do all these things that come in his way. I do not understand it.

GAWAIN. Perceval's son! If it should be! My king, with your leave, I will go seek him.

ARTHUR. And I with you. Come, let us go at once.

[*Exit both.*]  
*Curtain*

## SCENE V

*Characters: A HERALD, PERCEVAL, the LADY, GAWAIN, ARTHUR.*

*[At the tourney.]*

HERALD *(standing and proclaiming from the stage)*. All comers are hereby challenged to a contest of swords, which is the first event of to-day's tourney. If there are any who desire to enter this contest, let them now present themselves.

*[Gawain and Arthur step forward, neither with any distinctive emblems on their costume.]*

GAWAIN. With whom do we hold this contest?

HERALD. With a knight who does not make known his name, but who is known hereabouts by the goatskin coat which he wears over his armor.

ARTHUR. 'T is he.

HERALD. For many days now he has held the championship, and some say that it is magic which comes from the damsel who sits ever at the side watching him.

ARTHUR. Is she fair, this damsel?

HERALD. It is plain that you are newly come to these parts. Her countenance is more ugly than that of any mortal upon whom I ever looked. All shrink from her save the knight of the goatskin coat and her little page; but they serve her as courteously as though she were the fairest lady in the land.

GAWAIN. But what of this magic? Do you hold it is magic by which he wins?

HERALD. No, sir knight; I hold that it is skill and strength, for though he is but young, this unknown knight does skillful sword-play, so that I should say it was more likely he came from the court of the great King Arthur himself.

GAWAIN. Indeed, I think I must try a tilt with this youngster. Perhaps my hand has not altogether lost its cunning with the sword. Enter me there to challenge this champion.

HERALD. And what name shall I put down, sir knight, and whence comest thou?

GAWAIN. Does the other contestant record his name or home?

HERALD. No, sir knight.

GAWAIN. Then neither do I. *(To Arthur.)* 'T is a poor game that two cannot play at.

*[Herald withdraws; returns with Perceval, who is followed by the lady. He seats her courteously before he turns to the others. King Arthur also seats himself.]*

PERCEVAL. Art thou the knight with whom I shall contest?

GAWAIN. I am. Shall we proceed without delay?

PERCEVAL. I am ready.

*[Then follows an exhibition of closely matched sword-play. Neither gets advantage of the other.]*

GAWAIN *(at last)*. Truce.

PERCEVAL. Gladly.

*[Both drop the points of their swords.]*

GAWAIN. Our quarrel is not so great that we need contest to the point of doing each other hurt. You are a skillful champion with the sword.

PERCEVAL. And you, sir, are the best knight that ever I met.

ARTHUR *(coming forward)*. Well may you say so, for he is the best swordsman at my court, and you have done wonders, stripling that you are, to hold out so long against him.

PERCEVAL. My king!

ARTHUR. Yes, my lad, and your first friend, too. Lift your visor, Gawain.

GAWAIN. It is long since we met, my lad, and you have become a Knight-Beast yourself!

PERCEVAL. King Arthur, Gawain, I pray your pardon. I knew you not, or I would never have been so bold. Forgive me, Sir Gawain, for raising my sword against you.

GAWAIN. Nay, my lad, you have no need to seek pardon, though you pressed me harder than I am wont to be pressed.

ARTHUR. Come, lad, are you a knight yet?

PERCEVAL. No, my lord.

ARTHUR. Then come back to court with me, and I will make you one.

PERCEVAL *(turning to the lady)*. Nay, Sir King, thou dost forget. I have not done the mission on which I set forth.

ARTHUR. Can it not wait, since it has waited so long?

PERCEVAL. Nay, Sir King, but I promised, and the lady is in need. I must fulfill my quest.



PERCEVAL ON ONE OF HIS QUESTS



men will I gladly come to be knighted, for wish it more than anything else in the world.

LADY. Would you indeed forego being knighted by King Arthur for my sake?

PERCEVAL. Indeed, my lady, I am pledged, and gladly pledged, to thy service. How could I do aught else?

LADY. But Arthur may not be at court and ready to knight you, when that service is done.

ARTHUR. No; I am to go a long quest myself ere long.

LADY. And it is not as if I were fair and ready to look upon.

PERCEVAL. Dear lady, thou dost not understand. I am pledged to thy service. Thou hast shown me much kindness, and I am glad to serve thee if I may. It is not a question of whether thy face be fair or not. It is whether thou be faithful or not. The king will see it, I am sure.

ARTHUR. Aye, lad, thou art right. I was testing thee.

LADY (*stripping off her mask and wig, and showing herself to be young and fair*). And I am testing thee as well, though it was not my will to do it. A wicked enchanter has held me and all my household under a spell these many years. To each of us he gave these terrible forms, laying upon us the enchantment that we should not be free until some knight is found so gallant and so courteous that he would serve me to the point of foregoing hisarest wish for my sake, even while I was in this loathsome form. By thine act thou hast ended at this moment not only me but all my misery from the spell. The quest for which I sought thee is ended. Return to King Arthur's court and receive thy knighthood, carrying with thee my warmest blessing.

PERCEVAL. Nay, fair lady, I am no more desirous to leave thy service now than I was before — unless perchance thou wilt be so gracious as to return with me?

GAWAIN. Sir King, why may he not be knighted here?

ARTHUR. He may, if he so wishes. Wouldst thou give up the pomp and ceremony with all my brother knights about and the fair ladies looking on, and receive thy knighthood here where thy quest has ended so happily?

PERCEVAL. With my king, my lady, and

the knight whom of all knights I most reverence and admire, I need not wait for aught else save thy word, Sir King — if thou dost indeed deem me worthy?

ARTHUR. None is worthy, but all may strive through all their lives to become worthy of this high calling of knighthood, and thou hast shown thyself ready. Kneel now; but ere I give thee the accolade I must know thy name. Thou hast proved thy noble blood, even as thy mother bade thee.

PERCEVAL. My name is Perceval, Sir King.

ARTHUR (*giving him the stroke on the shoulder*):

“Bear thou this blow, but never bear blow again, For thy sword is to keep thine honor white, And thine honor must keep thy good sword bright, And both must be free from stain.”

Rise, Sir Perceval, loyal knight in the court of King Arthur.

*Curtain*



## THE MERRY PLAY OF THE COBBLER AND THE KING

(From a Seventeenth Century Story)

IN FOUR SCENES

*Characters*

COBBLER	YEOMAN
KING HENRY	A NOBLE
DAME JOAN	PLAYER ( <i>to deliver prologue</i> )

*A Group of Nobles and Ladies*

PROLOGUE

My masters all, attend you,  
If mirth you love to hear,  
And I will tell you what they cry  
In London all the year.  
'T is a tale of a merry cobbler  
Who lived in the olden day,  
And of how he met King Henry the Eighth,  
And of what befell that way.

King Henry wearied of his crown,  
 He left his stately court,  
 And in disguise unknown went forth,  
 To find some jovial sport.  
 He wandered home through London town  
 Right early in the morn,  
 And came unto a cobbler's stall —  
 What happened is here shown!  
 To please you if we can  
 We will not more delay,  
 We pray you all attend awhile  
 And listen to our play.

## SCENE I

[*A cobbler's stall.*

[*The stage or platform is divided from back to front by a partition in the middle with door or opening. The left-hand part is fitted with a bench to represent the cobbler's stall. A cobbler, in dark-brown costume with big leather apron fastened by straps over his shoulders, is seated at a bench littered with old shoes, awls, bits of leather, etc. He works by the light of a candle. The floor is untidy with rubbish. The space at the right of the partition is used as a street.*

*The cobbler sits tapping with his hammer and whistling.*

*Enter on street King Henry, in cloak and hat (dull-colored plain costume to indicate disguise). Pauses, listens to whistling, starts on, hesitates; then goes to side of street, knocks the heel off his shoes with a stone, limps to door of cobbler's stall, and knocks loudly.]*

COBBLER. Who's there?

KING. Here's one.

COBBLER (*going to the door*). What's wanted?

KING. See, I have lost the heel off my shoe and can go no farther. Can you put a heel on for me?

COBBLER. Yes, that I can, though 't is a strange hour for an honest man to be out of his house and wandering about the streets. But come, sit thee down, and I will do it for thee straightway.

[*Pushes aside awls and old shoes to make place for King to sit beside him on his bench. King hesitates, sits down; cobbler hammers away; King moves restlessly.*]

KING. See here, my good man, I can't sit here any longer. Is there not a house hard by where I can get a sup to eat and a glass of good ale?

COBBLER. Yes, there is an inn over the way where I believe the folks will be up, for carriers go from there very early in the morning.

KING (*ruefully*). But there — I cannot go, for thou hast my shoe.

COBBLER. I'll lend thee an old one of mine.

KING (*drawing himself up*). Thou wilt lend me an old one of thine! Dost expect me to wear thy old shoe?

COBBLER (*without looking up from his work*). Aye, why not? Thou wilt do it no harm, and we wear the same size.

KING (*aside*). We wear the same size! I and the cobbler wear the same size of shoe! (*Laughs.*) But then, why not? Yes, cobbler, fetch hither thy shoe, and I'll put it on.

COBBLER (*pulling an old shoe from a pile and throwing it to him*). There, try that one.

KING (*angrily*). See here, good fellow, is that any way to treat your ki — ? But here, I'll try it. 'T were better than to sit here. (*Slips it on.*)

COBBLER (*looking up*). Aye, aye, I thought 't would fit.

KING (*aside*). The cobbler's shoe fits my foot; then my shoe would fit the cobbler's foot. Is the cobbler's head the same size as mine? Would my crown fit the cobbler's head? (*To the cobbler.*) Now where is this inn?

COBBLER. 'T is straight across the street. You could not miss it. 'T is called the Boar's Head, and you'll know it by the boar's head painted on the sign.

[*King goes out through door to street.*]

COBBLER. Oh, I say there, if they don't open to your knocking — and they may not, for 't is a respectable house, and they like not roistering fellows who have been abroad all night — call to them and say that the cobbler sent thee. 'T will be all right then.

KING (*shaking with laughter in street outside*). "The cobbler sent me!" Ha, ha! "the cobbler sent me!" (*Loudly.*) All right, my good fellow, I thank you, and I'll surely tell them the cobbler sent me!

*Curtain*

## SCENE II

[*Cobbler's stall, just as he left it.*]

[*King and cobbler come up on the right-hand stage (which is the street) arm in arm.*]

KING. Well, now I must leave thee. Farewell, and I'm glad to have met such an honest, merry fellow.

COBBLER (*seizing him by the arm and pulling him toward the door*). No, by my faith, you shall not go yet. You shall come first and sit with me for a while, for you are the most honest blade I ever met, and I love an honest, merry companion with all my heart.

[*Opens door and fairly pulls King in.*]

KING. And you're a right merry companion yourself. Very well, I'll bide a bit.

COBBLER. There, sit thee down. Thou art welcome; but I must desire thee to speak softly for fear of waking my wife, Joan, who lies in her bed in yonder closet; for if she should wake she would certainly make our ears ring.

KING (*laughing*). Never fear, I'll be as still as a mouse.

[*Cobbler goes to side of stage and fetches a huge loaf of bread and a knife. Sweeps rubbish off his bench, gets a plate for each and a mug. Cuts slices of bread. Then brings forth a big cheese. Tiptoes about all the while very carefully, with frequent looks toward the closet where Joan sleeps.*]

COBBLER. Come, will you eat some of my bread and cheese? To my mind there's no good fellowship like eating and drinking.

KING. That will I gladly. (*Draws up a stool, and they sit down.*)

COBBLER (*lifting his mug*). A health to all true hearts and merry companions.

KING. Right readily, good friend, I'll pledge thee.

[*They eat and drink together.*]

KING. Come, I'll give thee a health (*lifts his mug*). Here's a good health to the king!

COBBLER. With all my heart. I'll pledge thee that if only in water.

KING. That was a merry song you sang me over at the inn. Won't you give me another?

COBBLER (*glances fearfully behind him toward the closet; holds up his hand for silence*). No, No! I dare not. 'T would wake Joan, and

then you'd be as sorry as I. No, not even if the king asked me would I sing a song now.

KING. Not even for the king! Truly I believe thee. But that reminds me. As I told you over at the inn yonder I come from the court, and I want you to come up there and see me.

COBBLER. That's so. You're such a jolly, simple fellow, I keep forgetting you're from the court.

KING. I'm from the court sure enough, and I want you to come there and see me. I'll make you very welcome.

COBBLER (*seizes his hand and shakes it heartily*). By my faith, you're one of the most honest fellows I ever met in all my life. I thought you were a bit stiff and proud when you first came in, but it was my stupidity. I come to court! Did you ever hear the like of that? What would Joan say! But there (*ruefully*), it's no use. I can't go.

KING. And why not?

COBBLER. She'll never let me.

KING. But must you ask her?

COBBLER. She keeps the keys to my holiday clothes.

KING (*laughing*). Then come without your holiday clothes. Come as you are.

COBBLER (*looking down on his leather apron*). Come as I am! I'll warrant you haven't been at court long. I've never been, but I know this one thing more than you, that one does n't go to court without holiday clothes. But there, I'll take Joan when she's in a good humor, and mayhap she'll let me go.

KING. But who will you ask for when you come to court?

COBBLER (*comically*). I never thought of that. Who shall I?

KING. My name is Harry Tudor, and if you ask anyone about the court for Harry Tudor they will surely bring you to me, for I am very well known there.

[*Sounds of someone turning and moving, and of snores.*]

COBBLER (*leaping up in alarm*). In faith you must be gone now, for my wife Joan begins to grumble. She will awake presently, and I would not for half of all the old shoes in my shop that she should find you here.

KING. I'm gone.



COBBLER. Farewell, honest blade. It shall not be long before I make a holiday to come and see thee at court.

[Exit King. Enter Joan, an old dame with kerchief around her neck, apron which she is tying, and big white cap still awry from the haste with which she put it on. She speaks in shrill voice.]

JOAN. I heard voices. What have we here?

COBBLER. There's no one here, dame.

JOAN. So I see. I've two eyes in my head as well as you and two ears beside. (*Spies half-cut loaf of bread, and mugs which cobbler is putting away.*) It does not need very sharp eyes to find out that you've been idling and wasting your living on some silly fellow.

COBBLER. Nay, wife, he was no silly fellow, but a right honest blade; and look you! He gave me sixpence for mending his shoe, and took me to the inn and paid my reckoning there as well. (*Hands over sixpence, which Joan pockets.*)

JOAN. He took you to the Boar's Head! And can't I sleep in my bed nights without your slipping over to the Boar's Head? Laws-a-me! What is a poor woman to do with a husband like you? (*Moves about at the back of the room, setting things to rights and looking to see how much bread and cheese is gone.*)

COBBLER (*turning to the audience, aside*). By my faith, 't is afraid I am that I'll never see court!

Curtain

### SCENE III

[At court. King seated in royal robes on chair like throne, nobles in gay attire standing about. Yeoman enters bringing cobbler, who is too far off to notice the company.]

COBBLER. Nay, nay, my good fellow. You're surely mistaken in the one I asked for. These rooms are too fine for him. He whom I seek is a plain, merry, honest fellow. His name is Harry Tudor, and we ate and drank together not long since. I suppose he may belong to some fine lord or other about the court.

YEOMAN. I tell you, friend, I know him

very well. Do but follow me and I will bring you to him straightway.

[They come into the room. The yeoman bows low and makes announcement.]

YEOMAN. May it please your Majesty, here is one that inquires for Harry Tudor.

COBBLER (*turning to flee*). Gracious goodness! His Majesty! Is it treason to ask for Harry Tudor that I am brought before the king? (*Runs off.*)

[King and courtiers laugh.]

KING. Take heed now that you do not give me away by your laughter.

[Yeoman follows cobbler.]

ONE OF THE NOBLES. Never fear, Sir King. It promises to be a rare jest, and we would not spoil it.

[Yeoman brings cobbler back, dragging him as he protests.]

COBBLER (*falling on his knees before the king*). May it please your Majesty, I am but a poor cobbler, and inquired for one Harry Tudor, who is a very honest fellow. I mended the heel of his shoe not long since, for which he paid me nobly and gave me a glass of ale besides. I had him over to my stall, where we were very merry till my wife Joan began to grumble, which put an end to our jollity for that time. But I told him I would come to court to see him as soon as I conveniently could. And why I am brought here I know not, for I mean no harm.

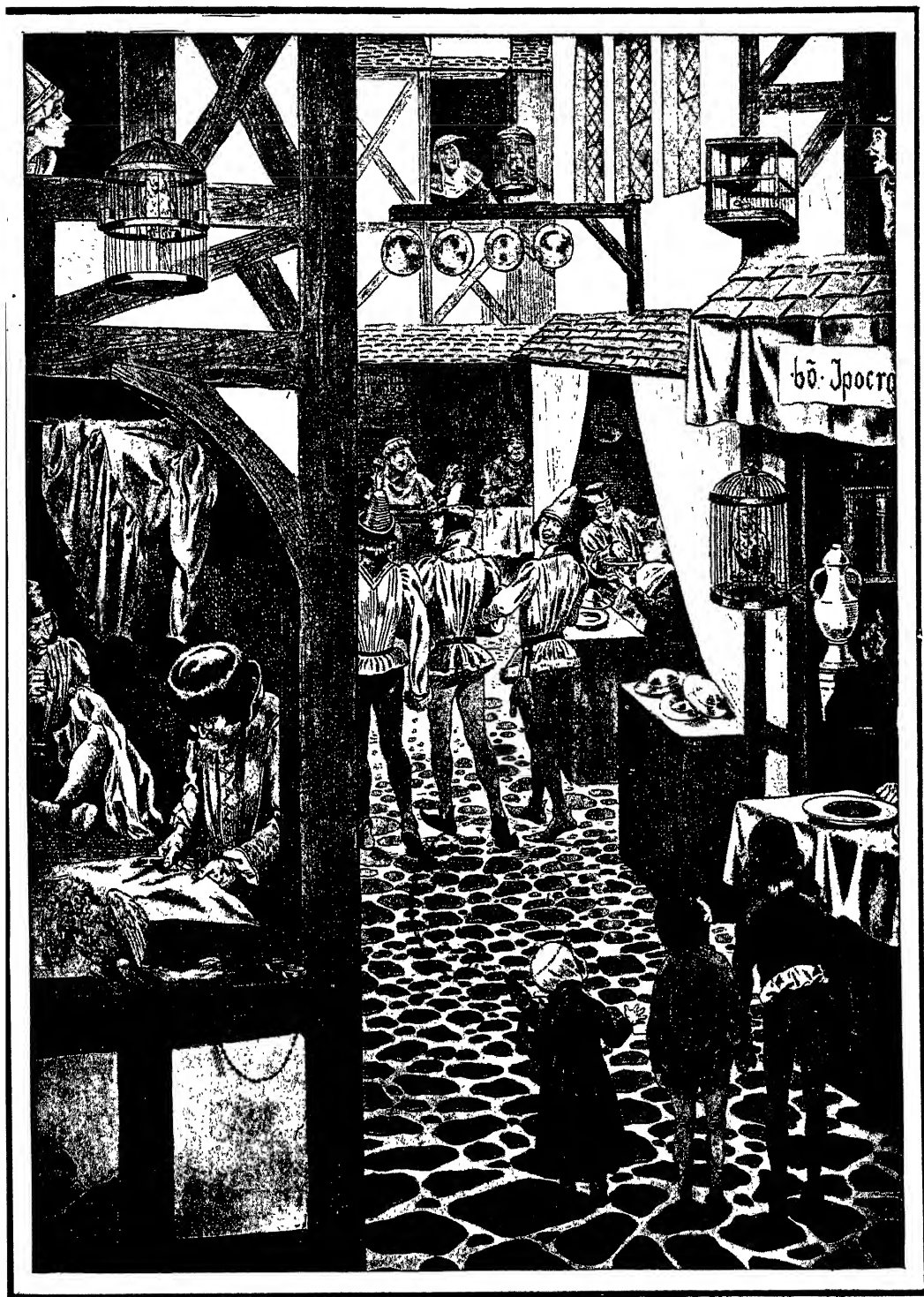
KING. Would you know this honest fellow if you saw him?

COBBLER. That I would among a thousand.

KING. Well, rise up and do not be troubled. Look well about you. Peradventure you may find the fellow in this company.

[Cobbler walks about the circle, looking eagerly into the faces of the nobles, peering up at them; stops a moment with a puzzled look before the king.]

COBBLER. No, may it please your Grace, he is not here, nor, begging your pardon, did I think to find him among such fine fellows as I see here, for him whom I look for is a plain, honest, true-hearted fellow. If he knew I were come to court, I'm sure he would make me welcome, for when we parted he charged me to come and see him soon. I had much ado to get leave from my wife, Joan, but I was



A MEDIEVAL STREET SCENE

resolved to come. So she brushed my clothes and polished my shoes, and I made myself as fine as could be. He little knew what a pack of trouble I would get into, I'm sure, for he was an honest fellow.

KING. Nay, nay, do not be so troubled. (*To the Yeoman.*) Here, take this honest cobbler down into the cellar, and I will give orders that Harry Tudor shall come to him presently.

COBBLER (*his face lighting up*). You know him. I shall see him after all. I thank you, your Majesty.

[*Yeoman takes him out.*]

*Curtain*

#### SCENE IV

[*In cobbler's stall. Joan at the door, peering out. Cobbler comes gayly down the street, singing.*]

"For I'm as bold as bold can be,  
No cobbler e'er was ruder;  
Then here, good fellow, here's to thee,  
To my friend Harry Tudor.  
Then here, good fellow, here's to thee,  
To my friend Harry Tudor."

JOAN. Well, well, are you Harry Tudoring yet? So you did think you'd come home to your work and your wife at last, did you?

COBBLER (*who has a new dignity*). Peace, wife, I am upon my preferment, and shall very soon be a courtier.

[*Struts into the stall.*]

JOAN. Cease your foolish prating. Pray, where is the fourpence halfpenny you had of me?

COBBLER. In faith, my friend was so far from letting me spend anything that he has given me what will be the making of you and me.

JOAN. Marry, husband, what has he given you?

COBBLER. Why, to tell you the truth, sweet wife, he has settled forty marks a year upon me, and as a sure token of his goodness he has given me these two pieces of gold.

JOAN. Oh, me! He has given you all this! God's blessing on his head! He is an honest fellow.

COBBLER. Whom do you call fellow? He

that is my particular friend is no less than our gracious King Henry, and were he to hear what things you have said of him and me, you might happen to be thrown into prison, for all I know, and I should be well rid of a shrew.

JOAN. O husband, pardon me if you love me, and I will never call you any names in the future.

COBBLER. Be sure you keep this promise and all shall be well.

[*Cobbler goes and sits down in all his finery on his bench. Joan hovers curiously round. He sits still, but is plainly aching to tell her about it.*]

JOAN (*humbly*). And are you not going to tell me what befell?

COBBLER. Woman, woman, you are ever curious. But there, I suppose you can't help that. Yes, I'll tell you. I'll have no peace until I do, I'll warrant that.

JOAN. Nay, if you don't care to tell me, it's naught to me.

COBBLER. Peace, wife, do not forget that you are speaking to the friend of Henry the King.

JOAN. Aye, husband, pardon my quick words.

COBBLER. Well, well, I'll tell thee. I went up to court and I walked up and down, staring at this person and that, but I did not see my friend Harry Tudor. At last I saw a man in serving dress, and I went up to him and I said: "Dost thou hear, honest fellow; dost thou know one Harry Tudor who belongs to the court?" "Yes," says the man, "follow me and I will bring you to him." With that he took me up into the guard chamber —

JOAN. What's that, husband?

COBBLER (*pitiingly*). Ah, I forgot you had never been to court. The guard chamber, why, that is where the guards are.

JOAN (*meekly*). Of course, husband. Go on.

COBBLER. As I was saying, he took me to the guard chamber, and told one of the yeomen that here was a man inquiring for Harry Tudor. They all looked at me —

JOAN. I'll warrant they thought you a fine man in your holiday clothes.

COBBLER. Aye, aye — well, the yeoman said, "I know him very well, and if you please

o go along with me, I will bring you to him immediately." So I followed along, and we went through rooms and rooms, and passages, and halls — more than you ever saw, wife — and every one was finer than the last, till I began to think the yeoman was mistaken in him I had asked for, and I told him so; but he led me on, and at last we came to a room where there were people, and he drew aside the curtain, and he said — What do you suppose he said, wife?

JOAN (*breathlessly*). I don't know.

COBBLER. He said, "May it please your Majesty, here is one that inquires for Harry Tudor."

JOAN. And it was the king. Were n't you frightened?

COBBLER (*importantly*). Frightened? Why should I be frightened? Of course I was a little surprised, and I — I —

JOAN. But what did the king say?

COBBLER (*in a relieved tone*). Aye, aye, what did the king say? That's what we're getting at. I told the king my story, and he was very kind and told me to look over the company and see if he was there. They were a grand company, in gay clothes, but I walked round, wife, and I looked into the face of every noble who was there.

JOAN. To think of you!

COBBLER. Ah, that was nothing. Wait till I tell you what happened. I looked at everyone, even at the king, and though his face looked familiar, as if I had seen it before, I took no thought of that, and I said Harry Tudor was not there. Then the king told the yeoman to take me down cellar, and he would send Harry Tudor to me. At that I was ready to leap out of my skin for joy, for not only had I come off well with the king, after I was so frightened —

JOAN. But I thought you weren't frightened.

COBBLER (*clearing his throat*). Peace, peace, woman, what do you know of how one feels when one talks with kings? As I started to tell you, we went down to the cellar, the yeoman and I, and there Harry Tudor came to me, dressed in just the same clothes he had on the other morning. I ran to him and embraced him, for I was right glad to see him after all my

trouble, and I told him all about my being taken before the king, and then we sat together and Harry said to me, "Now you've found me, we'll be as merry as princes." We ate and drank together, and then he asked me to sing some of my songs, and I did, and we were laughing together right heartily, when all of a sudden, wife, the door opened, and a company of nobles, the same that had been upstairs, came in and each one as he entered the room took off his hat and bowed low, and said, "Your Majesty," and who did they say it to but my friend Harry Tudor? I tell you I was sore amazed, but Harry only smiled and sat still, and when I looked at him more closely I saw it was the king whom I had seen upstairs.

JOAN. The king! You had been singing your silly songs to the king.

COBBLER. He did not find them silly, I'll tell you that. I fell on my knees before him, and said, "May it please your Majesty, I am but a poor, honest cobbler and mean no harm."

JOAN. And what did he say?

COBBLER. "No, no, nor shall receive any here, I promise you." And he commanded me to rise and be as merry as I was before, and though I knew him to be king, yet to use the same freedom with him as when I was mending his shoe — which I did, wife, and we all told stories and sang songs, and then I said that I must go home to my wife Joan —

JOAN. You told the king my name?

COBBLER. Aye, aye, of course I told thy name. Art not my wife?

JOAN. O husband!

COBBLER. Yes, and the king told me that because I was an honest, merry fellow, and his friend withal, he would give me forty marks a year for the rest of my life, and he gave me this gold as a token. And more than that, he told me that I was admitted as one of the courtiers and might come and see him as oft as I pleased.

JOAN. Thou a courtier, and forty marks a year!

COBBLER. Aye, aye, and on my way home I made up a new song about it. Wouldst like to hear it? But there! thou thinkest my songs silly.

JOAN. O husband, how can you remember  
my foolish words like that? I pray thee tell  
me thy song.

COBBLER (*singing*):

Though now I sit within my stall,  
Old shoes and slippers mending,  
I to the court shall have a call,  
There are my hopes depending.

For I'm as bold as bold can be,  
No cobbler e'er was ruder;  
I have the favor, as all may see,  
Of honest Harry Tudor.

He gives me forty marks a year,  
And that's a deal of treasure;  
Besides all this, I have no fear,  
But I'll at court have pleasure.

While here I sit within my stall,  
Upon my king I think;  
His kindness I to mind do call  
Whene'er I eat or drink.

His kindness was to me so great,  
The like was never known;  
His kindness I will still repeat,  
And so shall my wife Joan.

COBBLER AND JOAN (*together, hand in hand,  
bow to the company*):

His kindness was to me so great,  
The like was never known;  
His kindness I will still repeat,  
And so shall my wife Joan.

[*They bow and retire.*]

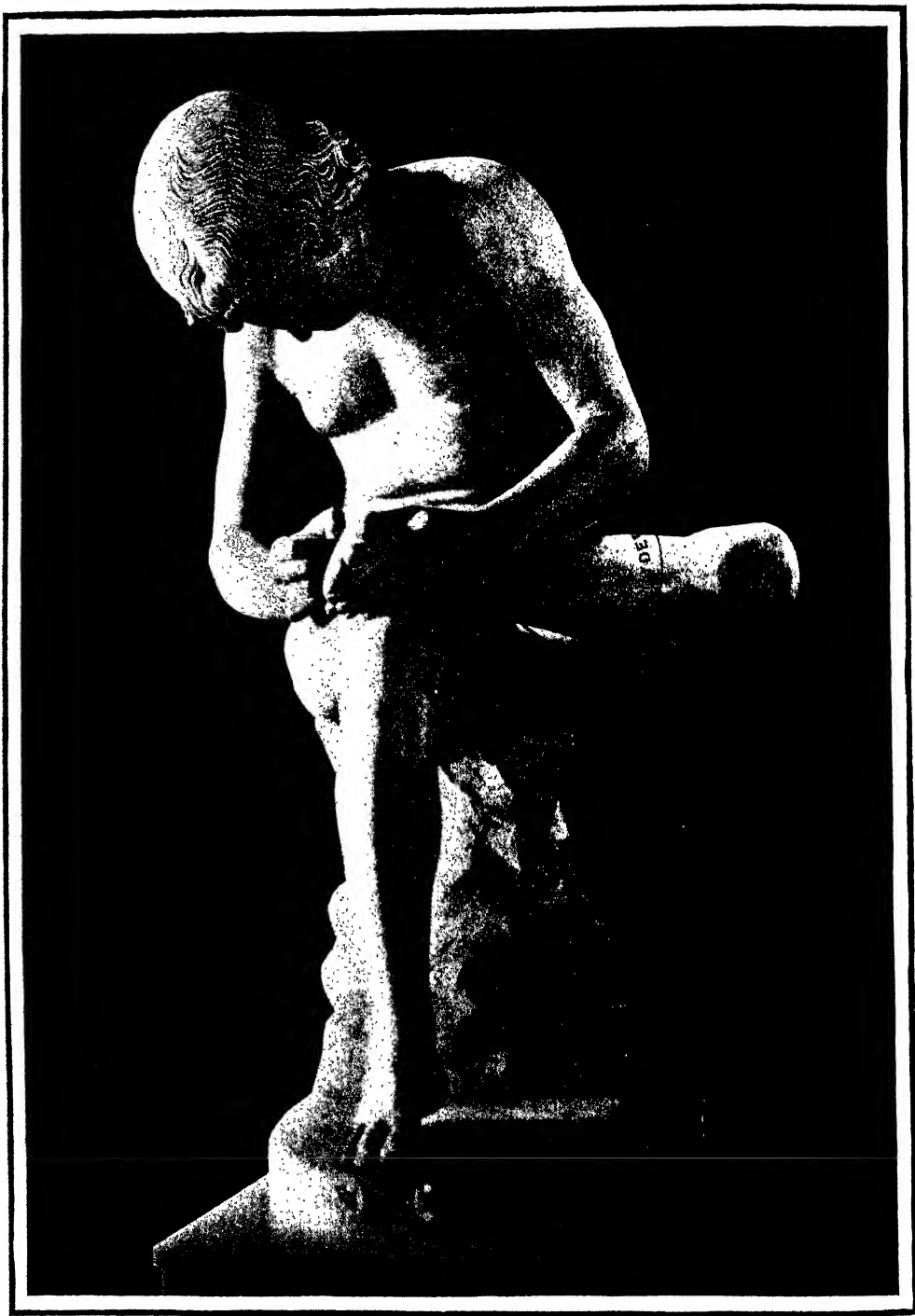
*Curtain*



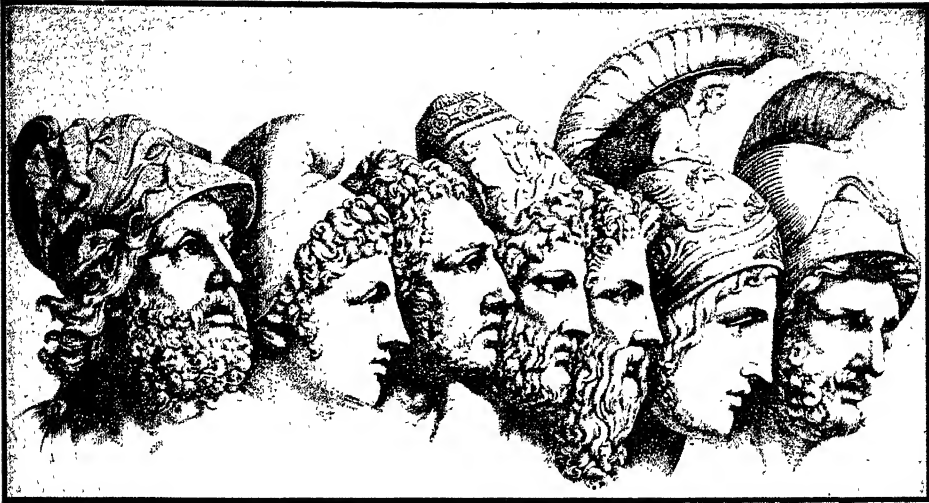
A TYPICAL FESTIVAL STREET SCENE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

A distinguished nobleman is going through the streets with canopy over his head and retinue escorting him. The common people greet him with shouts and rejoicing.





BOY EXTRACTING A THORN



### THE SIEGE OF TROY

[Three thousand years ago the blind poet Homer wandered through Greece, singing his songs in celebration of the achievements of heroes of olden time. In his famous poem of the *Iliad* he describes notable events during the siege of Troy by the Greeks. Under the title of *Stories from Homer*, Rev. A. J. Church has summed up in interesting form for young readers the various happenings told of in the *Iliad*. The selections given here are chiefly from this work, but the parts about "The Horse of Wood" and "The Sack of Troy" are from another good book by Mr. Church, called *Stories from Vergil*. Vergil was a Latin poet who lived many centuries after Homer. He narrates, in his *Æneid*, the imaginary adventures of the Trojan leaders after the capture and destruction of their city.]

### THE ANGER OF APOLLO

FOR nine years and more the Greeks had besieged the city of Troy, and being more numerous and better ordered, and having very strong and valiant chiefs, they had pressed the men of the city very hard, so that these dared not go outside the walls. This being so, it was the custom of the Greeks to leave a part of their army to watch the besieged city and to send a part on expeditions against such towns as they knew to be friendly to the men of Troy, or as they thought to contain good store of provision

and treasure. Now among the towns with which they dealt in this fashion was Chrysa, which was sacred to Apollo, who had a great temple therein and a priest. The temple and the priest the Greeks, fearing the anger of the god, had not harmed; but they had carried off with other prisoners the priest's daughter, Chryseis by name.

Now in the army of the Greeks there were many kings, ruling each his own people, and one who was sovereign lord over all, Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ. This sovereign lord went not commonly with the army on its expeditions, but he received, as indeed was fitting, a share of the spoil. This time the Greeks gave him, with other things, the maiden Chryseis. But there came to the camp next day the priest Chryses, wishing to ransom his daughter. Much gold he brought with him, and he had on his head the priest's crown, that men might reverence him the more. He went to all the chiefs, making his prayer that they would take the gold and give him back his daughter. And they all spake him fair, and would have done what he wished. Only Agamemnon would not have it so.

"Get thee out, graybeard!" he cried in great wrath. "Let me not find thee lingering now by the ships, neither coming hither again, or it shall be the worse for thee, for all thy priesthood. And as for thy daughter, I shall carry her away to Argos, when I shall have taken this city of Troy."

Then the old man went out hastily in great fear and trouble. And he walked in his sorrow



by the shore of the sounding sea, and prayed to his god Apollo:

"Hear me, god of the silver bow. If I have built thee a temple, and offered thee the fat of many bullocks and rams, hear me, and avenge me on these Greeks!"

And Apollo heard him. Wroth he was that men had so dishonored his priest, and he came down from the top of Olympus, where he dwelt. Dreadful was the rattle of his arrows as he went, and his presence was as the night coming over the sky. Then he shot the arrows of death, first on the dogs and the mules, and then on the men; and soon all along the shore rolled the black smoke from the piles of wood on which they burnt the bodies of the dead.

#### THE QUARREL OF THE CHIEFS

On the tenth day Achilles, who was the bravest and strongest of all the Greeks, called the people to an assembly. When they were gathered together, he stood up among them and spake to Agamemnon.

"Surely it were better to return home, than that we should all perish here by the plague. But come, let us ask some prophet, or priest, or dreamer of dreams, why it is that Apollo is so wroth with us."

Then stood up Calchas, best of seers, who knew what had been, and what was, and what was to come, and spake.

"Achilles, thou biddest me tell the people why Apollo is wroth with them. Lo! I will tell thee, but thou must first swear to stand by me, for I know that what I shall say will anger King Agamemnon, and it goes ill with common men when kings are angry."

"Speak out, thou wise man!" cried Achilles; "for I swear by Apollo that while I live no one shall lay hands on thee, no, not Agamemnon's self, though he be sovereign lord of the Greeks."

Then the prophet took heart and spake. "It is on behalf of his priest that Apollo is wroth, for he came to ransom his daughter, but Agamemnon would not let the maiden go. Now, then, ye must send her back to Chrysa without ransom, and with her a hundred beasts for sacrifice, so that the plague may be stayed."

Then Agamemnon stood up in a fury, his eyes blazing like fire.

"Never," he cried, "hast thou spoken good concerning me, ill prophet that thou art, and now thou tellest me to give up this maiden! I will do it, for I would not that the people should perish. Only take care, ye Greeks, that there be a share of the spoil for me, for it would ill beseem the lord of all the host that he alone should be without his share."

"Nay, my lord Agamemnon," cried Achilles, "thou art too eager for gain. We have no treasures out of which we may make up thy loss, for what we got out of the towns we have either sold or divided; nor would it be fitting that the people should give back what has been given to them. Give up the maiden, then, without conditions, and when we shall have taken this city of Troy, we will repay thee three and four fold."

"Nay, great Achilles," said Agamemnon, "thou shalt not cheat me thus. If the Greeks will give me such a share as I should have, well and good. But if not, I will take one for myself, whether it be from thee, or from Ajax, or Ulysses; for my share I will have. But of this hereafter. Now let us see that this maiden be sent back. Let them get ready a ship, and put her therein, and with her a hundred victims, and let some chief go with the ship, and see that all things be rightly done."

Then cried Achilles, and his face was black as a thunderstorm, "Surely thou art altogether shameless and greedy, and, in truth, an ill ruler of men. No quarrel have I with the Trojans. They never harried oxen or sheep of mine. But I have been fighting in thy cause, and that of thy brother Menelaüs. Naught carest thou for that. Thou leavest me to fight, and sittest in thy tent at ease. But when the spoil is divided, thine is always the lion's share. Small indeed is my part — 'a little thing, but dear.' And this, forsooth, thou wilt take away! Now am I resolved to go home. Small booty wilt thou get then, methinks!"

And King Agamemnon answered, "Go, and thy Myrmidons with thee! I have other chieftains as good as thou art, and ready, as thou art not, to pay me due respect. I hate thee, with thy savage, bloodthirsty ways. And as for the matter of the spoil, know that I will take thy share, the girl Briseis, and fetch her myself, if need be, that all may know that I am sovereign lord here in the host of the Greeks."

Then Achilles was wild with anger, and he thought in his heart, "Shall I arise and slay this caitiff, or shall I keep down the wrath in my breast?" And as he thought he laid his hand on his sword hilt, and had half drawn his sword from the scabbard, when lo! the goddess Athené stood behind him (for Heré, who loved both this chieftain and that, had sent her), and caught him by the long locks of his yellow hair. But Achilles marveled much to feel the mighty grasp, and turned, and looked, and knew the

laid his heavy hand upon the hilt, and thrust back the sword into the scabbard, and Athené went her way to Olympus.

Then the assembly was dismissed. Chryseis was sent to her home with due offerings to the god, the wise Ulysses going with her. And all the people purified themselves, and the plague was stayed.

But King Agamemnon would not go back from his purpose. So he called to him the heralds, Talthylus and Eurybates, and said:



ATHENÉ RESTRAINING ACHILLES' WRATH

goddess, but no one else in the assembly might see her. Then his eyes flashed with fire, and he cried, "Art thou come, child of Zeus, to see the insolence of Agamemnon? Of a truth, I think that he will perish for his folly."

But Athené said, "Nay, but I am come to stay thy wrath. Use bitter words, if thou wilt, but put up thy sword in its sheath, and strike him not. Of a truth, I tell thee that for this insolence of to-day he will bring thee hereafter splendid gifts, threefold and fourfold for all that he may take away."

Then Achilles answered, "I shall abide by thy command, for it is ever better for a man to obey the immortal gods." And as he spake he

"Heralds, go to the tents of Achilles and fetch the maiden Briseis. But if he will not let her go, say that I will come myself with many others to fetch her; so will it be the worse for him."

Sorely against their will the heralds went. Along the seashore they walked, till they came to where, amidst the Myrmidons, were the tents of Achilles. There they found him sitting, but stood silent in awe and fear. But Achilles spied them, and cried aloud, "Come near, ye heralds, messengers of gods and men. 'T is no fault of yours that ye are come on such an errand."

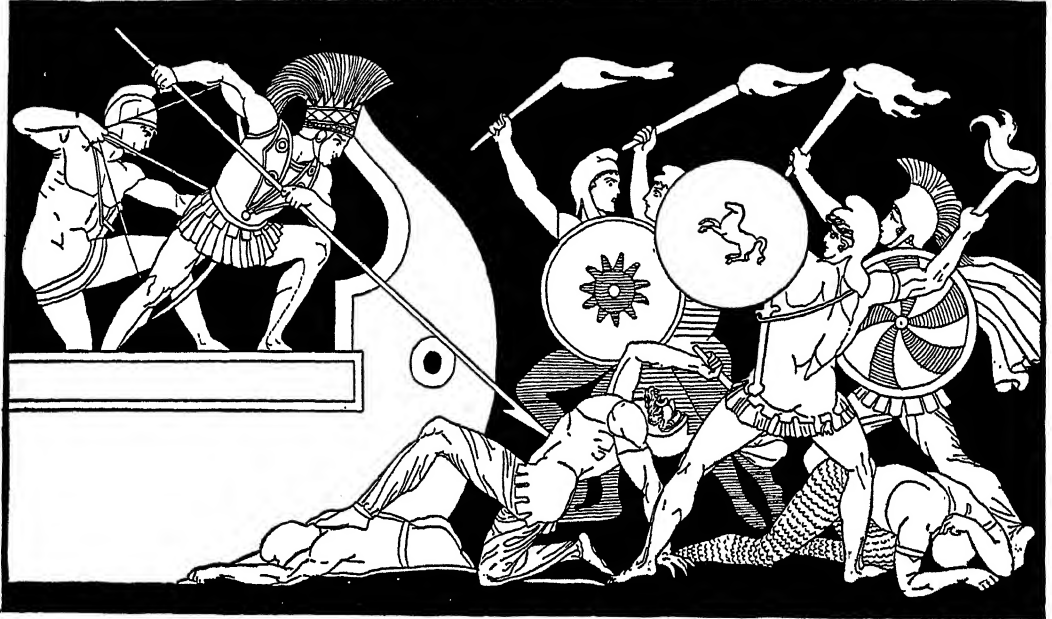
Then he turned to Patroclus (now Patroclus

was his dearest friend) and said, "Bring the maiden from her tent, and let the heralds lead her away. But let them be witnesses, before gods and men, and before this evil-minded king, against the day when he shall have sore need of me to save his host from destruction. Fool that he is, who thinks not of the past nor of the future, that his people may be safe!"

Then Patroclus brought forth the maiden from her tent and gave her to the heralds, and they led her away.

wounded, and still thou cherishest thy wrath. Surely Peleus was not thy father, nor Thetis thy mother; but the rocks begat thee, and the sea brought thee forth. Or if thou heedest some warning from the gods, yet let me go forth to the battle, and thy Myrmidons with me. And let me put thy armor on me; so shall the Greeks have breathing space from the war."

So he spake, entreating, nor knew that for his own doom he entreated. And Achilles made reply:



THE TROJANS' ATTACK ON THE SHIPS

#### THE DEEDS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS

Patroclus stood by Achilles, weeping bitterly. Then said Achilles, "What ails thee, Patroclus, that thou weapest like a girl-child that runs along by her mother's side and would be taken up, holding her gown, and looking at her with tearful eyes till she lift her in her arms? Hast thou heard evil news from Phthia? Menoetius yet lives, they say, and Peleus. Or art thou weeping for the Greeks because they perish for their folly?"

Then said Patroclus, "Be not wroth with me, great Achilles, for indeed the Greeks are in grievous straits, and all their bravest are

"It is no oracle that I heed, that I keep back from the war. But these men took from me my prize, which I won with my own hands. But let the past be past. I said that I would not rise up till the battle should come nigh to my own ships. But thou mayest put my armor upon thee, and lead my Myrmidons to the fight. For in truth the men of Troy are gathered as a dark cloud about the ships, and the Greeks have scarce standing-ground between them and the sea. For they see not the gleam of my helmet. And Diomed is not there with his spear; nor do I hear the voice of Agamemnon, but only the voice of Hector, as he calls the men of Troy to the battle. Go, therefore, Patroclus, and drive the fire from

the ships. And then come thou back, nor fight any more with the Trojans, lest thou take my glory from me. And go not near, in the delight of battle, to the walls of Troy, lest one of the gods meet thee to thy hurt; and, of a truth, the keen archer Apollo loves them well."

So Patroclus put on the armor — corselet and shield and helmet — and bound upon his shoulder the silver-studded sword, and took a mighty spear in his hand. But the great Pelian spear he took not, for that no man but Achilles might wield. Then Automedon yoked the horses to the chariot, Bayard and Piebald, and with them, in the side harness, Pegasus; and they two were deathless steeds, but he was mortal.

Meanwhile Achilles had called the Myrmidons to battle. Fifty ships had he brought to Troy, and in each there were fifty men. Five leaders they had, and the bravest of the five was Pisander.

Then Achilles said, "Forget not, ye Myrmidons, the bold words that ye spake against the men of Troy during the days of my wrath, making complaint that I kept you from the battle against your will. Now, therefore, ye have that which you desired."

Now Patroclus with the Myrmidons had come to where the battle was raging about the ship of Protesilaüs, and when the men of Troy beheld him, they thought that Achilles had forgotten his wrath, and was come forth to the war. And first Patroclus slew Pyraechmes, who was the chief of the Pæonians who live on the banks of the broad Axios. Then the men of Troy turned to flee, and many chiefs of fame fell by the spears of the Greeks. So the battle rolled back to the trench, and in the trench many chariots of the Trojans were broken, but the horses of Achilles went across it at a stride, so nimble were they and strong. And the heart of Patroclus was set to slay Hector; but he could not overtake him, so swift were his horses. Then did Patroclus turn his chariot, and keep back those that fled, that they should not go to the city, and rushed hither and thither, still slaying as he went.

But Sarpedon, when he saw the Lycians dismayed and scattered, called to them that they should be of good courage, saying that he would himself make trial of this great warrior. So he leaped down from his chariot, and Patroclus

also leaped down, and they rushed at each other as two eagles rush together. Then first Patroclus struck down Thrasymelus, who was the comrade of Sarpedon; and Sarpedon, who had a spear in either hand, with the one struck the horse Pegasus, which was of mortal breed, on the right shoulder, and with the other missed his aim, sending it over the left shoulder of Patroclus. But Patroclus missed not his aim, driving his spear into Sarpedon's heart. Then fell the great Lycian chief, as an oak, or a poplar, or a pine falls upon the hills before the ax.

Then did Patroclus forget the word which Achilles had spoken to him, that he should not go near to Troy, for he pursued the men of the city even to the wall. Thrice he mounted on the angle of the wall, and thrice Apollo himself drove him back, pushing his shining shield. But the fourth time the god said, "Go thou back, Patroclus. It is not for thee to take the city of Troy; no, nor for Achilles, who is far better than thou art."

So Patroclus went back, fearing the wrath of the archer-god. Then Apollo stirred up the spirit of Hector, that he should go against Patroclus. Therefore he went, with his brother Cebriones for driver of his chariot. But when they came near, Patroclus cast a great stone which he had in his hand, and smote Cebriones on the forehead, crushing it in, so that he fell headlong from the chariot. And Patroclus mocked him, saying:

"How nimble is this man! how lightly he dives! What spoil he would take of oysters, diving from a ship, even in a stormy sea! Who would have thought that there were such skillful divers in Troy!"

Then again the battle waxed hot about the body of Cebriones, and this too, at the last, the Greeks drew unto themselves, and spoiled it of the arms. And this being accomplished, Patroclus rushed against the men of Troy. Thrice he rushed, and each time he slew nine chiefs of fame. But the fourth time Apollo stood behind him and struck him on the head and shoulders, so that his eyes were darkened. And the helmet fell from off his head, so that the horsehair plumes were soiled with dust. Never before had it touched the ground, for it was the helmet of Achilles. And also the god brake the spear in his hand, and struck the shield from his arms,

and loosed his corselet. All amazed he stood, and then Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, smote him on the back with his spear, but slew him not. Then Patroclus sought to flee to the ranks of his comrades. But Hector saw him, and thrust at him with his spear, smiting him in the groin, so that he fell. And when the Greeks saw him fall, they sent up a terrible cry.

#### THE BATTLE AT THE RIVER

Achilles sat mourning for Patroclus, and his comrades wept about him. And at dawn Thetis brought him the arms and laid them before him. Loud they rattled on the ground, and all the Myrmidons trembled to hear; but when Achilles saw them his eyes blazed with fire, and he rejoiced in his heart. Only he said to his mother that he feared lest the body should decay, but she answered:

"Be not troubled about this, for I will see to it. Make thy peace with Agamemnon, and go to the battle."

Then Achilles went along the shore and called the Greeks to an assembly, shouting mightily; and all, even those who were wont to abide in the ships, listened to his voice and came. So the assembly was gathered, and Achilles stood up in the midst, saying that he had put away his wrath; and King Agamemnon, sitting on his throne (for his wound hindered him from standing), said that he repented him of the wrong which he had done, only that Zeus had turned his thoughts to folly; but now he would give Achilles all that Ulysses had promised on his behalf. And Achilles would have led the Greeks straightway to battle, but the wise Ulysses hindered him, saying that it was not well that he should send them to the fight fasting. Then did Agamemnon send to the tents of Achilles all the gifts that he had promised, and with them the maiden Briseïs. But she, when she came and saw Patroclus, beat her breast and her fair neck and face, and wailed aloud, for he had been gentle and good, she said. And all of the women wailed with her, thinking each of her own sorrows.

But after this the Greeks were gathered to the battle, and Achilles shone in the midst with the arms of Hephestus upon him, and he flashed like fire. Then he spake to his horses:

"Take heed, Bayard and Piebald, that you save your driver to-day, nor leave him dead on the field, as you left Patroclus."

Then with a shout he rushed to the battle. And first there met him Æneas. Now Achilles cared not to fight with him, but bade him go back to his comrades. But Æneas would not, but told him of his race, how that he came from Zeus on his father's side, and how that his mother was Aphrodité, and that he held himself a match for any mortal man. Then he cast his spear, which struck the shield of Achilles with so dreadful a sound that the hero feared lest it should pierce it through, knowing not that the gifts of the gods were not easy for mortal man to vanquish. Two folds indeed it pierced that were of bronze, but in the gold it was stayed, and there were yet two of tin within. Then Achilles cast his spear. Through the shield of Æneas it passed, and though it wounded him not, yet was he sore dismayed, so near it came. Then Achilles drew his sword and rushed on Æneas, and Æneas caught up a great stone to cast at him. But it was not the will of the gods that Æneas should perish, seeing that he and his sons after him should rule over the men of Troy in the ages to come. Therefore Poseidon lifted him up and bore him over the ranks of men to the left of the battle, but first he drew the spear out of the shield and laid it at the feet of Achilles. Much the hero marvelled to see it, crying:

"This is a great wonder that I see with mine eyes. For, lo! the spear is before me, but the man whom I sought to slay I see not. Of a truth Æneas spake truth, saying that he was dear to the immortal gods."

Then he rushed into the battle, slaying as he went. And Hector would have met him, but Apollo stood by him and said, "Fight not with Achilles, lest he slay thee." Therefore he went back among the men of Troy.

Then Achilles turned to the others, and slew multitudes of them, so that they fled, part across the plain, and part to the river, the eddy-ing Xanthus. And these leaped into the water as locusts leap into a river when the fire which men light drives them from the fields. And all the river was full of horses and men. Then Achilles leaped into the stream, leaving his spear on the bank, resting on the tamarisk trees.

only his sword had he, and with this he slew many; and they were as fishes which fly from some great dolphin in the sea. In all the bays of a harbor they hide themselves, for the great east devours them apace. So did the Trojans hide themselves under the banks of the river.

And that hour would the Greeks have taken the city of Troy, but that Apollo saved it.

#### THE HORSE OF WOOD

For ten years King Agamemnon and the men of Greece laid siege to Troy. But though sentence had gone forth against the city, yet the day of its fall tarried, because certain of the gods loved it well and defended it, as Apollo, and Mars, the god of war, and Father Jupiter himself. Wherefore Minerva put it into the heart of Epeius, Lord of the Isles, that he should make a cunning device wherewith to take the city. Now the device was this: he made a great horse of wood, feigning it to be a peace offering to Minerva, that the Greeks might have a safe return to their homes. In the belly of this horse hid themselves certain of the bravest of the chiefs, as Menelaüs, and Ulysses, and Thoas the Ætolian, and Machaon, the great physician, and Pyrrhus, son of Achilles (but Achilles himself was dead, slain by Paris, Apollo helping, even as he was about to take the city), and others also, and with them Epeius himself. But the rest of the people made as if they had departed to their homes; only they went not farther than Tenedos, which was an island near to the coast.

Great joy was there in Troy when it was noised abroad that the men of Greece had departed. The gates were opened, and the people went forth to see the plain and the camp. And one said to another, as they went, "Here they set the battle in array, and there were the tents of the fierce Achilles, and there lay the ships." And some stood and marveled at the great peace offering to Minerva, even the Horse of wood. And Thymœtes, who was one of the elders of the city, was the first who advised that it should be brought within the walls and set in the citadel. Now whether he gave this counsel out of a false heart, or because the gods would have it so, no man knows. But Capys, and others with him, said that it should be drowned

in water, or burned with fire, or that men should pierce it and see whether there were aught within. And the people were divided, some crying one thing and some another. Then came forward the priest Laocoön, and a great company with him, crying, "What madness is this? Think ye that the men of Greece are indeed departed, or that there is any profit in their gifts? Surely, there are armed men in this mighty Horse; or haply they have made it that they may look down upon our walls. Touch it not, for as for these men of Greece, I fear them, even though they bring gifts in their hands."

And as he spake he cast his great spear at the Horse, so that it sounded again. But the gods would not that Troy should be saved.

Meanwhile there came certain shepherds, dragging with them one whose hands were bound behind his back. He had come forth to them, they said, of his own accord, when they were in the field. And first the young men gathered about him mocking him, but when he cried aloud, "What place is left for me, for the Greeks suffer me not to live, and the men of Troy cry for vengeance upon me?" they rather pitied him, and bade him speak, and say whence he came and what he had to tell.

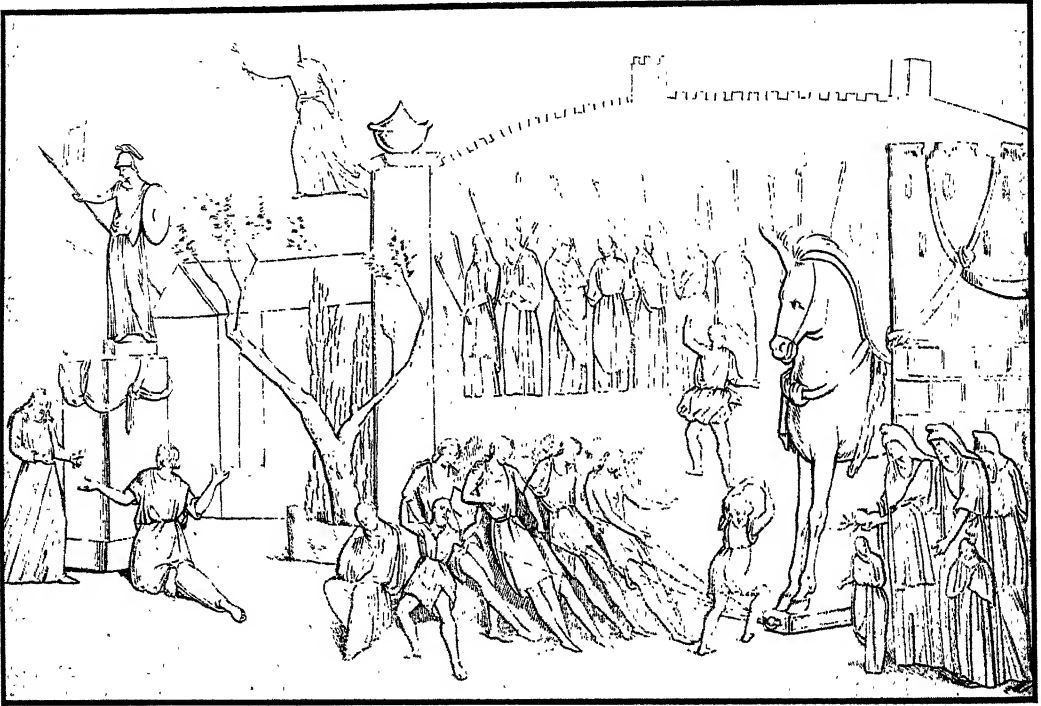
Then the man spake, turning to King Priam: "I will speak the truth, whatever befall me. My name is Sinon, and I deny not that I am a Greek. Only do thou, O king, have pity on me, who have suffered many things, not having harmed any man."

And King Priam had pity on him, and bade them loose his bonds, saying, "Whoever thou art, forget now thy country. Henceforth thou art one of us. But tell me true: why made they this huge Horse? Who contrived it? What seek they by it? to please the gods or to further their siege?"

Then said Sinon, and as he spake he stretched his hands to the sky, "I call you to witness, ye everlasting fires of heaven, that with good right I now break my oath of fealty and reveal the secrets of my countrymen. Listen then, O king. All our hope has ever been in the help of Minerva. But, from the day when Diomed and Ulysses dared, having bloody hands, to snatch her image from her holy place in Troy, her face was turned from us. Well do I remember how the eyes of the image, well-nigh before they had

set it in the camp, blazed with wrath, and how the salt sweat stood upon its limbs, aye, and how it thrice leaped from the ground, shaking shield and spear. Then Calchas told us that we must cross the seas again, and seek at home fresh omens for our war. And this, indeed, they are doing even now, and will return anon. Also the soothsayer said, 'Meanwhile ye must make the likeness of a Horse, to be a peace offering to Minerva. And take heed that ye make it huge

ing a bull at the altar of his god, there came two serpents across the sea from Tenedos, whose heads and necks, whereon were thick manes of hair, were high above the waves, and many scaly coils trailed behind in the waters. And when they reached the land they still sped forward. Their eyes were red as blood and blazed with fire, and their forked tongues hissed loud for rage. Then all the men of Troy grew pale with fear and fled away, but these turned not



DRAWING THE HORSE OF WOOD INTO THE CITY

of bulk, so that the men of Troy may not receive it into their gates, nor bring it within their walls, and get safety for themselves thereby. For if,' he said, 'the men of Troy harm this image at all, they shall surely perish; but if they bring it into their city, then shall Asia lay siege hereafter to the city of Pelops, and our children shall suffer the doom which we would fain have brought on Troy.'"

These words wrought much on the men of Troy, and as they pondered on them, lo! the gods sent another marvel to deceive them. For while Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, was slay-

aside this way or that, seeking Laocoön where he stood. And first they wrapped themselves about his little sons, one serpent about each, and began to devour them. And when the father would have given help to his children, having a sword in his hand, they seized upon himself, and bound him fast with their folds. Twice they compassed about his body, and twice his neck, lifting their heads far above him. When their work was done, the two glided to the citadel of Minerva, and hid themselves beneath the feet and the shield of the goddess. And men said one to another, "Lo! the priest

Laocoön has been judged according to his deeds; or he cast his spear against this holy thing, and now the gods have slain him." Then all cried out together that the Horse of wood must be drawn to the citadel. Whereupon they opened the Scaean Gate, and pulled down the wall that was thereby, and put rollers under the feet of the Horse, and joined ropes thereto. So, in much joy, they drew it into the city, youths and maidens singing about it the while, and laying their hands to the ropes with great gladness.

#### THE SACK OF TROY

But when night was now fully come, and the men of Troy lay asleep, lo! from the ship of King Agamemnon there rose up a flame for a signal to the Greeks; and these straightway manned their ships, and made across the sea from Tenedos, there being a great calm, and the moon also giving them light. Sinon likewise opened a secret door that was in the great Horse, and the chiefs issued forth therefrom, and opened the gates of the city, slaying those that kept watch.

Some of the Greeks were seeking to climb the walls, laying ladders thereto, whereon they stood, holding forth their shields with their left hands, and with their right grasping the roofs. And the men of Troy, on the other hand, being at the last extremity, tore down the battlements and the gilded beams wherewith the men of old had adorned the palace. Meanwhile others sought to break down the gates of the palace, Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, being foremost among them. And with Pyrrhus were all Periphas, and Automedon, who had been armor-bearer to his father Achilles, and following them the youth of Scyros. With a great battle-ax he hewed through the doors, breaking down also the doorposts, though they were plated with bronze, making, as it were, a great window, through which a man might see the palace within, the hall of King Priam and of the kings who had reigned aforetime in Troy. But when they that were within perceived it, there arose a great cry of women wailing aloud and clinging to the doors and kissing them. But ever Pyrrhus pressed on, fierce and strong as ever was his father Achilles, nor could aught

stand against him, either the doors or they that guarded them. Then, as a river bursts its banks and overflows the plain, so did the sons of Greece rush into the palace.

So King Priam, who had ruled mightily over many peoples and countries in the land of Asia, was slain that night, having first seen Troy burning about him, and his citadel laid even with the ground.



LAOCOÖN

From statue in Vatican Museum, Rome.

#### THE MINOTAUR

[The story of the Minotaur is one of the famous old legendary tales of Greece that every Greek boy and girl knew by heart. It belongs among the world's imperishable stories, and is just as fresh and interesting to-day as it was when first told—for courage, love, and self-sacrifice never grow old and stale. The version here given is from Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. This book tells over again



for modern children the best of the Greek stories, and is one of the most fascinating books for children that ever was written.]

IN the old city of Trœzene, at the foot of a lofty mountain, there lived, a very long time ago, a little boy named Theseus. His grandfather, King Pitheus, was the sovereign of that country, and was reckoned a very wise man; so that Theseus, being brought up in the royal palace, and being naturally a bright lad, could hardly fail of profiting by the old king's instructions. His mother's name was Æthra. As for his father, the boy had never seen him. But, from his earliest remembrance, Æthra used to go with little Theseus into a wood, and sit down upon a moss-grown rock, which was deeply sunken into the earth. Here she often talked with her son about his father, and said that he was called Ægeus, and that he was a great king, and ruled over Attica, and dwelt at Athens, which was as famous a city as any in the world. Theseus was very fond of hearing about King Ægeus, and often asked his good mother Æthra why he did not come and live with them at Trœzene.

"Ah, my dear son," answered Æthra, with a sigh, "a monarch has his people to take care of. The men and women over whom he rules are in the place of children to him; and he can seldom spare time to love his own children as other parents do. Your father will never be able to leave his kingdom for the sake of seeing his little boy."

"Well, but, dear mother," asked the boy, "why cannot I go to this famous city of Athens, and tell King Ægeus that I am his son?"

"That may happen by-and-by," said Æthra. "Be patient, and we shall see. You are not yet big and strong enough to set out on such an errand."

"And how soon shall I be strong enough?" Theseus persisted in inquiring.

"You are but a tiny boy as yet," replied his mother. "See if you can lift this rock on which we are sitting?"

The little fellow had a great opinion of his own strength. So, grasping the rough protuberances of the rock, he tugged and toiled amain, and got himself quite out of breath, without being able to stir the heavy stone. It seemed

to be rooted into the ground. No wonder he could not move it; for it would have taken all the force of a very strong man to lift it out of its earthy bed.

His mother stood looking on, with a sad kind of a smile on her lips and in her eyes, to see the zealous and yet puny efforts of her little boy. She could not help being sorrowful at finding him already so impatient to begin his adventures in the world.

"You see how it is, my dear Theseus," said she. "You must possess far more strength than now before I can trust you to go to Athens, and tell King Ægeus that you are his son. But when you can lift this rock, and show me what is hidden beneath it, I promise you my permission to depart."

Often and often, after this, did Theseus ask his mother whether it was yet time for him to go to Athens; and still his mother pointed to the rock, and told him that, for years to come, he could not be strong enough to move it. And again and again the rosy-cheeked and curly-headed boy would tug and strain at the huge mass of stone, striving, child as he was, to do what a giant could hardly have done without taking both of his great hands to the task. Meanwhile the rock seemed to be sinking farther and farther into the ground. The moss grew over it thicker and thicker, until at last it looked almost like a soft green seat, with only a few gray knobs of granite peeping out. The overhanging trees, also, shed their brown leaves upon it, as often as the autumn came; and at its base grew ferns and wild flowers, some of which crept over its surface. To all appearance, the rock was as firmly fastened as any other portion of the earth's substance.

But, difficult as the matter looked, Theseus was now growing up to be such a vigorous youth, that, in his own opinion, the time would quickly come when he might hope to get the upper hand of this ponderous lump of stone.

"Mother, I do believe it has started!" cried he, after one of his attempts. "The earth around it is certainly a little cracked!"

"No, no, child!" his mother hastily answered. "It is not possible you can have moved it, such a boy as you still are!"

Nor would she be convinced, although Theseus showed her the place where he fancied

that the stem of a flower had been partly uprooted by the movement of the rock. But Æthra sighed and looked disquieted; for, no doubt, she began to be conscious that her son was no longer a child, and that, in a little while hence, she must send him forth among the perils and troubles of the world.

It was not more than a year afterwards when they were again sitting on the moss-covered stone. Æthra had once more told him the oft-repeated story of his father, and how gladly he would receive Theseus at his stately palace, and how he would present him to his courtiers and the people, and tell them that here was the heir of his dominions. The eyes of Theseus glowed with enthusiasm, and he would hardly sit still to hear his mother speak.

"Dear mother Æthra," he exclaimed, "I never felt half so strong as now! I am no longer a child nor a boy, nor a mere youth! I feel myself a man! It is now time to make one earnest trial to remove the stone."

"Ah, my dearest Theseus," replied his mother, "not yet! not yet!"

"Yes, mother," said he, resolutely, "the time has come!"

Then Theseus bent himself in good earnest to the task, and strained every sinew, with manly strength and resolution. He put his whole brave heart into the effort. He wrestled with the big and sluggish stone, as if it had been a living enemy. He heaved, he lifted, he resolved now to succeed, or else to perish there and let the rock be his monument forever! Æthra stood gazing at him, and clasped her hands, partly with a mother's pride, and partly with a mother's sorrow. The great rock stirred! Yes, it was raised slowly from the bedded moss and earth, uprooting the shrubs and flowers along with it, and was turned upon its side. Theseus had conquered!

While taking breath, he looked joyfully at his mother, and she smiled upon him through her tears.

"Yes, Theseus," she said, "the time has come, and you must stay no longer at my side! See what King Ægeus, your royal father, left for you, beneath the stone, when he lifted it in his mighty arms, and laid it on the spot whence you have now removed it."

Theseus looked, and saw that the rock had

been placed over another slab of stone, containing a cavity within it; so that it somewhat resembled a roughly-made chest or coffer, of which the upper mass had served as the lid. Within the cavity lay a sword, with a golden hilt, and a pair of sandals.

"That was your father's sword," said Æthra, "and those were his sandals. When he went to be king of Athens, he bade me treat you as a child until you should prove yourself a man by lifting this heavy stone. That task being accomplished, you are to put on his sandals, in order to follow in your father's footsteps, and to gird on his sword, so that you may fight giants and dragons, as King Ægeus did in his youth."

"I will set out for Athens this very day!" cried Theseus.

But his mother persuaded him to stay a day or two longer, while she got ready some necessary articles for his journey. When his grandfather, the wise King Pittheus, heard that Theseus intended to present himself at his father's palace, he earnestly advised him to get on board of a vessel, and go by sea; because he might thus arrive within fifteen miles of Athens, without either fatigue or danger.

"The roads are very bad by land," quoth the venerable king; "and they are terribly infested with robbers and monsters. A mere lad, like Theseus, is not fit to be trusted on such a perilous journey, all by himself. No, no; let him go by sea!"

But when Theseus heard of robbers and monsters, he pricked up his ears, and was so much the more eager to take the road along which they were to be met with. On the third day, therefore, he bade a respectful farewell to his grandfather, thanking him for all his kindness; and, after affectionately embracing his mother, he set forth, with a good many of her tears glistening on his cheeks, and some, if the truth must be told, that had gushed out of his own eyes. But he let the sun and wind dry them, and walked stoutly on, playing with the golden hilt of his sword, and taking very manly strides in his father's sandals.

I cannot stop to tell you hardly any of the adventures that befell Theseus on the road to Athens. It is enough to say, that he quite cleared that part of the country of the robbers,

about whom King Pittheus had been so much alarmed. One of these bad people was named Procrustes; and he was indeed a terrible fellow, and had an ugly way of making fun of the poor travellers who happened to fall into his clutches. In his cavern he had a bed, on which, with great pretence of hospitality, he invited his guests to lie down; but if they happened to be shorter than the bed, this wicked villain stretched them out by main force; or, if they were too tall, he lopped off their heads or feet, and laughed at what he had done, as an excellent joke. Thus, however weary a man might be, he never liked to lie in the bed of Procrustes. Another of these robbers, named Scinis, must likewise have been a very great scoundrel. He was in the habit of flinging his victims off a high cliff into the sea; and, in order to give him exactly his deserts, Theseus tossed him off the very same place. But if you will believe me, the sea would not pollute itself by receiving such a bad person into its bosom, neither would the earth, having once got rid of him, consent to take him back; so that, between the cliff and the sea, Scinis stuck fast in the air, which was forced to bear the burden of his naughtiness.

After these memorable deeds, Theseus heard of an enormous sow, which ran wild, and was the terror of all the farmers round about; and, as he did not consider himself above doing any good thing that came in his way, he killed this monstrous creature, and gave the carcass to the poor people for bacon. The great sow had been an awful beast, while ramping about the woods and fields, but was a pleasant object enough when cut up into joints, and smoking on I know not how many dinner tables.

Thus, by the time he reached his journey's end, Theseus had done many valiant feats with his father's golden-hilted sword, and had gained the renown of being one of the bravest young men of the day. His fame travelled faster than he did, and reached Athens before him. As he entered the city, he heard the inhabitants talking at the street corners and saying that Hercules was brave, and Jason too, and Castor and Pollux likewise, but that Theseus, the son of their own king, would turn out as great a hero as the best of them. Theseus took longer strides on hearing this, and fancied himself sure of a magnificent reception at his father's

court, since he came thither with Fame to blow her trumpet before him, and cry to King Ægeus, "Behold your son!"

He little suspected, innocent youth that he was, that here in this very Athens, where his father reigned, a greater danger awaited him than any which he had encountered on the road. Yet this was the truth. You must understand that the father of Theseus, though not very old in years, was almost worn out with the cares of government, and had thus grown aged before his time. His nephews, not expecting him to live a very great while, intended to get all the power of the kingdom into their own hands. But when they heard that Theseus had arrived in Athens, and learned what a gallant young man he was, they saw that he would not be at all the kind of person to let them steal away his father's crown and sceptre, which ought to be his own by right of inheritance. Thus these bad-hearted nephews of King Ægeus, who were the own cousins of Theseus, at once became his enemies. A still more dangerous enemy was Medea, the wicked enchantress; for she was now the king's wife, and wanted to give the kingdom to her son Medus, instead of letting it be given to the son of Æthra, whom she hated.

It so happened that the king's nephews met Theseus, and found out who he was, just as he reached the entrance of the royal palace. With all their evil designs against him, they pretended to be their cousin's best friends, and expressed great joy at making his acquaintance. They proposed to him that he should come into the king's presence as a stranger, in order to try whether Ægeus would discover in the young man's features any likeness either to himself or his mother Æthra, and thus recognize him for a son. Theseus consented; for he fancied that his father would know him in a moment, by the love that was in his heart. But, while he waited at the door, the nephews ran and told King Ægeus that a young man had arrived in Athens, who, to their certain knowledge, intended to put him to death, and get possession of his royal crown.

"And he is now waiting for admission to your Majesty's presence," added they.

"Aha!" cried the old king, on hearing this. "Why, he must be a very wicked young fellow

indeed! Pray, what would you advise me to do with him?"

In reply to this question, the wicked Medea put in her word. As I have already told you, she was a famous enchantress. According to some stories, she was in the habit of boiling old people in a large caldron, under pretence of making them young again; but King Ægeus, I suppose, did not fancy such an uncomfortable way of growing young, or perhaps was contented to be old, and therefore would never let himself be popped into the caldron. If there were time to spare from more important matters, I should be glad to tell you of Medea's fiery chariot, drawn by winged dragons, in which the enchantress used often to take an airing among the clouds. This chariot, in fact, was the vehicle that first brought her to Athens, where she had done nothing but mischief ever since her arrival. But these and many other wonders must be left untold; and it is enough to say, that Medea, amongst a thousand other bad things, knew how to prepare a poison, that was instantly fatal to whomsoever might so much as touch it with his lips.

So when the king asked what he should do with Theseus, this naughty woman had an answer ready at her tongue's end.

"Leave that to me, please your Majesty," she replied. "Only admit this evil-minded young man to your presence, treat him civilly, and invite him to drink a goblet of wine. Your Majesty is well aware that I sometimes amuse myself with distilling very powerful medicines. Here is one of them in this small vial. As to what it is made of, that is one of my secrets of state. Do but let me put a single drop into the goblet, and let the young man taste it; and I will answer for it, he shall quite lay aside the bad designs with which he comes hither."

As she said this, Medea smiled; but, for all her smiling face, she meant nothing less than to poison the poor innocent Theseus, before his father's eyes. And King Ægeus, like most other kings, thought any punishment mild enough for a person who was accused of plotting against his life.

He therefore made little or no objection to Medea's scheme, and, as soon as the poisonous wine was ready, gave orders that the young stranger should be admitted into his presence.

The goblet was set on a table beside the king's throne; and a fly, meaning just to sip a little from the brim, immediately tumbled into it, dead. Observing this, Medea looked round at the nephews, and smiled again.

When Theseus was ushered into the royal apartment, the only object that he seemed to behold was the white-bearded old king. There he sat on his magnificent throne, a dazzling crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand. His aspect was stately and majestic, although his years and infirmities weighed heavily upon him, as if each year were a lump of lead, and each infirmity a ponderous stone, and all were bundled up together, and laid upon his weary shoulders. The tears both of joy and sorrow sprang into the young man's eyes; for he thought how sad it was to see his dear father so infirm, and how sweet it would be to support him with his own youthful strength, and to cheer him up with the alacrity of his loving spirit. When a son takes his father into his warm heart, it renews the old man's youth in a better way than by the heat of Medea's magic caldron. And this was what Theseus resolved to do. He could scarcely wait to see whether King Ægeus would recognize him, so eager was he to throw himself into his arms.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, he attempted to make a little speech, which he had been thinking about, as he came up the stairs. But he was almost choked by a great many tender feelings that gushed out of his heart and swelled into his throat, all struggling to find utterance together. And, therefore, unless he could have laid his full, over-brimming heart into the king's hand, poor Theseus knew not what to do or say. The cunning Medea observed what was passing in the young man's mind. She was more wicked at that moment than ever she had been before; for (and it makes me tremble to tell you of it) she did her worst to turn all this unspeakable love with which Theseus was agitated, to his own ruin and destruction.

"Does your Majesty see his confusion?" she whispered in the king's ear. "He is so conscious of guilt, that he trembles and cannot speak. The wretch lives too long! Quick! offer him the wine!"

Now King Ægeus had been gazing earnestly

at the young stranger, as he drew near the throne. There was something, he knew not what, either in his white brow, or in the fine expression of his mouth, or in his beautiful and tender eye that made him indistinctly feel as if he had seen this youth before; as if, indeed, he had trotted him on his knee when a baby, and had beheld him growing to be a stalwart man, while he himself grew old. But Medea guessed how the king felt, and would not suffer him to yield to these natural sensibilities; although they were the voice of his deepest heart, telling him, as plainly as it could speak, that here was his dear son, and Æthra's son, coming to claim him for a father. The enchantress again whispered in the king's ear, and compelled him, by her witchcraft, to see everything under a false aspect.

He made up his mind, therefore, to let Theseus drink off the poisoned wine.

"Young man," said he, "you are welcome! I am proud to show hospitality to so heroic a youth. Do me the favor to drink the contents of this goblet. It is brimming over, as you see, with delicious wine, such as I bestow only on those who are worthy of it! None is more worthy to quaff it than yourself!"

So saying, King Ægeus took the golden goblet from the table, and was about to offer it to Theseus. But, partly through his own infirmities, and partly because it seemed so sad a thing to take away this young man's life, however wicked he might be, and partly, no doubt, because his heart was wiser than his head, and quaked within him at the thought of what he was going to do—for all these reasons, the king's hand trembled so much that a great deal of the wine slopped over. In order to strengthen his purpose, and fearing lest the whole of the precious poison should be wasted, one of his nephews now whispered to him,—

"Has your Majesty any doubt of this stranger's guilt? There is the very sword with which he meant to slay you. How sharp and bright, and terrible it is! Quick!—let him taste the wine; or perhaps he may do the deed even yet."

At these words, Ægeus drove every thought and feeling out of his breast, except the one idea of how justly the young man deserved to be put to death. He sat erect on his throne, and held out the goblet of wine with a steady hand, and bent on Theseus a frown of kingly severity;

for, after all, he had too noble a spirit to murder even a treacherous enemy with a deceitful smile upon his face.

"Drink!" said he, in the stern tone with which he was wont to condemn a criminal to be beheaded. "You have well deserved of me such wine as this!"

Theseus held out his hand to take the wine. But, before he touched it, King Ægeus trembled again. His eyes had fallen on the gold-hilted sword that hung at the young man's side. He drew back the goblet.

"That sword!" he cried; "how came you by it?"

"It was my father's sword," replied Theseus with a tremulous voice. "These were his sandals. My dear mother (her name is Æthra) told me his story while I was yet a little child. But it is only a month since I grew strong enough to lift the heavy stone, and take the sword and sandals from beneath it, and come to Athens to seek my father."

"My son! my son!" cried King Ægeus, flinging away the fatal goblet, and tottering down from the throne to fall into the arms of Theseus. "Yes, these are Æthra's eyes. It is my son."

I have quite forgotten what became of the king's nephews. But when the wicked Medea saw this new turn of affairs, she hurried out of the room, and going to her private chamber, lost no time in setting her enchantments at work. In a few moments, she heard a great noise of hissing snakes outside of the chamber window; and, behold! there was her fiery chariot, and four huge winged serpents, wriggling and twisting in the air, flourishing their tails higher than the top of the palace, and all ready to set off on an aerial journey. Medea stayed only long enough to take her son with her, and to steal the crown jewels, together with the king's best robes, and whatever other valuable things she could lay hands on; and getting into the chariot, she whipped up the snakes, and ascended high over the city.

The king, hearing the hiss of the serpents, scrambled as fast as he could to the window, and bawled out to the abominable enchantress never to come back. The whole people of Athens, too, who had run out of doors to see this wonderful spectacle, set up a shout of joy at the prospect

of getting rid of her. Medea, almost bursting with rage, uttered precisely such a hiss as one of her own snakes, only ten times more venomous and spiteful; and glaring fiercely out of the blaze of the chariot, she shook her hands over the multitude below, as if she were scattering a million of curses among them. In so doing, however, she unintentionally let fall about five hundred diamonds of the first water, together with a thousand great pearls, and two thousand emeralds, rubies, sapphires, opals, and topazes, to which she had helped herself out of the king's strong-box. All these came pelting down, like a shower of many-colored hailstones, upon the heads of grown people and children, who forthwith gathered them up, and carried them back to the palace. But King Ægeus told them that they were welcome to the whole, and to twice as many more, if he had them, for the sake of his delight at finding his son, and losing the wicked Medea. And, indeed, if you had seen how hateful was her last look, as the flaming chariot flew upward, you would not have wondered that both king and people should think her departure a good riddance.

And now Prince Theseus was taken into great favor by his royal father. The old king was never weary of having him sit beside him on his throne (which was quite wide enough for two), and of hearing him tell about his dear mother, and his childhood, and his many boyish efforts to lift the ponderous stone. Theseus, however, was much too brave and active a young man to be willing to spend all his time in relating things which had already happened. His ambition was to perform other and more heroic deeds, which should be better worth telling in prose and verse. Nor had he been long in Athens before he caught and chained a terrible mad bull, and made a public show of him, greatly to the wonder and admiration of good King Ægeus and his subjects. But pretty soon, he undertook an affair that made all his foregone adventures seem like mere boy's play. The occasion of it was as follows:

One morning, when Prince Theseus awoke, he fancied that he must have had a very sorrowful dream, and that it was still running in his mind, even now that his eyes were open. For it appeared as if the air was full of a melancholy wail; and when he listened more attentively, he could

hear sobs, and groans, and screams of woe, mingled with deep, quiet sighs, which came from the king's palace, and from the streets, and from the temples, and from every habitation in the city. And all these mournful noises, issuing out of thousands of separate hearts, united themselves into the one great sound of affliction which had startled Theseus from slumber. He put on his clothes as quickly as he could (not forgetting his sandals and gold-hilted sword), and hastening to the king, inquired what it all meant.

"Alas, my son," quoth King Ægeus, heaving a long sigh, "here is a very lamentable matter in hand! This is the woofullest anniversary in the whole year. It is the day when we annually draw lots to see which of the youths and maidens of Athens shall go to be devoured by the horrible Minotaur!"

"The Minotaur!" exclaimed Prince Theseus; and like a brave young prince as he was, he put his hand to the hilt of his sword. "What kind of a monster may that be? Is it not possible, at the risk of one's life to slay him?"

But King Ægeus shook his venerable head, and to convince Theseus that it was quite a hopeless case, he gave him an explanation of the whole affair. It seems that in the island of Crete there lived a certain dreadful monster, called a Minotaur, which was shaped partly like a man and partly like a bull, and was altogether such a hideous sort of a creature that it was really disagreeable to think of him. If he were suffered to exist at all, it should have been on some desert island, or in the duskiest of some deep cavern, where nobody would ever be tormented by his abominable aspect. But King Minos, who reigned over Crete, laid out a vast deal of money in building a habitation for the Minotaur, and took great care of his health and comfort, merely for mischief's sake. A few years before this time, there had been a war between the city of Athens and the island of Crete, in which the Athenians were beaten, and compelled to beg for peace. No peace could they obtain, however, except on condition that they should send seven young men and seven maidens every year, to be devoured by the pet monster of the cruel King Minos. For three years past, this grievous calamity had been borne. And the sobs, and groans, and shrieks, with which the city was now filled, were caused by the people's

woe, because the fatal day had come again, when the fourteen victims were to be chosen by lot; and the old people feared lest their sons or daughters might be taken, and the youths and damsels dreaded lest they themselves might be destined to glut the ravenous maw of that detestable man-brute.

But when Theseus heard the story, he straightened himself up, so that he seemed taller than ever before; and as for his face, it was indignant, spiteful, bold, tender, and compassionate, all in one look.

"Let the people of Athens, this year, draw lots for only six young men, instead of seven," said he. "I will myself be the seventh; and let the Minotaur devour me, if he can!"

"O my dear son," cried King Ægeus, "why should you expose yourself to this horrible fate? You are a royal prince, and have a right to hold yourself above the destinies of common men."

"It is because I am a prince, your son, and the rightful heir of your kingdom, that I freely take upon me the calamity of your subjects," answered Theseus. "And you, my father, being king over this people, and answerable to Heaven for their welfare, are bound to sacrifice what is dearest to you, rather than that the son or daughter of the poorest citizen should come to any harm."

The old king shed tears, and besought Theseus not to leave him desolate in his old age, more especially as he had but just begun to know the happiness of possessing a good and valiant son. Theseus, however, felt that he was in the right, and therefore would not give up his resolution. But he assured his father that he did not intend to be eaten up, unresistingly, like a sheep, and that if the Minotaur devoured him, it should not be without a battle for his dinner. And finally, since he could not help it, King Ægeus consented to let him go. So a vessel was got ready, and rigged with black sails; and Theseus, with six other young men, and seven tender and beautiful damsels, came down to the harbor to embark. A sorrowful multitude accompanied them to the shore. There was the poor old king, too, leaning on his son's arm, and looking as if his single heart held all the grief of Athens.

Just as Prince Theseus was going on board, his father bethought himself of one last word to say.

"My beloved son," said he, grasping the prince's hand, "you observe that the sails of this vessel are black; as indeed they ought to be, since it goes upon a voyage of sorrow and despair. Now, being weighed down with infirmities, I know not whether I can survive till the vessel shall return. But, as long as I do live, I shall creep daily to the top of yonder cliff, to watch if there be a sail upon the sea. And, dearest Theseus, if by some happy chance you should escape the jaws of the Minotaur, then tear down those dismal sails, and hoist others that shall be bright as the sunshine. Beholding them on the horizon, myself and all the people will know that you are coming back victorious, and will welcome you with such a festal uproar as Athens never heard before."

Theseus promised that he would do so. Then, going on board, the mariners trimmed the vessel's black sails to the wind, which blew faintly off the shore, being pretty much made up of the sighs that everybody kept pouring forth on this melancholy occasion. But by-and-by, when they had got fairly out to sea, there came a stiff breeze from the north-west, and drove them along as merrily over the white-capped waves as if they had been going on the most delightful errand imaginable. And though it was a sad business enough, I rather question whether fourteen young people, without any old persons to keep them in order, could continue to spend the whole time of the voyage in being miserable. There had been some few dances upon the undulating deck, I suspect, and some hearty bursts of laughter, and other such unseasonable merriment among the victims, before the high, blue mountains of Crete began to show themselves among the far-off clouds. That sight, to be sure, made them all very grave again.

Theseus stood among the sailors gazing eagerly towards the land; although, as yet, it seemed hardly more substantial than the clouds, amidst which the mountains were looming up. Once or twice, he fancied that he saw a glare of some bright object, a long way off, flinging a gleam across the waves.

"Did you see that flash of light?" he inquired of the master of the vessel.

"No, prince; but I have seen it before," answered the master. "It came from Talus, I suppose."



As the breeze came fresher just then, the master was busy with trimming his sails, and had no more time to answer questions. But while the vessel flew faster and faster towards Crete, Theseus was astonished to behold a human figure, gigantic in size, which appeared to be striding with a measured movement along the margin of the island. It stepped from cliff to cliff, and sometimes from one headland to another, while the sea foamed and thundered on the shore beneath, and dashed its jets of spray over the giant's feet. What was still more remarkable, whenever the sun shone on this huge figure it flickered and glimmered; its vast countenance, too, had a metallic lustre, and threw great flashes of splendor through the air. The folds of its garments, moreover, instead of waving in the wind, fell heavily over its limbs, as if woven of some kind of metal.

The nigher the vessel came, the more Theseus wondered what this immense giant could be, and whether it actually had life or no. For, though it walked, and made other lifelike motions, there yet was a kind of jerk in its gait, which, together with its brazen aspect, caused the young prince to suspect that it was no true giant, but only a wonderful piece of machinery. The figure looked all the more terrible because it carried an enormous brass club on its shoulder.

"What is this wonder?" Theseus asked of the master of the vessel, who was now at leisure to answer him.

"It is Talus, the Man of Brass," said the master.

"And is he a live giant, or a brazen image?" asked Theseus.

"That, truly," replied the master, "is the point which has always perplexed me. Some say, indeed, that this Talus was hammered out for King Minos by Vulcan himself, the skillfulest of all workers in metal. But who ever saw a brazen image that had sense enough to walk round an island three times a day, as this giant walks round the island of Crete, challenging every vessel that comes nigh the shore? And, on the other hand, what living thing, unless his sinews were made of brass, would not be weary of marching eighteen hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, as Talus does, without ever sitting down to rest? He is a puzzler, take him how you will."

Still the vessel went bounding onward; and now Theseus could hear the brazen clangor of the giant's footsteps, as he trod heavily upon the sea-beaten rocks, some of which were seen to crack and crumble into the foamy waves beneath his weight. As they approached the entrance of the port, the giant straddled clear across it, with a foot firmly planted on each headland, and uplifting his club to such a height that its butt-end was hidden in a cloud, he stood in that formidable posture, with the sun gleaming all over his metallic surface. There seemed nothing else to be expected but that, the next moment, he would fetch his great club down, slam bang, and smash the vessel into a thousand pieces, without heeding how many innocent people he might destroy; for there is seldom any mercy in a giant, you know, and quite as little in a piece of brass clockwork. But just when Theseus and his companions thought the blow was coming, the brazen lips unclosed themselves, and the figure spoke.

"Whence come you, strangers?"

And when the ringing voice ceased, there was just such a reverberation as you may have heard within a great church bell, for a moment or two after the stroke of the hammer.

"From Athens!" shouted the master in reply.

"On what errand?" thundered the Man of Brass.

And he whirled his club aloft more threateningly than ever, as if he were about to smite them with a thunder-stroke right amidships, because Athens, so little while ago, had been at war with Crete.

"We bring the seven youths and the seven maidens," answered the master, "to be devoured by the Minotaur!"

"Pass!" cried the brazen giant.

That one loud word rolled all about the sky, while again there was a booming reverberation within the figure's breast. The vessel glided between the headlands of the port, and the giant resumed his march. In a few moments, this wondrous sentinel was far away, flashing in the distant sunshine, and revolving with immense strides around the island of Crete, as it was his never-ceasing task to do.

No sooner had they entered the harbor than a party of the guards of King Minos came down



to the waterside, and took charge of the fourteen young men and damsels. Surrounded by these armed warriors, Prince Theseus and his companions were led to the king's palace, and ushered into his presence. Now, Minos was a stern and pitiless king. If the figure that guarded Crete was made of brass, then the monarch, who ruled over it, might be thought to have a still harder metal in his breast, and might have been called a man of iron. He bent his shaggy brows upon the poor Athenian victims. Any other mortal, beholding their fresh and tender beauty, and their innocent looks, would have felt himself sitting on thorns until he had made every soul of them happy, by bidding them go free as the summer wind. But this immitigable Minos cared only to examine whether they were plump enough to satisfy the Minotaur's appetite. For my part, I wish he himself had been the only victim; and the monster would have found him a pretty tough one.

One after another, King Minos called these pale, frightened youths and sobbing maidens to his footstool, gave them each a poke in the ribs with his sceptre (to try whether they were in good flesh or no), and dismissed them with a nod to his guards. But when his eyes rested on Theseus, the king looked at him more attentively, because his face was calm and brave.

"Young man," asked he, with his stern voice, "are you not appalled at the certainty of being devoured by this terrible Minotaur?"

"I have offered my life in a good cause," answered Theseus, "and therefore I give it freely and gladly. But thou, King Minos, art thou not thyself appalled, who, year after year, hast perpetrated this dreadful wrong, by giving seven innocent youths and as many maidens to be devoured by a monster? Dost thou not tremble, wicked king, to turn thine eyes inward on thine own heart? Sitting there on thy golden throne, and in thy robes of majesty, I tell thee to thy face, King Minos, thou art a more hideous monster than the Minotaur himself!"

"Aha! do you think me so?" cried the king, laughing in his cruel way. "To-morrow, at breakfast time, you shall have an opportunity of judging which is the greater monster, the Minotaur or the king! Take them away,

guards; and let this freespoken youth be the Minotaur's first morsel!"

Near the king's throne (though I had no time to tell you so before) stood his daughter Ariadne. She was a beautiful and tender-hearted maiden, and looked at these poor doomed captives with very different feelings from those of the iron-breasted King Minos. She really wept, indeed, at the idea of how much human happiness would be needlessly thrown away, by giving so many young people, in the first bloom and rose blossom of their lives, to be eaten up by a creature who, no doubt, would have preferred a fat ox, or even a large pig, to the plumpest of them. And when she beheld the brave, spirited figure of Prince Theseus bearing himself so calmly in his terrible peril, she grew a hundred times more pitiful than before. As the guards were taking him away, she flung herself at the king's feet, and besought him to set all the captives free, and especially this one young man.

"Peace, foolish girl!" answered King Minos. "What hast thou to do with an affair like this? It is a matter of state policy, and therefore quite beyond thy weak comprehension. Go water thy flowers, and think no more of these Athenian caitiffs, whom the Minotaur shall as certainly eat up for breakfast as I will eat a partridge for my supper."

So saying, the king looked cruel enough to devour Theseus and all the rest of the captives, himself, had there been no Minotaur to save him the trouble. As he would hear not another word in their favor, the prisoners were now led away, and clapped into a dungeon, where the jailer advised them to go to sleep as soon as possible, because the Minotaur was in the habit of calling for breakfast early. The seven maidens and six of the young men soon sobbed themselves to slumber. But Theseus was not like them. He felt conscious that he was wiser, and braver, and stronger than his companions, and that therefore he had the responsibility of all their lives upon him, and must consider whether there was no way to save them, even in this last extremity. So he kept himself awake, and paced to and fro across the gloomy dungeon in which they were shut up.

Just before midnight, the door was softly

unbarred, and the gentle Ariadne showed herself, with a torch in her hand.

"Are you awake, Prince Theseus?" she whispered.

"Yes," answered Theseus. "With so little time to live, I do not choose to waste any of it in sleep."

"Then follow me," said Ariadne, "and tread softly."

What had become of the jailer and the guards, Theseus never knew. But, however that might be, Ariadne opened all the doors and led him forth from the darksome prison into the pleasant moonlight.

"Theseus," said the maiden, "you can now get on board your vessel, and sail away for Athens."

"No," answered the young man; "I will never leave Crete unless I can first slay the Minotaur, and save my poor companions, and deliver Athens from this cruel tribute."

"I knew that this would be your resolution," said Ariadne. "Come, then, with me, brave Theseus. Here is your own sword, which the guards deprived you of. You will need it; and pray Heaven you may use it well."

Then she led Theseus along by the hand until they came to a dark, shadowy grove, where the moonlight wasted itself on the tops of the trees, without shedding hardly so much as a glimmering beam upon their pathway. After going a good way through this obscurity, they reached a high marble wall, which was overgrown with creeping plants, that made it shaggy with their verdure. The wall seemed to have no door, nor any windows, but rose up, lofty, and massive, and mysterious, and was neither to be clambered over, nor, so far as Theseus could perceive, to be passed through. Nevertheless, Ariadne did but press one of her soft little fingers against a particular block of marble, and, though it looked as solid as any other part of the wall, it yielded to her touch, disclosing an entrance just wide enough to admit them. They crept through, and the marble stone swung back into its place.

"We are now," said Ariadne, "in the famous labyrinth which Dædalus built before he made himself a pair of wings, and flew away from our island like a bird. That Dædalus was a very cunning workman; but of all his artful

contrivances, this labyrinth is the most wondrous. Were we to take but a few steps from the doorway, we might wander about all our lifetime, and never find it again. Yet in the very centre of this labyrinth is the Minotaur; and, Theseus, you must go thither to seek him."

"But how shall I ever find him," asked Theseus, "if the labyrinth so bewilders me as you say it will?"

Just as he spoke they heard a rough and very disagreeable roar, which greatly resembled the lowing of a fierce bull, but yet had some sort of sound like the human voice. Theseus even fancied a rude articulation in it, as if the creature that uttered it were trying to shape his hoarse breath into words. It was at some distance, however, and he really could not tell whether it sounded most like a bull's roar or a man's harsh voice.

"That is the Minotaur's noise," whispered Ariadne, closely grasping the hand of Theseus, and pressing one of her own hands to her heart, which was all in a tremble. "You must follow that sound through the windings of the labyrinth, and, by and by, you will find him. Stay! take the end of this silken string; I will hold the other end; and then, if you win the victory, it will lead you again to this spot. Farewell, brave Theseus."

So the young man took the end of the silken string in his left hand, and his gold-hilted sword, ready drawn from its scabbard, in the other, and trod boldly into the inscrutable labyrinth. How this labyrinth was built is more than I can tell you, but so cunningly contrived a mizmaze was never seen in the world, before nor since. There can be nothing else so intricate, unless it were the brain of a man like Dædalus, who planned it, or the heart of any ordinary man; which last, to be sure, is ten times as great a mystery as the labyrinth of Crete. Theseus had not taken five steps before he lost sight of Ariadne; and in five more his head was growing dizzy. But still he went on, now creeping through a low arch, now ascending a flight of steps, now in one crooked passage, and now in another, with here a door opening before him, and there one banging behind, until it really seemed as if the walls spun round, and whirled him round along with them. And all the while, through

these hollow avenues, now nearer, now farther off again, resounded the cry of the Minotaur; and the sound was so fierce, so cruel, so ugly, so like a bull's roar, and withal so like a human voice, and yet like neither of them, that the brave heart of Theseus grew sterner and angrier at every step; for he felt it an insult to the moon and sky, and to our affectionate and simple Mother Earth, that such a monster should have the audacity to exist.

As he passed onward, the clouds gathered over the moon, and the labyrinth grew so dusky that Theseus could no longer discern the bewilderment through which he was passing. He would have felt quite lost, and utterly hopeless of ever again walking in a straight path, if, every little while, he had not been conscious of a gentle twitch at the silken cord. Then he knew that the tender-hearted Ariadne was still holding the other end, and that she was fearing for him, and hoping for him, and giving him just as much of her sympathy as if she were close by his side. Oh indeed, I can assure you, there was a vast deal of human sympathy running along that slender thread of silk. But still he followed the dreadful roar of the Minotaur, which now grew louder and louder, and finally so very loud that Theseus fully expected to come close upon him, at every new zigzag and wriggle of the path. And at last, in an open space, at the very centre of the labyrinth, he did discern the hideous creature.

Sure enough, what an ugly monster it was! Only his horned head belonged to a bull; and yet, somehow or other, he looked like a bull all over, preposterously waddling on his hind legs; or, if you happened to view him in another way, he seemed wholly a man, and all the more monstrous for being so. And there he was, the wretched thing, with no society, no companion, no kind of a mate, living only to do mischief, and incapable of knowing what affection means. Theseus hated him, and shuddered at him, and yet could not but be sensible of some sort of pity; and all the more, the uglier and more detestable the creature was. For he kept striding to and fro in a solitary frenzy of rage, continually emitting a hoarse roar, which was oddly mixed up with half-shaped words; and, after listening awhile, Theseus understood that the Minotaur was

saying to himself how miserable he was, and how hungry, and how he hated everybody, and how he longed to eat up the human race alive.

Ah, the bull-headed villain! And oh, my good little people, you will perhaps see, one of these days, as I do now, that every human being who suffers anything evil to get into his nature, or to remain there, is a kind of Minotaur, an enemy of his fellow-creatures, and separated from all good companionship, as this poor monster was.

Was Theseus afraid? By no means, my dear auditors. What! a hero like Theseus afraid! Not had the Minotaur had twenty bull heads instead of one. Bold as he was, however, I rather fancy that it strengthened his valiant heart, just at this crisis, to feel a tremulous twitch at the silken cord, which he was still holding in his left hand. It was as if Ariadne were giving him all her might and courage; and, much as he already had, and little as she had to give, it made his own seem twice as much. And to confess the honest truth, he needed the whole; for now the Minotaur, turning suddenly about, caught sight of Theseus, and instantly lowered his horribly sharp horns, exactly as a mad bull does when he means to rush against an enemy. At the same time, he belched forth a tremendous roar, in which there was something like the words of human language, but all disjointed and shaken to pieces by passing through the gullet of a miserably enraged brute.

Theseus could only guess what the creature intended to say, and that rather by his gestures than his words; for the Minotaur's horns were sharper than his wits, and of a great deal more service to him than his tongue. But probably this was the sense of what he uttered:

"Ah, wretch of a human being! I'll stick my horns through you, and toss you fifty feet high, and eat you up the moment you come down!"

"Come on then, and try it!" was all that Theseus deigned to reply; for he was far too magnanimous to assault his enemy with insolent language.

Without more words on either side, there ensued the most awful fight between Theseus

and the Minotaur that ever happened beneath the sun or moon. I really know not how it might have turned out, if the monster, in his first headlong rush against Theseus, had not missed him, by a hair's-breadth, and broken one of his horns short off against the stone wall. On this mishap, he bellowed so intolerably that a part of the labyrinth tumbled down, and all the inhabitants of Crete mistook the noise for an uncommonly heavy thunder-storm. Smarting with the pain, he galloped around the open space in so ridiculous a way that Theseus laughed at it long afterwards, though not precisely at the moment. After this, the two antagonists stood valiantly up to one another, and fought sword to horn, for a long while. At last, the Minotaur made a run at Theseus, grazed his left side with his horn, and flung him down; and thinking that he had stabbed him to the heart, he cut a great caper in the air, opened his bull mouth from ear to ear, and prepared to snap his head off. But Theseus by this time had leaped up, and caught the monster off his guard. Fetching a sword stroke at him with all his force, he hit him fair upon the neck, and made his bull head skip six yards from his human body, which fell down flat upon the ground.

So now the battle was ended. Immediately the moon shone out as brightly as if all the troubles of the world, and all the wickedness and the ugliness that infest human life, were past and gone for ever. And Theseus, as he leaned on his sword, taking breath, felt another twitch of the silken cord; for all through the terrible encounter, he had held it fast in his left hand. Eager to let Ariadne know of his success, he followed the guidance of the thread, and soon found himself at the entrance of the labyrinth.

"Thou hast slain the monster," cried Ariadne, clasping her hands.

"Thanks to thee, dear Ariadne," answered Theseus, "I return victorious."

"Then," said Ariadne, "we must quickly summon thy friends, and get them and thyself on board the vessel before dawn. If morning finds thee here, my father will avenge the Minotaur."

To make my story short, the poor captives were awakened, and, hardly knowing whether

it was not a joyful dream, were told of what Theseus had done, and that they must set sail for Athens before daybreak. Hastening down to the vessel, they all clambered on board, except Prince Theseus, who lingered behind them, on the strand, holding Ariadne's hand clasped in his own.

"Dear maiden," said he, "thou wilt surely go with us. Thou art too gentle and sweet a child for such an iron-hearted father as King Minos. He cares no more for thee than a granite rock cares for the little flower that grows in one of its crevices. But my father, King Ægeus, and my dear mother, Æthra, and all the fathers and mothers in Athens, and all the sons and daughters too, will love and honor thee as their benefactress. Come with us, then; for King Minos will be very angry when he knows what thou hast done."

Now, some low-minded people, who pretend to tell the story of Theseus and Ariadne, have the face to say that this royal and honorable maiden did really flee away, under cover of the night, with the young stranger whose life she had preserved. They say, too, that Prince Theseus (who would have died sooner than wrong the meanest creature in the world) ungratefully deserted Ariadne, on a solitary island, where the vessel touched on its voyage to Athens. But, had the noble Theseus heard these falsehoods, he would have served their slanderous authors as he served the Minotaur! Here is what Ariadne answered, when the brave Prince of Athens besought her to accompany him:

"No, Theseus," the maiden said, pressing his hand, and then drawing back a step or two, "I cannot go with you. My father is old, and has nobody but myself to love him. Hard as you think his heart is, it would break to lose me. At first, King Minos will be angry; but he will soon forgive his only child; and, by and by, he will rejoice, I know, that no more youths and maidens must come from Athens to be devoured by the Minotaur. I have saved you, Theseus, as much for my father's sake as for your own. Farewell! Heaven bless you!"

All this was so true, and so maiden-like, and was spoken with so sweet a dignity, that Theseus would have blushed to urge her any longer. Nothing remained for him, therefore,

but to bid Ariadne an affectionate farewell, and go on board the vessel, and set sail.

In a few moments the white foam was boiling up before their prow, as Prince Theseus and his companions sailed out of the harbor, with a whistling breeze behind them. Talus, the brazen giant, on his never-ceasing sentinel's march, happened to be approaching that part of the coast; and they saw him, by the glimmering of the moonbeams on his polished surface, while he was yet a great way off. As the figure moved like clockwork, however, and could neither hasten his enormous strides nor retard them, he arrived at the port when they were just beyond the reach of his club. Nevertheless, straddling from headland to headland, as his custom was, Talus attempted to strike a blow at the vessel, and, overreaching himself, tumbled at full length into the sea, which splashed high over his gigantic shape, as when an iceberg turns a somerset. There he lies yet; and whoever desires to enrich himself by means of brass had better go thither with a diving bell, and fish up Talus.

On the homeward voyage the fourteen youths and damsels were in excellent spirits, as you will easily suppose. They spent most of their time in dancing, unless when the sidelong breeze made the deck slope too much. In due season they came within sight of the coast of Attica, which was their native country. But here, I am grieved to tell you, happened a sad misfortune.

You will remember (what Theseus unfortunately forgot) that his father, King Ægeus, had enjoined it upon him to hoist sunshiny sails, instead of black ones, in case he should overcome the Minotaur, and return victorious. In the joy of their success, however, and amidst the sports, dancing, and other merriment, with which these young folks wore away the time, they never once thought whether their sails were black, white, or rainbow colored, and, indeed, left it entirely to the mariners whether they had any sails at all. Thus the vessel returned, like a raven, with the same sable wings that had wafted her away. But poor King Ægeus, day after day, infirm as he was, had clambered to the summit of a cliff that overhung the sea, and there sat watching for Prince Theseus, homeward bound; and no sooner did

he behold the fatal blackness of the sails, than he concluded that his dear son, whom he loved so much, and felt so proud of, had been eaten by the Minotaur. He could not bear the thought of living any longer; so, first flinging his crown and sceptre into the sea (useless baubles that they were to him now!) King Ægeus merely stooped forward, and fell headlong over the cliff, and was drowned, poor soul, in the waves that foamed at its base!

This was melancholy news for Prince Theseus, who, when he stepped ashore, found himself king of all the country, whether he would or no; and such a turn of fortune was enough to make any young man feel very much out of spirits. However, he sent for his dear mother to Athens, and, by taking her advice in matters of state, became a very excellent monarch, and was greatly beloved by his people.



## PERSEUS

[Perseus was a mythical Greek hero whose story has interested young and old for hundreds of years. The version of the story here given was taken from a book called *The Heroes*, by Charles Kingsley. Kingsley wrote other books which young folks are fond of reading — *The Water-Babies*, *Glaucus*, *Westward Ho*, and *Hereward the Wake*.]

### PART I

#### HOW PERSEUS AND HIS MOTHER CAME TO SERIPHOS

ONCE upon a time there were two princes who were twins. Their names were Acrisius and Proetus, and they lived in the pleasant vale of Argos, far away in Hellas. They had fruitful meadows and vineyards, sheep and oxen, great herds of horses feeding down in Lerna Fen, and all that men could need to make them blest: and yet they were wretched, because they were jealous of each other. From the moment they were born they began to

quarrel; and when they grew up each tried to take away the other's share of the kingdom, and keep all for himself. So first Acrisius drove out Proetus; and he went across the seas, and brought home a foreign princess for his wife, and foreign warriors to help him, who were called Cyclopes; and drove out Acrisius in his turn; and then they fought a long while up and down the land, till the quarrel was settled, and Acrisius took Argos and one half the land, and Proetus and his Cyclopes built around Tiryns great walls of unhewn stone, which are standing to this day.

But there came a prophet to that hard-hearted Acrisius and prophesied against him, and said, "Because you have risen up against your own blood, your own blood shall rise up against you; because you have sinned against your kindred, by your kindred you shall be punished. Your daughter Danae shall bear a son, and by that son's hands you shall die. So the Gods have ordained, and it will surely come to pass."

And at that Acrisius was very much afraid; but he did not mend his ways. He had been cruel to his own family, and, instead of repenting and being kind to them, he went on to be more cruel than ever: for he shut up his fair daughter Danae in a cavern underground, lined with brass, that no one might come near her. So he fancied himself more cunning than the Gods: but you will see presently whether he was able to escape them.

Now it came to pass that in time Danae bore a son; so beautiful a babe that any but King Acrisius would have had pity on it. But he had no pity; for he took Danae and her babe down to the sea-shore, and put them into a great chest and thrust them out to sea, for the winds and the waves to carry them whither-soever they would.

The north-west wind blew freshly out of the blue mountains, and down the pleasant vale of Argos, and away and out to sea. And away and out to sea before it floated the mother and her babe, while all who watched them wept, save that cruel father, King Acrisius.

So they floated on and on, and the chest danced up and down upon the billows, and the baby slept upon its mother's breast: but the poor mother could not sleep, but watched

and wept, and she sang to her baby as they floated; and the song which she sang you shall learn yourselves some day.

And now they were past the last blue headland, and in the open sea; and there is nothing round them but the waves, and the sky, and the wind. But the waves are gentle, and the sky is clear, and the breeze is tender and low; for these are the days when Halcyone and Ceyx build their nests, and no storms ever ruffle the pleasant summer sea.

And who were Halcyone and Ceyx? You shall hear while the chest floats on. Halcyone was a fairy maiden, the daughter of the beach and of the wind. And she loved a sailor boy, and married him; and none on earth were so happy as they. But at last Ceyx was wrecked; and before he could swim to the shore the billows swallowed him up. And Halcyone saw him drowning, and leapt into the sea to him; but in vain.

Then the Immortals took pity on them both, and changed them into two fair sea-birds; and now they build a floating nest every year, and sail up and down happily for ever upon the pleasant seas of Greece.

So a night passed, and a day, and a long day it was for Danae; and another night and day beside, till Danae was faint with hunger and weeping, and yet no land appeared. And all the while the babe slept quietly; and at last poor Danae drooped her head and fell asleep likewise with her cheek against the babe's.

After a while she was awakened suddenly; for the chest was jarring and grinding, and the air was full of sound. She looked up, and over her head were mighty cliffs, all red in the setting sun, and around her rocks and breakers, and flying flakes of foam. She clasped her hands together, and shrieked aloud for help. And when she cried, help met her; for now there came over the rocks a tall and stately man, and looked down wondering upon poor Danae tossing about in the chest among the waves.

He wore a rough coat of frieze, and on his head a broad hat to shade his face; in his hand he carried a trident for spearing fish, and over his shoulder was a casting net; but Danae could see that he was no common man by his stature, and his walk, and his flowing golden hair and

beard; and by the two servants who came behind him, carrying baskets for his fish. But she had hardly time to look at him, before he had laid aside his trident and leapt down the rocks, and thrown his casting net so surely over Danae and the chest, that he drew it, and her, and the baby, safe upon a ledge of rock. Then the fisherman took Danae by the hand, and lifted her out of the chest, and said —

“O beautiful damsel, what strange chance has brought you to this island in so frail a ship? Who are you and whence? Surely you are some king’s daughter; and this boy has somewhat more than mortal.”

And as he spoke he pointed to the babe; for its face shone like the morning star.

But Danae only held down her head, and sobbed out —

“Tell me to what land I have come, unhappy that I am; and among what men I have fallen!”

And he said, “This isle is called Seriphos, and I am a Hellen, and dwell in it. I am the brother of Polydectes the king; and men call me Dictys the netter, because I catch the fish of the shore.”

Then Danae fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees and cried —

“Oh, sir, have pity upon a stranger, whom a cruel doom has driven to your land; and let me live in your house as a servant; but treat me honorably, for I was once a king’s daughter, and this my boy (as you have truly said) is of no common race. I will not be a charge to you, or eat the bread of idleness; for I am more skillful in weaving and embroidery than all the maidens of my land.”

And she was going on; but Dictys stopped her, and raised her up, and said —

“My daughter, I am old, and my hairs are growing gray; while I have no children to make my home cheerful. Come with me, then, and you shall be a daughter to me and to my wife, and this babe shall be our grandchild. For I fear the Gods, and show hospitality to all strangers; knowing that good deeds, like evil ones, always return to those who do them.”

So Danae was comforted, and went home with Dictys the good fisherman, and was a daughter to him and to his wife, till fifteen years were past.

## PART II

### HOW PERSEUS VOWED A RASH VOW

Fifteen years were past and gone, and the babe was now grown to be a tall lad and a sailor, and went many voyages after merchandise to the islands round. His mother called him Perseus; but all the people in Seriphos said that he was not the son of mortal man, and called him the son of Zeus, the king of the Immortals. For though he was but fifteen, he was taller by a head than any man in the island; and he was the most skillful of all in running and wrestling and boxing, and in throwing the quoit and the javelin, and in rowing with the oar, and in playing on the harp, and in all which befits a man. And he was brave and truthful, gentle and courteous, for good old Dictys had trained him well; and well it was for Perseus that he had done so. For now Danae and her son fell into great danger, and Perseus had need of all his wit to defend his mother and himself.

I said that Dictys’ brother was Polydectes, king of the island. He was not a righteous man, like Dictys; but greedy, and cunning, and cruel. And when he saw fair Danae, he wanted to marry her. But she would not; for she did not love him, and cared for no one but her boy, and her boy’s father, whom she never hoped to see again. At last Polydectes became furious, and while Perseus was away at sea he took poor Danae away from Dictys, saying, “If you will not be my wife, you shall be my slave.” So Danae was made a slave, and had to fetch water from the well, and grind in the mill, and perhaps was beaten, and wore a heavy chain, because she would not marry that cruel king. But Perseus was far away, over the seas in the isle of Samos, little thinking how his mother was languishing in grief.

Now one day at Samos, while the ship was lading, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the sun, and sat down on the turf and fell asleep. And as he slept a strange dream came to him — the strangest dream which he had ever had in his life.

There came a lady to him through the wood, taller than he, or any mortal man; but beautiful exceedingly, with great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her



ad was a helmet, and in her hand a spear. and over her shoulder, above her long blue bes, hung a goatskin, which bore up a mighty field of brass, polished like a mirror. She stood and looked at him with her clear gray eyes; and Perseus saw that her eyelids never moved, nor her eyeballs, but looked straight through and rough him, and into his very heart, as if she



HE WRAPPED THE HEAD IN THE GOATSKIN, AND SPRANG INTO THE AIR (See page 33)

ould see all the secrets of his soul, and knew all that he had ever thought or longed for since the day that he was born. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke.

"Perseus, you must do an errand for me."

"Who are you, lady? And how do you know my name?"

"I am Pallas Athené; and I know the thoughts of all men's hearts, and discern their

manhood or their baseness. And from the souls of clay I turn away, and they are blest, but not by me. They fatten at ease, like sheep in the pasture, and eat what they did not sow, like oxen in the stall. They grow and spread, like the gourd along the ground; but, like the gourd, they give no shade to the traveller, and when they are ripe, death gathers them, and they go down unloved into hell, and their name vanishes out of the land.

"But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who are manful I give a might more than man's. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, who are blest, but not like the souls of clay. For I drive them forth by strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the Titans and the monsters, the enemies of Gods and men. Through doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them; and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, no man knows when or where; and some of them win noble names, and a fair and green old age; but what will be their latter end I know not, and none save Zeus, the father of Gods and men. Tell me now, Perseus, which of these two sorts of men seem to you more blest?"

Then Perseus answered boldly: "Better to die in the flower of youth, and the chance of winning a noble name, than to live at ease like the sheep and die unloved and unrenowned."

Then that strange lady laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried: "See here, Perseus, dare you face such a monster as this, and slay it, that I may place its head upon this shield?"

And in the mirror of the shield there appeared a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood ran cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman; but her cheeks were pale as death, and her brows were knit with everlasting pain, and her lips were thin and bitter like a snake's; and instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples, and shot out their forked tongues; while round her head were folded wings like an eagle's, and upon her bosom claws of brass.

And Perseus looked awhile, and then said: "If there is anything so fierce and foul on earth, it were a noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster?"

Then the strange lady smiled again, and said: "Not yet; you are too young, and too



unskilled; for this is Medusa the Gorgon, the mother of a monstrous brood. Return to your home, and do the work which waits there for you. You must play the man in that before I can think you worthy to go in search of the Gorgon."

Then Perseus would have spoken, but the strange lady vanished, and he awoke; and behold, it was a dream. But day and night Perseus saw before him the face of that dreadful woman, with the vipers writhing round her head.

So he returned home; and when he came to Seriphos, the first thing which he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went out, and away to the king's palace, and through the men's rooms, and the women's rooms, and so through all the house (for no one dared stop him, so terrible and fair was he) till he found his mother sitting on the floor, turning the stone hand-mill, and weeping as she turned it. And he lifted her up, and kissed her, and bade her follow him forth. But before they could pass out of the room Polydectes came in, raging. And when Perseus saw him, he flew upon him as the mastiff flies on the boar. "Villain and tyrant!" he cried; "is this your respect for the Gods, and thy mercy to strangers and widows? You shall die!" And because he had no sword he caught up the stone hand-mill, and lifted it to dash out Polydectes' brains.

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, "Oh, my son, we are strangers and helpless in the land; and if you kill the king, all the people will fall on us, and we shall both die."

Good Dictys, too, who had come in, entreated him. "Remember that he is my brother. Remember how I have brought you up, and trained you as my own son, and spare him for my sake."

Then Perseus lowered his hand; and Polydectes, who had been trembling all this while like a coward, because he knew that he was in the wrong, let Perseus and his mother pass.

Perseus took his mother to the temple of Athené, and there the priestess made her one of the temple-sweepers; for there they knew she would be safe, and not even Polydectes would dare to drag her away from the altar.

And there Perseus, and the good Dictys, and his wife, came to visit her every day; while Polydectes, not being able to get what he wanted by force, cast about in his wicked heart how he might get it by cunning.

Now he was sure that he could never get back Danae as long as Perseus was in the island; so he made a plot to rid himself of him. And first he pretended to have forgiven Perseus, and to have forgotten Danae; so that for a while all went as smoothly as ever.

Next he proclaimed a great feast, and invited to it all the chiefs, and landowners, and the young men of the island, and among them Perseus, that they might all do him homage as their king, and eat of his banquet in his hall.

On the appointed day they all came; and as the custom was then, each guest brought his present with him to the king: one a horse, another a shawl, or a ring, or a sword; and those who had nothing better brought a basket of grapes, or game; but Perseus brought nothing, for he had nothing to bring, being but a poor sailor-lad.

He was ashamed, however, to go into the king's presence without his gift; and he was too proud to ask Dictys to lend him one. So he stood at the door sorrowfully, watching the rich men go in; and his face grew very red as they pointed at him, and smiled, and whispered, "What has that foundling to give?"

Now this was what Polydectes wanted; and as soon as he heard that Perseus stood without he bade them bring him in, and asked him scornfully before them all, "Am I not your king, Perseus, and have I not invited you to my feast? Where is your present, then?"

Perseus blushed and stammered, while all the proud men round laughed, and some of them began jeering him openly. "This fellow was thrown ashore here like a piece of weed or drift-wood, and yet he is too proud to bring a gift to the king."

"And though he does not know who his father is, he is vain enough to let the old women call him the son of Zeus."

And so forth, till poor Perseus grew mad with shame, and hardly knowing what he said, cried out—"A present! who are you who talk of presents? See if I do not bring a nobler one than all of yours together!"

So he said boasting; and yet he felt in his heart that he was braver than all those scoffers, and more able to do some glorious deed.

"Hear him! Hear the boaster! What is it to be?" cried they all, laughing louder than ever.

Then his dream at Samos came into his mind, and he cried aloud, "The head of the Gorgon."

He was half afraid after he had said the words; for all laughed louder than ever, and Polydectes loudest of all.

"You have promised to bring me the Gorgon's head? Then never appear again in this island without it. Go!"

Perseus ground his teeth with rage, for he saw that he had fallen into a trap; but his promise lay upon him, and he went out without a word.

Down to the cliffs he went, and looked across the broad blue sea; and he wondered if his dream were true, and prayed in the bitterness of his soul —

"Pallas Athené, was my dream true? and shall I slay the Gorgon? If thou didst really show me her face, let me not come to shame as a liar and boastful. Rashly and angrily I promised; but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

But there was no answer, nor sign; neither thunder nor any appearance; not even a cloud in the sky.

And three times Perseus called weeping, "Rashly and angrily I promised; but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

Then he saw afar off above the sea a small white cloud, as bright as silver. And it came on, nearer and nearer, till its brightness dazzled his eyes.

Perseus wondered at that strange cloud, for there was no other cloud all round the sky; and he trembled as it touched the cliff below. And as it touched, it broke, and parted, and within it appeared Pallas Athené, as he had seen her at Samos in his dream, and beside her a young man more light-limbed than the stag, whose eyes were like sparks of fire. By his side was a scimitar of diamond, all of one clear precious stone, and on his feet were golden sandals, from the heels of which grew living wings.

They looked upon Perseus keenly, and yet they never moved their eyes; and they came up the cliffs towards him more swiftly than the seagull, and yet they never moved their feet, nor did the breeze stir the robes about their limbs; only the wings of the youth's sandals quivered, like a hawk's when he hangs above the cliff. And Perseus fell down and worshipped, for he knew that they were more than man.

But Athené stood before him and spoke gently, and bid him have no fear. Then —

"Perseus," she said, "he who overcomes in one trial merits thereby a sharper trial still. You have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa the Gorgon?"

And Perseus said, "Try me; for since you spoke to me in Samos a new soul has come into my breast, and I should be ashamed not to dare anything which I can do. Show me, then, how I can do this!"

"Perseus," said Athené, "think well before you attempt; for this deed requires a seven years' journey, in which you cannot repent, nor turn back, nor escape; but if your heart fails you, you must die in the Unshapen Land, where no man will ever find your bones."

"Better so than live here, useless and despised," said Perseus. "Tell me, then, oh tell me, fair and wise Goddess, of your great kindness and condescension, how I can do but this one thing, and then, if need be, die!"

Then Athené smiled and said —

"Be patient, and listen; for if you forget my words, you will indeed die. You must go northward to the country of the Hyperboreans, who live beyond the pole, at the sources of the cold north wind, till you find the three Gray Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth between them. You must ask them the way to the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star, who dance about the golden tree in the Atlantic island of the west. They will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may slay her, my enemy, the mother of monstrous beasts. Once she was a maiden as beautiful as morn, till in her pride she sinned a sin at which the sun hid his face; and from that day her hair was turned to vipers, and her hands to eagle's claws; and her heart was filled with shame and rage, and her lips with bitter venom; and her eyes became so terrible

that whosoever looks on them is turned to stone; and her children are the winged horse and the giant of the golden sword; and her grandchildren are Echidna the witch-adder, and Geryon the three-headed tyrant, who feeds his herds beside the herds of hell. So she became the sister of the Gorgons, Stheino and Euryte the abhorred, the daughters of the Queen of the Sea. Touch them not, for they are immortal; but bring me only Medusa's head."

"And I will bring it!" said Perseus; "but how am I to escape her eyes? Will she not freeze me too into stone?"

"You shall take this polished shield," said Athené, "and when you come near her look not at her herself, but at her image in the brass; so you may strike her safely. And when you have struck off her head, wrap it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goat skin on which the shield hangs, the hide of Amaltheïé, the nurse of the Ægis-holder. So you will bring it safely back to me, and win to yourself renown and a place among the heroes who feast with the Immortals upon the peak where no winds blow."

Then Perseus said, "I will go, though I die in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship? And who will show me my way? And when I find her, how shall I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass?"

Then the young man spoke: "These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long; for I am Hermes, the far-famed Argus-slayer, the messenger of the Immortals who dwell on Olympus."

Then Perseus fell down and worshipped, while the young man spoke again:

"The sandals themselves will guide you on the road, for they are divine and cannot stray; and this sword itself, the Argus-slayer, will kill her, for it is divine, and needs no second stroke. Arise, and gird them on, and go forth."

So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the sword.

And Athené cried, "Now leap from the cliff and be gone."

But Perseus lingered.

"May I not bid farewell to my mother and to Dictys? And may I not offer burnt-offerings

to you, and to Hermes the far-famed Argus-slayer, and to Father Zeus above?"

"You shall not bid farewell to your mother, lest your heart relent at her weeping. I will comfort her and Dictys until you return in peace. Nor shall you offer burnt-offerings to the Olympians; for your offering shall be Medusa's head. Leap, and trust in the armor of the Immortals."

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered; but he was ashamed to show his dread. Then he thought of Medusa and the renown before him, and he leapt into the empty air.

And behold, instead of falling he floated, and stood, and ran along the sky. He looked back, but Athené had vanished, and Hermes; and the sandals led him on ever northward, like a crane who follows the spring toward the Ister fens.

### PART III

#### HOW PERSEUS SLEW THE GORGON

So Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea; and his heart was high and joyful, for the winged sandals bore him each day a seven days' journey.

And he went by Cythnus, and by Ceos, and the pleasant Cyclades to Attica; and past Athens and Thebes, and the Copaic lake, and up the vale of Cephissus, and past the peaks of Æta and Pindus, and over the rich Thessalian plains, till the sunny hills of Greece were behind him, and before him were the wilds of the north. Then he passed the Thracian mountains, and many a barbarous tribe, Pæons and Dardans and Triballi, till he came to the Ister stream, and the dreary Scythian plains. And he walked across the Ister dry-shod, and away through the moors and fens, day and night toward the bleak north-west, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till he came to the Unshapen Land, and the place which has no name.

And seven days he walked through it, on a path which few can tell; for those who have trodden it like least to speak of it, and those who go there again in dreams are glad enough when they awake; till he came to the edge of the everlasting night, where the air was full of

feathers, and the soil was hard with ice; and there at last he found the three Gray Sisters, by the shore of the freezing sea, nodding upon a white log of drift-wood, beneath the cold white winter moon; and they chanted a low song together, "Why the old times were better than the new."

There was no living thing around them, not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks. Neither seal nor seagull dare come near, lest the ice should clutch them in its claws. The surge broke up in foam, but it fell again in flakes of snow; and it frosted the hair of the three Gray Sisters,



"I HAVE YOUR EYE, AND I WILL THROW IT INTO THE SEA, UNLESS YOU TELL ME . . ."

and the bones in the ice-cliff above their heads. They passed the eye from one to the other, but for all that they could not see; and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat; and they sat in the full

glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Gray Sisters; but they did not pity themselves.

So he said, "Oh, venerable mothers, wisdom is the daughter of old age. You therefore should know many things. Tell me, if you can, the path to the Gorgon."

Then one cried, "Who is this who reproaches us with old age?" And another, "This is the voice of one of the children of men."

And he said, "I do not reproach, but honor your old age, and I am one of the sons of men and of the heroes. The rulers of Olympus have sent me to you to ask the way to the Gorgon."

Then one, "There are new rulers in Olympus, and all new things are bad." And another, "We hate your rulers, and the heroes, and all the children of men. We are the kindred of the Titans, and the Giants, and the Gorgons, and the ancient monsters of the deep." And another, "Who is this rash and insolent man who pushes unbidden into our world?" And the first, "There never was such a world as ours, nor will be; if we let him see it, he will spoil it all."

Then one cried, "Give me the eye, that I may see him," and another, "Give me the tooth, that I may bite him." But Perseus, when he saw that they were foolish and proud, and did not love the children of men, left off pitying them, and said to himself, "Hungry men must needs be hasty; if I stay making many words here, I shall be starved." Then he stepped close to them, and watched till they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about between themselves, he held out his own hand gently, till one of them put the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister. Then he sprang back, and laughed, and cried —

"Cruel and proud old women, I have your eye; and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the Gorgon, and swear to me that you tell me right."

Then they wept, and chattered, and scolded; but in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though when they told it, Perseus could hardly make out the road.

"You must go," they said, "foolish boy, to

the southward, into the ugly glare of the sun, till you come to Atlas the Giant, who holds the heavens and the earth apart. And you must ask his daughters, the Hesperides, who are young and foolish like yourself. And now give us back our eye, for we have forgotten all the rest."

So Perseus gave them back their eye; but instead of using it, they nodded and fell fast asleep, and were turned into blocks of ice, till the tide came up and washed them all away. And now they float up and down like icebergs for ever, weeping whenever they meet the sunshine, and the fruitful summer, and the warm south wind, which fill young hearts with joy.

But Perseus leapt away to the southward, leaving the snow and the ice behind: past the isle of the Hyperboreans, and the tin isles, and the long Iberian shore, while the sun rose higher day by day upon a bright blue summer sea. And the terns and the seagulls swept laughing round his head, and called to him to stop and play, and the dolphins gambolled up as he passed, and offered to carry him on their backs. And all night long the sea-nymphs sang sweetly, and the Tritons blew upon their conchs, as they played round Galatæa their queen, in her car of pearled shells. Day by day the sun rose higher, and leapt more swiftly into the sea at night, and more swiftly out of the sea at dawn; while Perseus skimmed over the billows like a seagull, and his feet were never wetted; and leapt on from wave to wave, and his limbs were never weary, till he saw far away a mighty mountain, all rose-red in the setting sun. Its feet were wrapped in forests, and its head in wreaths of cloud; and Perseus knew that it was Atlas, who holds the heavens and the earth apart.

He came to the mountain, and leapt on shore, and wandered upward, among pleasant valleys and waterfalls, and tall trees and strange ferns and flowers; but there was no smoke rising from any glen, nor house, nor sign of man.

At last he heard sweet voices singing; and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star.

They sang like nightingales among the thickets, and Perseus stopped to hear their song; but the words which they spoke he could

not understand; no, nor no man after him for many a hundred years. So he stepped forward and saw them dancing, hand in hand around the charmed tree, which bent under its golden fruit; and round the tree-foot was coiled the dragon, old Ladon the sleepless snake, who lies there for ever, listening to the song of the maidens, blinking and watching with dry bright eyes.

Then Perseus stopped, not because he feared the dragon, but because he was bashful before those fair maids; but when they saw him they too stopped, and called to him with trembling voices —

"Who are you? Are you Heracles the mighty, who will come to rob our garden, and carry off our golden fruit?" And he answered —

"I am not Heracles the mighty, and I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me, fair Nymphs, the way which leads to the Gorgon, that I may go on my way and slay her."

"Not yet, not yet, fair boy; come dance with us around the tree in the garden which knows no winter, the home of the south wind and the sun. Come hither and play with us awhile; we have danced along here for a thousand years, and our hearts are weary with longing for a playfellow. So come, come, come!"

"I cannot dance with you, fair maidens; for I must do the errand of the Immortals. So tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves."

Then they sighed and wept; and answered —

"The Gorgon! she will freeze you into stone."

"It is better to die like a hero than to live like an ox in a stall. The Immortals have lent me weapons, and they will give me wit to use them."

Then they sighed again and answered, "Fair boy, if you are bent on your own ruin, be it so. We know not the way to the Gorgon; but we will ask the giant Atlas, above upon the mountain peak, the brother of our father, the silver Evening Star. He sits aloft and sees across the ocean, and far away into the Unshapen Land."

So they went up the mountain to Atlas their uncle, and Perseus went up with them. And they found the giant kneeling, as he held the heavens and the earth apart.

They asked him, and he answered mildly, pointing to the sea-board with his mighty hand, "I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away, but this youth can never come near them, unless he has the hat of darkness, which whosoever wears cannot be seen."

Then cried Perseus, "Where is that hat, that I may find it?"

But the giant smiled. "No living mortal can find that hat, for it lies in the depths of Hades, in the regions of the dead. But my nieces are immortal, and they shall fetch it for you, if you will promise me one thing and keep your faith."

Then Perseus promised; and the giant said, "When you come back with the head of Medusa you shall show me the beautiful horror, that I may lose my feeling and my breathing, and become a stone for ever; for it is weary labor for me to hold the heavens and the earth apart."

Then Perseus promised; and the eldest of the Nymphs went down, and into a dark cavern among the cliffs, out of which came smoke and thunder, for it was one of the mouths of Hell.

And Perseus and the Nymphs sat down seven days, and waited trembling, till the Nymph came up again; and her face was pale, and her eyes dazzled with the light, for she had been long in the dreary darkness; but in her hand was the magic hat.

Then all the Nymphs kissed Perseus, and wept over him a long while; but he was only impatient to be gone. And at last they put the hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

But Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, far away into the heart of the Unshapen Land, beyond the streams of Ocean, to the isles where no ship cruises, where is neither night nor day, where nothing is in its right place, and nothing has a name; till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings and saw the glitter of their brazen talons; and then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself, and remembered Athené's words. He rose aloft into the air, and held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked up into it that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw the three Gorgons sleeping, as

huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him; and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

Two of the Gorgons were foul as swine, and lay sleeping heavily, as swine sleep, with their mighty wings outspread; but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed Perseus pitied her, she looked so fair and sad. Her plumage was like the rainbow, and her face was like the face of a nymph, only her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting care and pain; and her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror that Perseus had not the heart to strike, and said, "Ah, that it had been either of her sisters!"

But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs, and hissed; and Medusa, as she tossed, threw back her wings and showed her brazen claws; and Perseus saw that, for all her beauty, she was as foul and venomous as the rest.

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror and struck with Herpé stoutly once; and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goatskin, turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she sank dead upon the rocks; and her two foul sisters woke, and saw her lying dead.

Into the air they sprang yelling, and looked for him who had done the deed. Thrice they swung round and round, like hawks who beat for a partridge; and thrice they snuffed round and round, like hounds who draw upon a deer. At last they struck upon the scent of the blood, and they checked for a moment to make sure; and then on they rushed with a fearful howl, while the wind rattled hoarse in their wings.

On they rushed, sweeping and flapping, like eagles after a hare; and Perseus' blood ran cold, for all his courage, as he saw them come howling on his track; and he cried, "Bear me well now, brave sandals, for the hounds of Death are at my heels!"

And well the brave sandals bore him, aloft through cloud and sunshine, across the shoreless sea; and fast followed the hounds of

Death, as the roar of their wings came down the wind. But the roar came down fainter and fainter, and the howl of their voices died away; for the sandals were too swift, even for Gorgons, and by nightfall they were far behind, two black specks in the southern sky, till the sun sank and he saw them no more.

Then he came again to Atlas, and the garden of the Nymphs; and when the giant heard him coming he groaned, and said, "Fulfil thy promise to me." Then Perseus held up to him the Gorgon's head, and he had rest from all his toil; for he became a crag of stone, which sleeps for ever far above the clouds.

Then he thanked the Nymphs, and asked them, "By what road shall I go homeward again, for I wandered far round in coming hither?"

And they wept and cried, "Go home no more, but stay and play with us, the lonely maidens, who dwell for ever far away from Gods and men."

But he refused, and they told him his road, and said, "Take with you this magic fruit, which, if you eat once, you will not hunger for seven days. For you must go eastward and eastward ever, over the doleful Lybian shore, which Poseidon gave to Father Zeus, when he burst open the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, and drowned the fair Lectonian land. And Zeus took that land in exchange, a fair bargain, much bad ground for a little good, and to this day it lies waste and desert, with shingle and rock and sand."

Then they kissed Perseus, and wept over him, and he leapt down the mountain, and went on, lessening and lessening like a seagull, away and out to sea.

#### PART IV

##### HOW PERSEUS CAME TO THE ÆTHIOPS

So Perseus flitted onward to the northeast, over many a league of sea, till he came to the rolling sand-hills and the dreary Libyan shore.

And he flitted on across the desert: over rock-ledges, and banks of shingle, and level wastes of sand, and shell-drifts bleaching in the sunshine, and the skeletons of great sea-monsters, and dead bones of ancient giants,

strewn up and down upon the old sea-floor. And as he went the blood-drops fell to the earth from the Gorgon's head, and became poisonous asps and adders, which breed in the desert to this day.

Over the sands he went — he never knew how far or how long — feeding on the fruit which the Nymphs had given him, till he saw the hills of the Psylli and the Dwarfs who fought with cranes. Their spears were of reeds and rushes, and their houses of the egg-shells of the cranes; and Perseus laughed, and went his way to the north-east, hoping all day long to see the blue Mediterranean sparkling, that he might fly across it to his home.

But now came down a mighty wind, and swept him back southward toward the desert. All day long he strove against it; but even the winged sandals could not prevail. So he was forced to float down the wind all night; and when the morning dawned there was nothing to be seen, save the same old hateful waste of sand.

And out of the north the sandstorms rushed upon him, blood-red pillars and wreaths, blotting out the noonday sun; and Perseus fled before them, lest he should be choked by the burning dust. At last the gale fell calm, and he tried to go northward again; but again came down the sandstorms, and swept him back into the waste, and then all was calm and cloudless as before. Seven days he strove against the storms, and seven days he was driven back, till he was spent with thirst and hunger, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Here and there he fancied that he saw a fair lake, and the sunbeams shining on the water; but when he came to it it vanished at his feet, and there was naught but burning sand. And if he had not been of the race of the Immortals, he would have perished in the waste; but his life was strong within him, because it was more than man's.

Then he cried to Athené, and said —

"Oh, fair and pure, if thou hearest me, wilt thou leave me here to die of drought? I have brought thee the Gorgon's head at thy bidding, and hitherto thou hast prospered my journey; dost thou desert me at the last? Else why will not these immortal sandals prevail, even against the desert storms? Shall I never see my mother



more, and the blue ripple round Seriphos, and the sunny hills of Hellas?"

So he prayed; and after he had prayed there was a great silence.

The heaven was still above his head, and the sand was still beneath his feet; and Perseus looked up, but there was nothing but the blinding sun in the blinding blue; and round him there was nothing but the blinding sand.

And Perseus stood still awhile and waited, and said, "Surely, I am not here without the will of the Immortals, for Athené will not lie. Were not these sandals to lead me in the right road? Then the road in which I have tried to go must be a wrong road."

Then suddenly his ears were opened, and he heard the sound of running water.

And at that his heart was lifted up, though he scarcely dare believe his ears; and weary as he was, he hurried forward, though he could scarcely stand upright; and within a bowshot of him was a glen in the sand, and marble rocks, and date trees, and a lawn of gay green grass. And through the lawn a streamlet sparkled and wandered out beyond the trees, and vanished in the sand.

The water trickled among the rocks, and a pleasant breeze rustled in the dry date-branches; and Perseus laughed for joy, and leapt down the cliff, and drank of the cool water, and ate of the dates, and slept upon the turf, and leapt up and went forward again: but not toward the north this time; for he said, "Surely Athené hath sent me hither, and will not have me go homeward yet. What if there be another noble deed to be done, before I see the sunny hills of Hellas?"

So he went east, and east for ever, by fresh oases and fountains, date palms, and lawns of grass, till he saw before him a mighty mountain-wall, all rose-red in the setting sun.

Then he towered in the air like an eagle, for his limbs were strong again; and he flew all night across the mountain till the day began to dawn, and rosy-fingered Eos came blushing up the sky. And then, behold, beneath him were the long green garden of Egypt and the shining stream of Nile.

And he saw cities walled up to heaven, and temples and obelisks, and pyramids, and giant

Gods of stone. And he came down amid fields of barley, and flax, and millet, and clambering gourds; and saw the people coming out of the gates of a great city, and setting to work, each in his place, among the watercourses, parting the streams among the plants cunningly with their feet, according to the wisdom of the Egyptians. But when they saw him they all stopped their work, and gathered round him, and cried —

"Who art thou, fair youth? and what bearest thou beneath thy goatskin there? Surely thou art one of the Immortals; for thy skin is white like ivory, and ours is red like clay. Thy hair is like threads of gold, and ours is black and curled. Surely thou art one of the Immortals"; and they would have worshipped him then and there; but Perseus said —

"I am not one of the Immortals; but I am a hero of the Hellenes. And I have slain the Gorgon in the wilderness, and bear her head with me. Give me food, therefore, that I may go forward and finish my work."

Then they gave him food, and fruit, and wine; but they would not let him go. And when the news came into the city that the Gorgon was slain, the priests came out to meet him, and the maidens, with songs and dances and timbrels and harps; and they would have brought him to their temple and to their king; but Perseus put on the hat of darkness, and vanished away out of their sight.

Therefore the Egyptians looked long for his return, but in vain, and worshipped him as a hero, and made a statue of him in Chemmis, which stood for many a hundred years; and they said that he appeared to them at times, with sandals a cubit long; and that whenever he appeared the season was fruitful, and the Nile rose high that year.

Then Perseus went to the eastward, along the Red Sea shore; and then, because he was afraid to go into the Arabian deserts, he turned northward once more, and this time no storm hindered him.

He went past the Isthmus, and Mount Casius, and the vast Serbonian bog, and up the shore of Palestine, where the dark-faced Æthiops dwelt.

He flew on past pleasant hills and valleys, like Argos itself, or Lacedæmon, or the fair



Vale of Tempe. But the lowlands were all drowned by floods, and the highlands blasted by fire, and the hills heaved like a bubbling cauldron, before the wrath of King Poseidon, the shaker of the earth.

And Perseus feared to go inland, but flew along the shore above the sea; and he went on all the day, and the sky was black with smoke; and he went on all the night, and the sky was red with flame.

And at the dawn of day he looked toward the cliffs; and at the water's edge, under a black rock, he saw a white image stand.

"This," thought he, "must surely be the statue of some sea-God; I will go near and see what kind of Gods these barbarians worship."

So he came near; but when he came, it was no statue, but a maiden of flesh and blood; for he could see her tresses streaming in the breeze; and as he came closer still, he could see how she shrank and shivered when the waves sprinkled her with cold salt spray. Her arms were spread above her head, and fastened to the rock with chains of brass; and her head drooped on her bosom, either with sleep, or weariness, or grief. But now and then she looked up and wailed, and called her mother; yet she did not see Perseus, for the cap of darkness was on his head.

Full of pity and indignation, Perseus drew near and looked upon the maid. Her cheeks were darker than his were, and her hair was blue-black like a hyacinth; but Perseus thought, "I have never seen so beautiful a maiden; no, not in all our isles. Surely she is a king's daughter. Do barbarians treat their kings' daughters thus? She is too fair, at least, to have done any wrong. I will speak to her."

And, lifting the hat from his head, he flashed into her sight. She shrieked with terror, and tried to hide her face with her hair, for she could not with her hands; but Perseus cried —

"Do not fear me, fair one; I am a Hellen, and no barbarian. What cruel men have bound you? But first I will set you free."

And he tore at the fetters, but they were too strong for him; while the maiden cried —

"Touch me not; I am accursed, devoted as a victim to the sea-Gods. They will slay you, if you dare to set me free."

"Let them try," said Perseus; and drawing Herpé from his thigh, he cut through the brass as if it had been flax.

"Now," he said, "you belong to me, and not to these sea-Gods, whosoever they may be!" But she only called the more on her mother.

"Why call on your mother? She can be no mother to have left you here. If a bird is dropped out of the nest, it belongs to the man who picks it up. If a jewel is cast by the wayside, it is his who dare win it and wear it, as I will win you and will wear you. I know now why Pallas Athené sent me hither. She sent me to gain a prize worth all my toil and more."

And he clasped her in his arms, and cried, "Where are these sea-Gods, cruel and unjust, who doom fair maids to death? I carry the weapons of Immortals. Let them measure their strength against mine! But tell me, maiden, who you are, and what dark fate brought you here."

And she answered, weeping —

"I am the daughter of Cepheus, King of Iopa, and my mother is Cassiopœia of the beautiful tresses, and they called me Andromeda, as long as life was mine. And I stand bound here, hapless that I am, for the sea-monster's food, to atone for my mother's sin. For she boasted of me once that I was fairer than Atergatis, Queen of the Fishes; so she in her wrath sent the sea-floods, and her brother the Fire King sent the earthquakes, and wasted all the land, and after the floods a monster bred of the slime, who devours all living things. And now he must devour me, guiltless though I am — me who never harmed a living thing, nor saw a fish upon the shore but I gave it life, and threw it back into the sea; for in our land we eat no fish, for fear of Atergatis their queen. Yet the priests say that nothing but my blood can atone for a sin which I never committed."

But Perseus laughed, and said, "A sea-monster? I have fought with worse than him: I would have faced Immortals for your sake; how much more a beast of the sea?"

Then Andromeda looked up at him, and new hope was kindled in her breast, so proud and fair did he stand, with one hand round her, and in the other the glittering sword.

But she only sighed, and wept the more, and cried —

"Why will you die, young as you are? Is there not death and sorrow enough in the world already? It is noble for me to die, that I may save the lives of a whole people; but you, better than them all, why should I slay you too? Go your way; I must go mine."

But Perseus cried, "Not so; for the Lords of Olympus, whom I serve, are the friends of

denly looking up, she pointed to the sea, and shrieked —

"There he comes, with the sunrise, as they promised. I must die now. How shall I endure it? Oh, go! Is it not dreadful enough to be torn piecemeal, without having you to look on?" And she tried to thrust him away.

But he said, "I go; yet promise me one thing ere I go: that if I slay this beast you will be my wife, and come back with me to my kingdom in fruitful Argos, for I am a king's heir. Promise me, and seal it with a kiss."

Then she lifted up her face, and kissed him; and Perseus laughed for joy, and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched trembling on the rock, waiting for what might befall.

On came the great sea-monster, coasting along like a huge black galley, lazily breasting the ripple, and stopping at times by creek or headland to watch for the laughter of girls at their bleaching, or cattle pawing on the sand-hills, or boys bathing on the beach. His great sides were fringed with clustering shells and seaweeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws, as he rolled along, dripping and glistening in the beams of the morning sun.

At last he saw Andromeda, and shot forward to take his prey, while the waves foamed white behind him, and before him the fish fled leaping.

Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus like a shooting star; down to the crests of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted; and then there was silence for a while.

At last she looked up trembling, and saw Perseus spring toward her; and instead of the monster a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly round it.

Who then so proud as Perseus, as he leapt back to the rock, and lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms, and flew with her to the cliff-top, as a falcon carries a dove!

Who so proud as Perseus, and who so joyful as all the Æthiop people? For they had stood watching the monster from the cliffs, wailing for the maiden's fate. And already a messenger had gone to Cepheus and Cassiopœia, where they sat in sackcloth and ashes on the ground, in the innermost palace chambers, awaiting their daughter's end. And they came, and all



WHO SO PROUD AS PERSEUS, AS HE LEAPT BACK TO  
THE ROCK

the heroes, and help them on to noble deeds. Led by them, I slew the Gorgon, the beautiful horror; and not without them do I come hither, to slay this monster with that same Gorgon's head. Yet hide your eyes when I leave you, lest the sight of it freeze you too to stone."

But the maiden answered nothing, for she could not believe his words. And then, sud-

the city with them, to see the wonder, with songs and with dances, with cymbals and harps, and received their daughter back again, as one alive from the dead.

Then Cepheus said, "Hero of the Hellen, stay here with me and be my son-in-law, and I will give you the half of my kingdom."

"I will be your son-in-law," said Perseus, "but of your kingdom I will have none, for I long after the pleasant land of Greece, and my mother who waits for me at home."

Then Cepheus said, "You must not take my daughter away at once, for she is to us like one alive from the dead. Stay with us here a year, and after that you shall return with honor." And Perseus consented; but before he went to the palace he bade the people bring stones and wood, and built three altars, one to Athené, and one to Hermes, and one to Father Zeus, and offered bullocks and rams.

And some said, "This is a pious man"; yet the priests said, "The Sea Queen will be yet more fierce against us, because her monster is slain." But they were afraid to speak aloud, for they feared the Gorgon's head. So they went up to the palace; and when they came in, there stood in the hall Phineus, the brother of Cepheus, chafing like a bear robbed of her whelps, and with him his sons, and his servants, and many an armed man; and he cried to Cepheus —

"You shall not marry your daughter to this stranger, of whom no one knows even the name. Was not Andromeda betrothed to my son? And now she is safe again, has he not a right to claim her?"

But Perseus laughed and answered, "If your son is in want of a bride, let him save a maiden for himself. As yet he seems but a helpless bridegroom. He left this one to die, and dead she is to him. I saved her alive, and alive she is to me, but to no one else. Ungrateful man! have I not saved your land, and the lives of your sons and daughters, and will you requite me thus? Go, or it will be worse for you!" But all the men-at-arms drew their swords and rushed on him like wild beasts.

Then he unveiled the Gorgon's head, and said, "This has delivered my bride from one wild beast: it shall deliver her from many." And as he spoke Phineus and all his men-at-

arms stopped short, and stiffened each man as he stood; and before Perseus had drawn the goatskin over the face again, they were all turned into stone.

Then Perseus bade the people bring levers and roll them out; and what was done with them after that I cannot tell.

So they made a great wedding-feast, which lasted seven whole days, and who so happy as Perseus and Andromeda?

But on the eighth night Perseus dreamed a dream; and he saw standing beside him Pallas Athené, as he had seen her in Seriphos, seven long years before; and she stood and called him by name, and said —

"Perseus, you have played the man, and see, you have your reward. Know now that the Gods are just, and help him who helps himself. Now give me here Herpé the sword, and the sandals, and the hat of darkness, that I may give them back to their owners; but the Gorgon's head you shall keep awhile, for you will need it in your land of Greece. Then you shall lay it up in my temple at Seriphos, that I may wear it on my shield for ever, a terror to the Titans and the monsters, and the foes of Gods and men. And as for this land, I have appeased the sea and the fire, and there shall be no more floods nor earthquakes. But let the people build altars to Father Zeus, and to me, and worship the Immortals, the Lords of heaven and earth."

And Perseus rose to give her the sword, and the cap and the sandals; but he woke, and his dream vanished away. And yet it was not altogether a dream; for the goatskin with the head was in its place; but the sword, and the cap, and the sandals were gone, and Perseus never saw them more.

Then a great awe fell on Perseus; and he went out in the morning to the people, and told his dream, and bade them build altars to Zeus, the Father of Gods and men, and to Athené, who gives wisdom to heroes; and fear no more the earthquakes and the floods, but sow and build in peace. And they did so for a while, and prospered; but after Perseus was gone they forgot Zeus and Athené, and worshipped again Atergatis the queen, and the undying fish of the sacred lake, where Deucalion's deluge was swallowed up, and they

burnt their children before the Fire King, till Zeus was angry with that foolish people, and brought a strange nation against them out of Egypt, who fought against them and wasted them utterly, and dwelt in their cities for many a hundred years.

## PART V

### HOW PERSEUS CAME HOME AGAIN

And when a year was ended Perseus hired Phœnicians from Tyre, and cut down cedars, and built himself a noble galley; and painted its cheeks with vermilion, and pitched its sides with pitch; and in it he put Andromeda, and all her dowry of jewels, and rich shawls, and spices from the East; and great was the weeping when they rowed away. But the remembrance of his brave deed was left behind; and Andromeda's rock was shown at Iopa in Palestine till more than a thousand years were past.

So Perseus and the Phœnicians rowed to the westward, across the sea of Crete, till they came to the blue *Ægean* and the pleasant Isles of *Hellas*, and *Seriphos*, his ancient home.

Then he left his galley on the beach, and went up as of old; and he embraced his mother, and *Dictys* his good foster-father, and they wept over each other a long while, for it was seven years and more since they had met.

Then Perseus went out, and up to the hall of *Polydectes*; and underneath the goatskin he bore the Gorgon's head.

And when he came into the hall, *Polydectes* sat at the table-head, and all his nobles and landowners on either side, each according to his rank, feasting on the fish and the goat's flesh, and drinking the blood-red wine. The harpers harped, and the revellers shouted, and the wine-cups rang merrily as they passed from hand to hand, and great was the noise in the hall of *Polydectes*.

Then Perseus stood upon the threshold, and called to the king by name. But none of the guests knew Perseus, for he was changed by his long journey. He had gone out a boy, and he was come home a hero; his eye shone like an eagle's, and his beard was like a lion's beard, and he stood up like a wild bull in his pride.

But *Polydectes* the wicked knew him, and

hardened his heart still more; and scornfully he called —

"Ah, foundling! have you found it more easy to promise than to fulfil?"

"Those whom the Gods help fulfil their promises; and those who despise them, reap as they have sown. Behold the Gorgon's head!"

Then Perseus drew back the goatskin, and held aloft the Gorgon's head.

Pale grew *Polydectes* and his guests as they looked upon that dreadful face. They tried to rise up from their seats; but from their seats they never rose, but stiffened, each man where he sat, into a ring of cold gray stones.

Then Perseus turned and left them, and went down to his galley in the bay; and he gave the kingdom to good *Dictys*, and sailed away with his mother and his bride.

And *Polydectes* and his guests sat still, with the wine-cups before them on the board, till the rafters crumbled down above their heads, and the walls behind their backs, and the table crumbled down between them, and the grass sprang up about their feet; but *Polydectes* and his guests sit on the hillside, a ring of gray stones until this day.

But Perseus rowed westward toward *Argos*, and landed, and went up to the town. And when he came, he found that *Acrisius* his grandfather had fled. For *Prœtus* his wicked brother had made war against him afresh; and had come across the river from *Tiryns*, and conquered *Argos*, and *Acrisius* had fled to *Larissa*, in the country of the wild *Pelasgi*.

Then Perseus called the *Argives* together, and told them who he was, and all the noble deeds which he had done. And all the nobles and the yeomen made him king, for they saw that he had a royal heart; and they fought with him against *Argos*, and took it, and killed *Prœtus*, and made the *Cyclopes* serve them, and build them walls round *Argos*, like the walls which they had built at *Tiryns*; and there were great rejoicings in the vale of *Argos*, because they had got a king from Father Zeus.

But Perseus' heart yearned after his grandfather, and he said, "Surely he is my flesh and blood, and he will love me now that I am come home with honor: I will go and find him, and bring him home, and we will reign together in peace."



#### STORIES FROM GREEK TRAGEDY

Top: Iphigeneia, daughter of Agamemnon, was slain as a sacrifice at behest of Calchas, the priest of the Grecian host. Bottom: 1. The death of Hercules. Sophocles, in one of his tragedies, tells of the death of Hercules, who was poisoned by the robe of Nessus which his wife sent him. By his own order Hercules was burned on a great funeral pyre. Then the son of Zeus became an immortal spirit, and was driven away to the abode of the immortals. 2. Prometheus and the Eagle. Æschylus, in "Prometheus Bound," tells of the fate that befell the friend of man, who was torn by the tawny eagle of Zeus.

So Perseus sailed away with his Phœnicians, round Hydrea and Sunium, past Marathon and the Attic shore, and through Euripus, and up the long Eubœan sea, till he came to the town of Larissa, where the wild Pelasgi dwelt.

And when he came there, all the people were in the fields, and there was feasting, and all kinds of games; for Teutamenes their king wished to honor Acrisius, because he was the king of a mighty land.

So Perseus did not tell his name, but went up to the games unknown; for he said, "If I carry away the prize in the games, my grandfather's heart will be softened toward me."

So he threw off his helmet and his cuirass, and all his clothes, and stood among the youths of Larissa, while all wondered at him, and said, "Who is this young stranger, who stands like a wild bull in his pride? Surely he is one of the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, from Olympus."

And when the games began, they wondered yet more; for Perseus was the best man of all at running, and leaping, and wrestling, and throwing the javelin; and he won four crowns, and took them, and then he said to himself, "There is a fifth crown yet to be won: I will win that, and lay them all upon the knees of my grandfather."

And as he spoke, he saw where Acrisius sat, by the side of Teutamenes the king, with his white beard flowing down upon his knees, and his royal staff in his hand; and Perseus wept when he looked at him, for his heart yearned after his kin; and he said, "Surely he is a kingly old man, yet he need not be ashamed of his grandson."

Then he took the quoits, and hurled them, five fathoms beyond all the rest; and the people shouted, "Further yet, brave stranger! There has never been such a hurler in this land."

Then Perseus put out all his strength, and hurled. But a gust of wind came from the sea, and carried the quoit aside, and far beyond all the rest; and it fell on the foot of Acrisius, and he swooned away with the pain.

Perseus shrieked, and ran up to him; but when they lifted the old man up he was dead, for his life was slow and feeble.

Then Perseus rent his clothes, and cast dust

upon his head, and wept a long time for his grandfather. At last he rose, and called to all the people aloud, and said —

"The Gods are true, and what they have ordained must be. I am Perseus, the grandson of this dead man, the far-famed slayer of the Gorgon."

Then he told them how the prophecy had declared that he should kill his grandfather, and all the story of his life.

So they made a great mourning for Acrisius, and burnt him on a right rich pile; and Perseus went to the temple, and was purified from the guilt of the death, because he had done it unknowingly.

Then he went home to Argos, and reigned there well with fair Andromeda; and they had four sons and three daughters, and died in a good old age.

And when they died, the ancients say, Athené took them up into the sky, with Cepheus and Cassiopœia. And there on starlight nights you may see them shining still; Cepheus with his kingly crown, and Cassiopœia in her ivory chair, plaiting her star-spangled tresses, and Perseus with the Gorgon's head, and fair Andromeda beside him, spreading her long white arms across the heaven, as she stood when chained to the stone for the monster. All night long they shine, for a beacon to wandering sailors; but all day they feast with the Gods, on the still blue peaks of Olympus.



## HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

BY T. B. MACAULAY (1800-1859)  
[From *The Lays of Ancient Rome*.]

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,  
By the Nine Gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting-day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north  
 The messengers ride fast,  
 And tower and town and cottage  
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
 Shame on the false Etruscan  
 Who lingers in his home  
 When Porsena of Clusium  
 Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen  
 Are pouring in amain,  
 From many a stately market-place,  
 From many a fruitful plain;  
 From many a lonely hamlet,  
 Which, hid by beech and pine,  
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest  
 Of purple Apennine.

The harvests of Arretium,  
 This year, old men shall reap;  
 This year, young boys in Umbro  
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;  
 And in the vats of Luna,  
 This year, the must shall foam  
 Round the white feet of laughing girls  
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
 The wisest of the land,  
 Who alway by Lars Porsena  
 Both morn and evening stand:  
 Evening and morn the Thirty  
 Have turned the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
 By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty  
 Have their glad answer given:  
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;  
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven;  
 Go, and return in glory  
 To Clusium's royal dome;  
 And hang round Nurscia's altars  
 The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city  
 Sent up her tale of men;  
 The foot are fourscore thousand,  
 The horse are thousands ten.  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array.

A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting-day.

For all the Etruscan armies  
 Were ranged beneath his eye,  
 And many a banished Roman,  
 And many a stout ally;  
 And with a mighty following  
 To join the muster came  
 The Tusculan Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber  
 Was tumult and affright:  
 From all the spacious champaign  
 To Rome men took their flight.  
 A mile around the city,  
 The throng stopped up the ways;  
 A fearful sight it was to see  
 Through two long nights and days.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
 Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
 Red in the midnight sky.  
 The Fathers of the City,  
 They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
 With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward  
 Have spread the Tuscan bands;  
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,  
 In Crustumerium stands.  
 Verbenna down to Ostia  
 Hath wasted all the plain;  
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
 And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,  
 There was no heart so bold,  
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
 When that ill news was told.  
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
 Up rose the Fathers all;  
 In haste they girded up their gowns,  
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing  
 Before the River Gate;  
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
 For musing or debate.



Out spoke the Consul roundly:  
 "The bridge must straight go down;  
 For, since Janiculum is lost,  
 Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,  
 All wild with haste and fear:  
 "To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;  
 Lars Porsena is here."  
 On the low hills to westward  
 The Consul fixed his eye,  
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer, fast, and nearer  
 Doth the red whirlwind come;  
 And louder still, and still more loud,  
 From underneath that rolling cloud,  
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,  
 The trampling and the hum.  
 And plainly and more plainly  
 Now through the gloom appears,  
 Far to left and far to right,  
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
 The long array of helmets bright,  
 The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,  
 Above the glimmering line,  
 Now might ye see the banners  
 Of twelve fair cities shine;  
 But the banner of proud Clusium  
 Was the highest of them all,  
 The terror of the Umbrian,  
 The terror of the Gaul.

Fast by the royal standard,  
 O'erlooking all the war,  
 Lars Porsena of Clusium  
 Sat in his ivory car.  
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name,  
 And by the left false Sextus,  
 That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus  
 Was seen among the foes,  
 A yell that rent the firmament  
 From all the town arose.  
 On the house-tops was no woman  
 But spat toward him and hissed,

No child but screamed out curses,  
 And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
 And the Consul's speech was low,  
 And darkly looked he at the wall,  
 And darkly at the foe.  
 "Their van will be upon us  
 Before the bridge goes down;  
 And if they once may win the bridge,  
 What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
 The Captain of the Gate:  
 "To every man upon this earth  
 Death cometh soon or late;  
 And how can man die better  
 Than facing fearful odds,  
 For the ashes of his fathers,  
 And the temples of his gods,

"And for the tender mother  
 Who dandled him to rest,  
 And for the wife who nurses  
 His baby at her breast,  
 And for the holy maidens  
 Who feed the eternal flame,  
 To save them from false Sextus  
 That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
 With all the speed ye may;  
 I, with two more to help me,  
 Will hold the foe in place.  
 In yon straight path a thousand  
 May well be stopped by three.  
 Now who will stand on either hand,  
 And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —  
 A Ramnian proud was he —  
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
 And keep the bridge with thee."  
 And out spake strong Herminius —  
 Of Titian blood was he —  
 "I will abide on thy left side,  
 And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
 "As thou say'st, so let it be."  
 And straight against that great array  
 Forth went the dauntless Three.



For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
 Spared neither land nor gold,  
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening  
 Their harness on their backs,  
 The Consul was the foremost man  
 To take in hand an ax;  
 And Fathers mixed with Commons  
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
 And smote the planks above,  
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold.  
 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,  
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,  
 And looked upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 From all the vanguard rose:  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array;  
 To earth they sprang, their swords they  
 drew,  
 And lifted high their shields, and flew  
 To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,  
 Lord of the Hill of Vines;  
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
 Sicken in Ilva's mines;  
 And Picus, long to Clusium  
 Vassal in peace and war,  
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,  
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
 Into the stream beneath;  
 Herminius struck at Seius,  
 And clove him to the teeth;

At Picus brave Horatius  
 Darted one fiery thrust;  
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
 Rushed on the Roman Three;  
 And Lausulus of Urgo,  
 The rover of the sea;  
 And Aruns of Volsinium,  
 Who slew the great wild boar,  
 The great wild boar that had his den  
 Amid the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
 And wasted fields and slaughtered men  
 Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;  
 Lartius laid Ocnus low;  
 Right to the heart of Lausulus  
 Horatius sent a blow.  
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!  
 No more aghast and pale,  
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
 The track of thy destroying bark.  
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
 To woods and caverns when they spy  
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

But now no sound of laughter  
 Was heard among the foes.  
 A wild and wrathful clamour  
 From all the vanguard rose.  
 Six spears' length from the entrance  
 Halted that deep array,  
 And for a space no man came forth  
 To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:  
 And lo! the ranks divide;  
 And the great Lord of Luna  
 Comes with his stately stride.  
 Upon his ample shoulders  
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
 And in his hand he shakes the brand  
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,  
 A smile serene and high;  
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
 And scorn was in his eye.

Quoth he: "The she-wolf's litter  
Stand savagely at bay;  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.  
With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.  
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;  
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
He leaned one breathing space;  
Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds,  
Sprang right at Astur's face.  
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,  
So fierce a thrust he sped,  
The good sword stood a handbreadth out  
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna  
Fell at the deadly stroke,  
As falls on Mount Alvernus  
A thunder-smitten oak.  
Far o'er the crashing forest  
The giant arms lie spread;  
And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
Right firmly pressed his heel,  
And thrice and four times tugged amain  
Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
Fair guests, that waits you here!  
What noble Lucumo comes next  
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge  
A sullen murmur ran,  
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,  
Along that glittering van.  
There lacked not men of prowess,  
Nor men of lordly race;  
For all Etruria's noblest  
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest  
Felt their hearts sink to see  
On the earth the bloody corpses,  
In the path the dauntless Three:  
And, from the ghastly entrance  
Where those bold Romans stood,  
All shrank, like boys who unaware,  
Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
Lies amid bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack?  
But those behind cried "Forward!"  
And those before cried "Back!"  
And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array;  
And on the tossing sea of steel  
To and fro the standards reel;  
And the victorious trumpet peal  
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment  
Strode out before the crowd;  
Well known was he to all the Three,  
And they gave him greeting loud:  
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!  
Now welcome to thy home!  
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?  
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;  
Thrice looked he at the dead;  
And thrice came on in fury,  
And thrice turned back in dread:  
And, white with fear and hatred,  
Scowled at the narrow way  
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile ax and lever  
Have manfully been plied,  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.  
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"  
Loud cried the Fathers all.  
"Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius!  
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;  
Herminius darted back:

And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.  
 But when they turned their faces,  
 And on the farther shore  
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder  
 Fell every loosened beam,  
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
 Lay right athwart the stream;  
 And a long shout of triumph  
 Rose from the walls of Rome,  
 As to the highest turret tops  
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken  
 When first he feels the rein  
 The furious river struggled hard,  
 And tossed his tawny mane;  
 And burst the curb, and bounded,  
 Rejoicing to be free,  
 And whirling down, in fierce career,  
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
 But constant still in mind;  
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
 And the broad flood behind.  
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,  
 With a smile on his pale face.  
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning  
 Those craven ranks to see;  
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
 To Sextus naught spake he;  
 But he saw on Palatinus  
 The white porch of his home;  
 And he spake to the noble river  
 That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!  
 To whom the Romans pray,  
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
 Take thou in charge this day!"  
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed  
 The good sword by his side,  
 And, with his harness on his back,  
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
 Was heard from either bank;  
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
 With parted lips and straining eyes,  
 Stood gazing where he sank;  
 And when above the surges  
 They saw his crest appear,  
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
 And even the ranks of Tuscany  
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

And fiercely ran the current,  
 Swollen high by months of rain;  
 And fast his blood was flowing,  
 And he was sore in pain,  
 And heavy with his armour,  
 And spent with changing blows:  
 And oft they thought him sinking,  
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
 In such an evil case,  
 Struggle through such a raging flood  
 Safe to the landing place;  
 But his limbs were borne up bravely  
 By the brave heart within,  
 And our good Father Tiber  
 Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;  
 "Will not the villain drown?  
 But for this stay, ere close of day  
 We should have sacked the town!"  
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,  
 "And bring him safe to shore:  
 For such a gallant feat of arms  
 Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;  
 Now on dry earth he stands;  
 Now round him throng the Fathers  
 To press his gory hands;  
 And now with shouts and clapping,  
 And noise of weeping loud,  
 He enters through the River Gate,  
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,  
 That was of public right,  
 As much as two strong oxen  
 Could plow from morn till night:

And they made a molten image,  
 And set it up on high,  
 And there it stands unto this day  
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,  
 Plain for all folk to see, —  
 Horatius in his harness,  
 Halting upon one knee:  
 And underneath is written,  
 In letters all of gold,  
 How valiantly he kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

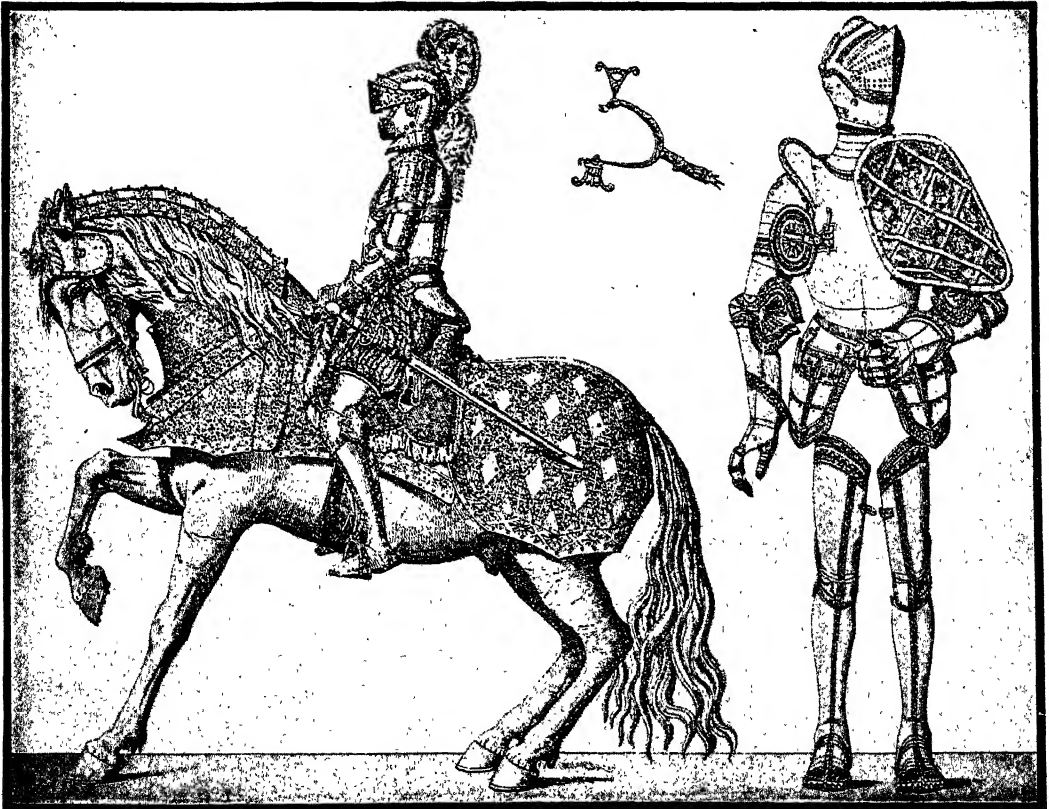
And still his name sounds stirring  
 Unto the men of Rome,  
 As the trumpet blast that cries to them  
 To charge the Volscian home;  
 And wives still pray to Juno  
 For boys with hearts as bold  
 As his who kept the bridge so well  
 In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,  
 When the cold north winds blow,

And the long howling of the wolves  
 Is heard amid the snow;  
 When round the lonely cottage  
 Roars loud the tempest's din,  
 And the good logs of Algidus  
 Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,  
 And the largest lamp is lit;  
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
 And the kid turns on the spit;  
 When young and old in circle  
 Around the firebrands close;  
 When the girls are weaving baskets,  
 And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,  
 And trims his helmet's plume;  
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
 Goes flashing through the loom, —  
 With weeping and with laughter  
 Still is the story told,  
 How well Horatius kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.





SHAKESPEARE'S "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AS ILLUSTRATED IN BLACK AND WHITE



DRAWINGS BY WALTER CRANE, WHOSE FALSTAFF IS ONE OF HIS MOST CHARACTERISTIC CREATIONS



## THE STORY OF THE TEMPEST

[This is the story of Shakespeare's play, *The Tempest*, as it is told by Charles and Mary Lamb in their *Tales from Shakespeare*. They wrote this book to help young people in becoming acquainted with the work of the greatest of English poets and play-writers. It is one of the best books for children to read.]

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which treated chiefly of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but

Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity of their sad distress. See, the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you come from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued

Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the

ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where are the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."



"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing:

"Full fathom five thy father lies:  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pre-

ending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was

heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures are these! It must surely be a brave world that has such creatures in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

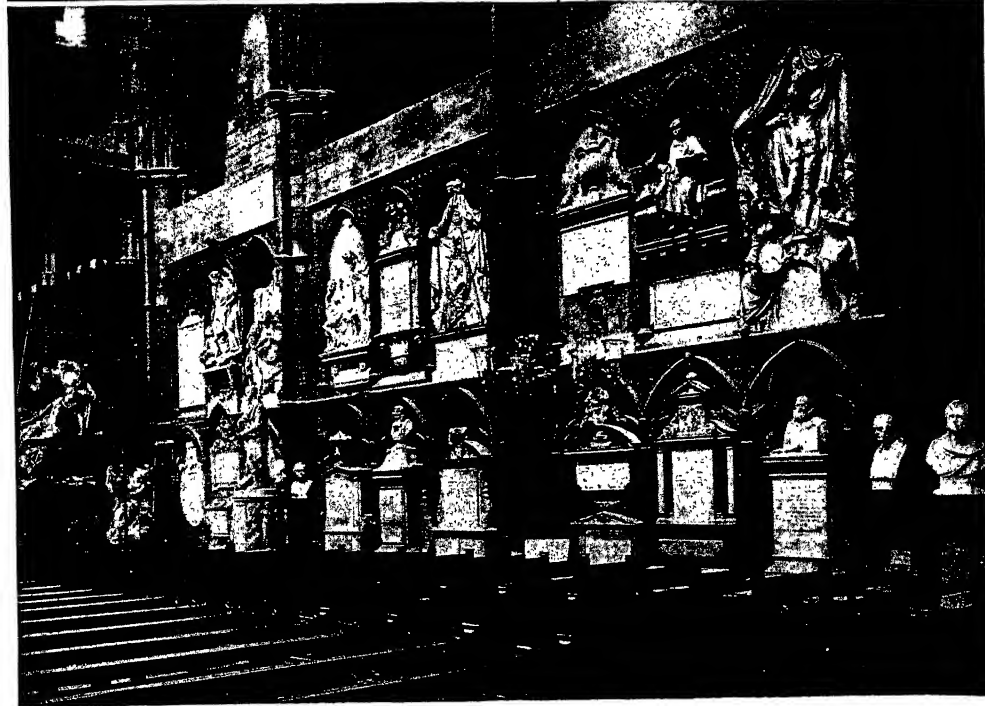
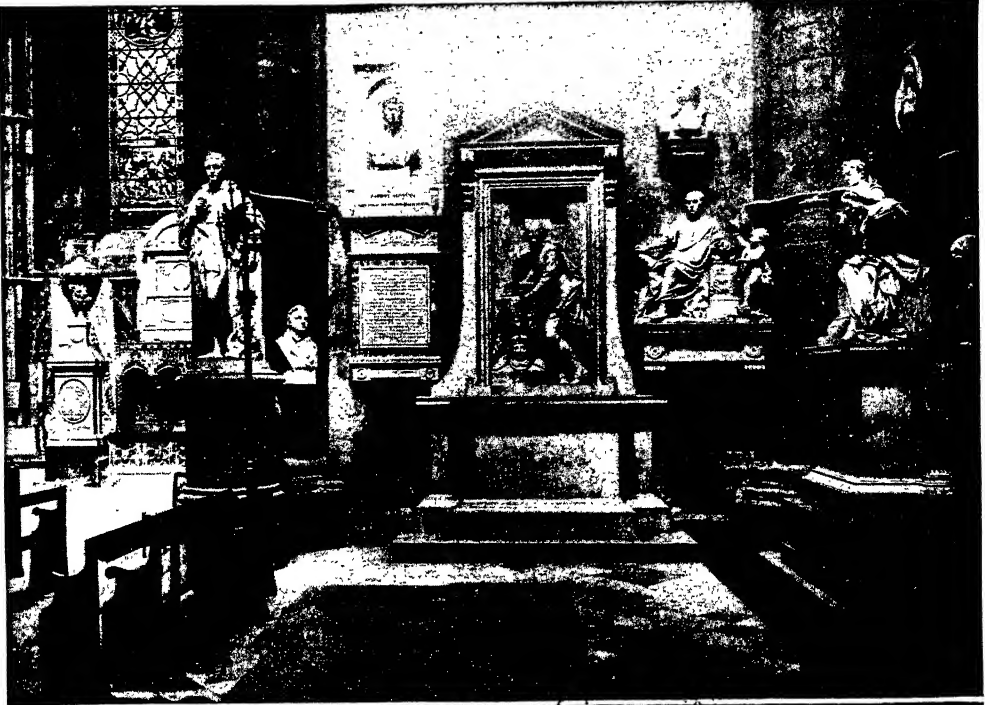
"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie:  
There I crouch when owls do cry  
On the bat's back I do fly



THE FAMOUS POETS' CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON

Shakespeare has the central place in the upper section.

After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

## LOCHINVAR

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

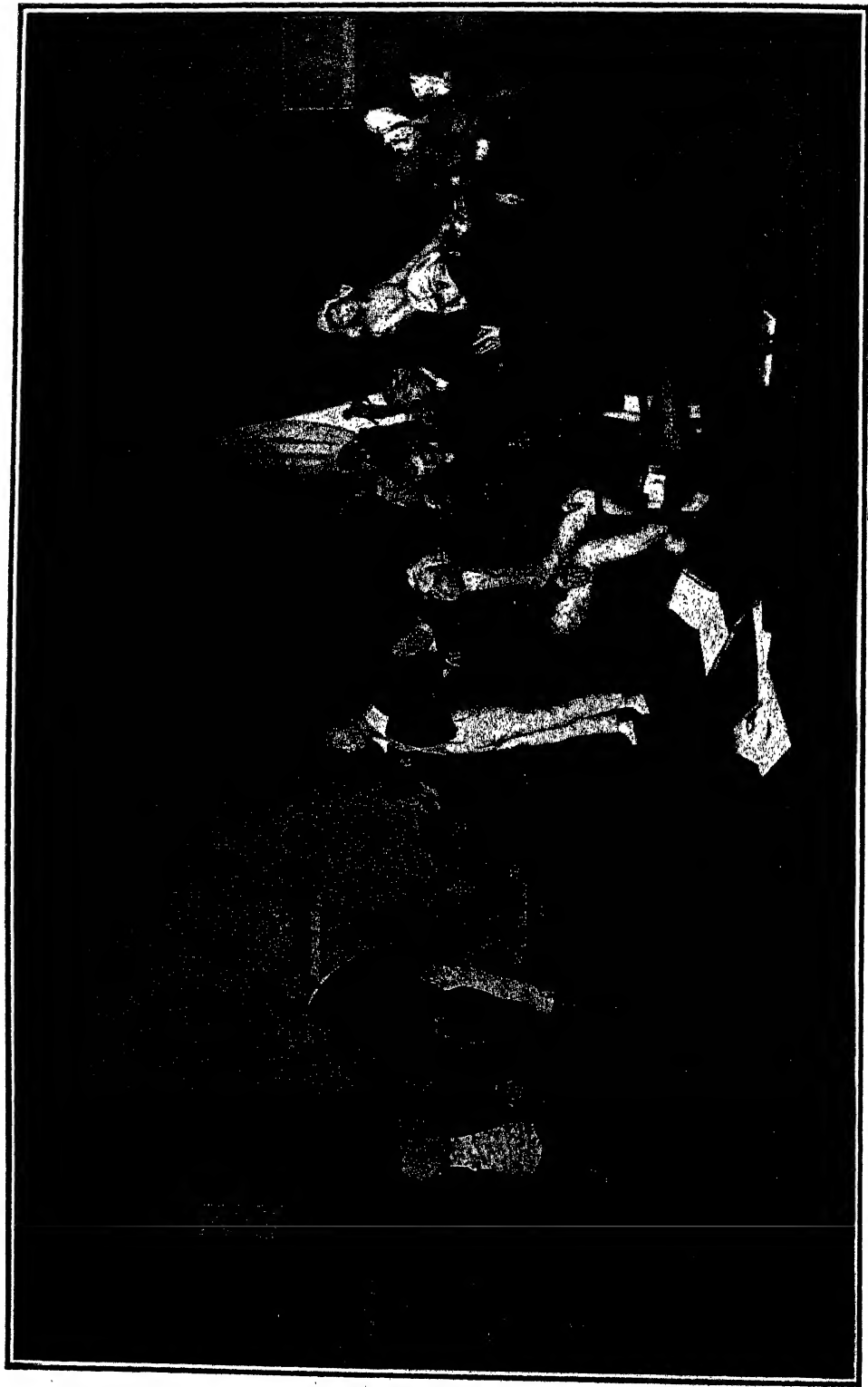
O H, young Lochinvar is come out of the w  
Through all the wide Border his steed  
the best,  
And save his good broadsword he weapons  
none;  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Loch  
var.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped  
for stone,  
He swam the Esk River where ford there  
none;



KNIGHTS AND ARMOR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY





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#### SCOTT'S MEETING WITH BURNS

In 1787 Walter Scott, then a youth of fifteen, met Burns at Dr. Ferguson's residence in Edinburgh, and won the poet's notice by supplying the name of an author which none of the others of this company could remember. Dr. Ferguson is seated at the left; Adam Smith is third from the right; Dr. Black fourth. Other noted men shown are Adam Ferguson, Dugald Stewart, John Home, and Dr. Hutton.

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers  
and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his  
sword

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a  
word),

"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in  
war,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-  
var?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you  
denied; —

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its  
tide —

And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by  
far,

That would gladly be bride to the young Lochin-  
var."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took  
it up;

He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the  
cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up  
to sigh,

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand ere her mother could  
bar, —

"Now tread we a measure!" said young  
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did  
fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet  
and plume,

And the bridemaids whispered, "'T were  
better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young  
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall door, and the  
charger stood near;

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, brush,  
and scaur;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth  
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the  
Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode  
and they ran:

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they  
see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-  
invar?



## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready;



It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armèd men.  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her, —  
When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amid the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing;  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover: —  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter! — oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,  
Return or aid preventing;  
The waters wild went o'er his child, —  
And he was left lamenting.



## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

BY ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-92)

[This description of the charge of the British Light Brigade at Balaklava, in the Crimean War, October 25, 1854, is unsurpassed for vividness.]

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!" he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air  
Sab'ring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the saber-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not,  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them  
 Volleyed and thundered:  
 Stormed at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came through the jaws of Death  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them —  
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
 Oh, the wild charge they made!  
 All the world wonder'd.  
 Honor the charge they made!  
 Honor the Light Brigade —  
 Noble six hundred!



### HOW HEREWARD WON MARE SWALLOW

[This selection is from Charles Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*, a story of England during the days of William the Conqueror. It tells how Hereward, on a wager, gets possession of a wonderful mare named Swallow.]

ON a bench at the door of his high-roofed wooden house sat Dirk Hammerhand, the richest man in Walcheren. From within the house sounded the pleasant noise of slave-women, grinding and chatting at the hand-quoern; from without, the pleasant noise of geese and fowls without number. And as he sat and drank his ale, and watched the herd of horses in the fen, he thought himself a happy man, and thanked his Odin and Thor that, owing to his princely supplies of horses to Countess Gertrude, Robert the Frison and his Christian Franks had not yet harried him to the bare walls, as they would probably do ere all was over.

As he looked at the horses, some half mile off, he saw a strange stir among them. They

began whinnying and pawing round a four-footed thing in the midst, which might be a badger, or a wolf — though both were very uncommon in that pleasant isle of Walcheren; but which plainly had no business there. Whereon he took up a mighty staff, and strode over the fen to see.

He found neither wolf nor badger: but to his exceeding surprise, a long lean man, clothed in ragged horseskins, whinnying and neighing exactly like a horse, and then stooping to eat grass like one. He advanced to do the first thing which came into his head, namely to break the man's back with his staff, and ask him afterwards who he might be. But ere he could strike, the man or horse kicked up with its hind legs in his face, and then springing on to the said hind legs ran away with extraordinary swiftness some fifty yards; after which it went down on all fours and began grazing again.

"Beest thou man or devil?" cried Dirk, somewhat frightened.

The thing looked up. The face at least was human.

"Art thou a Christian man?" asked it in bad Frisian, intermixed with snorts and neighs.

"What's that to thee?" growled Dirk; and began to wish a little that he was one, having heard that the sign of the cross was of great virtue in driving away fiends.

"Thou art not Christian. Thou believest in Thor and Odin? Then there is hope."

"Hope of what?" Dirk was growing more and more frightened.

"Of her, my sister! Ah, my sister, can it be that I shall find thee at last, after ten thousand miles, and seven years of woeful wandering?"

"I have no man's sister here. At least, my wife's brother was killed —"

"I speak not of a sister in woman's shape. Mine, alas! — oh woeful prince, oh more woeful princess — eats the herb of the field somewhere in the shape of a mare, as ugly as she was once beautiful, but swifter than the swallow on the wing."

"I've none such here," quoth Dirk, thoroughly frightened, and glancing uneasily at mare Swallow.

"You have not? Alas, wretched me! It was prophesied to me by the witch that I should find her in the field of one who worshipped the

old gods; for had she come across a holy priest, she had been a woman, long ago. Whither must I wander afresh!" And the thing began weeping bitterly, and then ate more grass.

"I — that is — thou poor miserable creature," said Dirk, half pitying, half wishing to turn the subject; "leave off making a beast of thyself awhile, and tell me who thou art."

"I have made no beast of myself, most noble earl of the Frisians, for so you doubtless are. I was made a beast of — a horse of, by an enchanter of a certain land, and my sister a mare."

"Thou dost not say so!" quoth Dirk, who considered such an event quite possible.

"I was a prince of the county of Albronia, which lies between Cathay and the Mountains of the Moon, as fair once as I am foul now, and only less fair than my lost sister; and by the enchantments of a cruel magician we became what we are."

"But thou art not a horse, at all events?"

"Am I not? Thou knowest, then, more of me than I do of myself," and it ate more grass. "But hear the rest of my story. My hapless sister was sold away with me to a merchant: but I, breaking loose from him, fled until I bathed in a magic fountain. At once I recovered my man's shape, and was rejoicing therein, when out of the fountain rose a fairy more beautiful than an elf, and smiled upon me with love.

"She asked me my story, and I told it. And when it was told — 'Wretch!' she cried, 'and coward, who hast deserted thy sister in her need. I would have loved thee, and made thee immortal as myself: but now thou shalt wander ugly and eating grass, clothed in the horsehide which has just dropped from thy limbs, till thou shalt find thy sister, and bring her to bathe, like thee, in this magic well.'"

"All good spirits help us! And you are really a prince?"

"As surely," cried the thing with a voice of sudden rapture, "as that mare is my sister"; and he rushed at mare Swallow. "I see, I see, my mother's eyes, my father's nose —"

"He must have been a chuckle-headed king that, then," grinned Dirk to himself. "The mare's nose is as big as a buck-basket. But how can she be a princess, man — prince, I mean? she has a foal running by her here."

"A foal?" said the thing solemnly. "Let me behold it. Alas, alas, my sister! Thy tyrant's threat has come true, that thou shouldst be his bride whether thou wouldst or not. I see, I see in the features of thy son his hated lineaments."

"Why, he must be as like a horse, then, as your father. But this will not do, Master Horse-man; I know that foal's pedigree better than I do my own."

"Man, man, simple though honest! — Hast thou never heard of the skill of the enchanters of the East? How they transform their victims at night back again into human shape, and by day into the shape of beasts again?"

"Yes — well — I know that —"

"And do you not see how you are deluded? Every night, doubt not, that mare and foal take their human shape again; and every night, perhaps, that foul enchanter visits in your fen, perhaps in your very stable, his wretched bride restored (alas, only for an hour!) into her human shape."

"An enchanter in my stable! That is an ugly guest. But no. I've been into the stables fifty times, to see if that mare was safe. Mare was mare, and colt was colt, Mr. Prince, if I have eyes to see."

"And what are eyes against enchantments? The moment you opened the door, the spell was cast over them again. You ought to thank your stars that no worse has happened yet; that the enchanter, in fleeing, has not wrung your neck as he went out, or cast a spell on you, which will fire your barns, lame your geese, give your fowls the pip, your horses the glanders, your cattle the murrain, your children St. Vitus' dance, your wife the creeping palsy, and yourself the chalf-stones in all your fingers."

"All Saints have mercy on me! If the half of this be true, I will turn Christian. I will send for a priest, and be baptized to-morrow!"

"Oh, my sister, my sister! Dost thou not know me? Dost thou answer my caresses with kicks? Or is thy heart, as well as thy body, so enchained by that cruel necromancer, that thou preferrest to be his, and scornest thine own salvation, leaving me to eat grass till I die?"

"I say, Prince — I say — What would you have a man to do? I bought the mare honestly,

and I have kept her well. She can't say aught against me on that score. And whether she be princess or not, I'm loth to part with her."

"Keep her then, and keep with her the curse of all the saints and angels. Look down, ye holy saints" (and the thing poured out a long string of saints' names), "and avenge this Catholic princess, kept in vile durance by an unbaptized heathen! May his —"

"Don't, don't!" roared Dirk. "And don't look at me like that" (for he feared the evil eye), "or I'll brain you with my staff!"

"Fool! If I have lost a horse's figure, I have not lost his swiftness. Ere thou couldst strike, I should have run a mile and back, to curse thee afresh." And the thing ran round him, and fell on all fours again, and ate grass.

"Mercy, mercy! And that is more than I ever asked yet of man. But it is hard," growled he, "that a man should lose his money, because a rogue sells him a princess in disguise."

"Then sell her again; sell her, as thou valueth thy life, to the first Christian man thou meetest. And yet no. What matters? Ere a month be over, the seven years' enchantment will have passed; and she will return to her own shape, with her son, and vanish from thy farm, leaving thee to vain repentance; whereby thou wilt both lose thy money, and get her curse. Farewell, and my malison abide with thee!"

And the thing, without another word, ran right away, neighing as it went, leaving Dirk in a state of abject terror.

He went home. He cursed the mare, he cursed the man who sold her, he cursed the day he saw her, he cursed the day he was born. He told his story with exaggerations and confusions in plenty to all in the house; and terror fell on them likewise. No one, that evening, dare go down on to the fen to drive the horses up; while Dirk got very drunk, went to bed, and trembled there all night (as did the rest of the household), expecting the enchanter to enter on a flaming fire-drake, at every howl of the wind.

The next morning, as Dirk was going about his business with a doleful face, casting stealthy glances at the fen, to see if the mysterious mare was still there, and a chance of his money still left, a man rode up to the door.

He was poorly clothed, with a long rusty sword by his side. A broad felt hat, long boots,

and a haversack behind his saddle showed him to be a traveller, seemingly a horse dealer; for there followed him, tied head and tail, a brace of sorry nags.

"Heaven save all here," quoth he, making the sign of the cross. "Can any good Christian give me a drink of milk?"

"Ale, if thou wilt," said Dirk. "But what art thou, and whence?"

On any other day he would have tried to coax his guest into trying a buffet with him for his horse and clothes: but this morning his heart was heavy with the thought of the enchanted mare, and he welcomed the chance of selling her to the stranger.

"We are not very fond of strangers about here, since these Flemings have been harrying our borders. If thou art a spy, it will be worse for thee."

"I am neither spy nor Fleming: but a poor servant of the Lord Bishop of Utrecht's, buying a garron or two for his lordship's priests. As for these Flemings, may St. John Baptist save from them both me and you. Do you know of any man who has horses to sell hereabouts?"

"There are horses in the fen yonder," quoth Dirk, who knew that churchmen were likely to give a liberal price, and pay in good silver.

"I saw them as I rode up. And a fine lot they are: but of too good a stamp for my short purse, or for my holy master's riding — a fat priest likes a quiet nag, my master."

"Humph. Well, if quietness is what you need, there is a mare down there, that a child might ride with a thread of wool. But as for price — And she has a colt, too, running by her."

"Ah?" quoth the horseman. "Well, your Walcheren folk make good milk, that's certain. A colt by her? That's awkward. My lord does not like young horses; and it would be troublesome, too, to take the thing along with me."

The less anxious the dealer seemed to buy, the more anxious grew Dirk to sell; but he concealed his anxiety, and let the stranger turn away, thanking him for his drink.

"I say!" he called after him. "You might look at her, as you ride past the herd."

The stranger assented; and they went down into the fen, and looked over the precious mare,

whose feats were afterwards sung by many an English fire-side, or in the forest beneath the hollins green, by such as Robin Hood and his merry men. The ugliest, as well as the swiftest of mares, she was, say the old chroniclers; and it was not till the stranger had looked twice at her, that he forgot her great chuckle-head, greyhound-flanks, and drooping hind-quarters, and began to see the great length of those same quarters, the thighs let down into the hocks, the compact loin, the extraordinary girth through the saddle, the sloping shoulder, the long arms, the flat knees, the large well-set hoofs, and all the other points which showed her strength and speed, and justified her fame.

"She might carry a big man like you through the mud," said he carelessly; "but as for pace, one cannot expect that with such a chuckle-head. And if one rode her through a town, the boys would call after one, 'All head and no tail' — Why, I can't see her tail for her croup, it is so ill set on."

"Ill set on, or none," said Dirk, testily, "don't go to speak against her pace, till you have seen it. Here, lass!"

Dirk was in his heart rather afraid of the princess: but he was comforted when she came up to him like a dog.

"She's as sensible as a woman," said he; and then grumbled to himself, "Maybe she knows I mean to part with her."

"Lend me your saddle," said he to the stranger.

The stranger did so; and Dirk mounting galloped her in a ring. There was no doubt of her powers as soon as she began to move.

"I hope you won't remember this against me, madam," said Dirk, as soon as he got out of the stranger's hearing. "I can't do less than sell you to a Christian. And certainly I have been as good a master to you as if I'd known who you were; but if you wish to stay with me, you've only to kick me off, and say so: and I'm yours to command."

"Well, she can gallop a bit," said the stranger, as Dirk pulled her up and dismounted: "but an ugly brute she is, nevertheless, and such an one as I should not care to ride, for I am a gay man among the ladies. However, what is your price?"

Dirk named twice as much as he would have taken.

"Half that, you mean." And the usual haggle began.

"Tell thee what," said Dirk at last. "I am a man who has his fancies; and this shall be her price; half thy bid, and a box on the ear."

The demon of covetousness had entered Dirk's heart. What if he got the money; brained or at least disabled the stranger; and so had a chance of selling the mare a second time to some fresh comer?

"Thou art a strange fellow," quoth the horse-dealer. "But so be it."

Dirk chuckled. "He does not know," thought he, "that he has to do with Dirk Hammerhand," and he clenched his fist in anticipation of his rough joke.

"There," quoth the stranger, counting out the money carefully, "is thy coin. And there — is thy box on the ear."

And with a blow which rattled over the fen, he felled Dirk Hammerhand to the ground.

He lay senseless for a moment, and then looked wildly round.

"Villain!" groaned he. "It was I who was to give the buffet, not thou!"

"Art mad?" asked the stranger, as he coolly picked up the coins, which Dirk had scattered in his fall. "It is the seller's business to take, and the buyer's to give."

And while Dirk roared in vain for help, he leapt on Swallow, and rode off, shouting:

"Aha! Dirk Hammerhand! So you thought to knock a hole in my skull, as you have done to many a better man than yourself? He must be a luckier man than you, who catches The Wake asleep. I shall give your love to the Enchanted Prince, my faithful serving man, whom they call Martin Lightfoot."

Dirk cursed the day he was born. Instead of the mare and colt, he had got the two wretched garrons which the stranger had left, and a face which made him so tender of his own teeth, that he never again offered to try a buffet with a stranger.





"THE DOGS DID BARK, THE CHILDREN SCREAMED"

## THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE  
INTENDED AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

BY WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

**J**OHAN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton  
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,  
Myself and children three,  
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride  
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in;

Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folks so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came downstairs,  
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he — "yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword,  
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again,  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he has slung;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?  
His fame soon spread around;  
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"  
" 'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,  
'T was wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went, bowing down  
His reeking head full low,



1. "TO-MORROW IS OUR WEDDING-DAY"  
 3. "STOP, STOP, JOHN GILPIN!" ALL DID CRY

2. "ALL IN A CHAISE AND PAIR"  
 4. "AWAY WENT GILPIN, AND AWAY"

The bottles twain behind his back  
 Were shattered at a blow.

Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
 As they had basted been.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
 Most piteous to be seen,

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
 With leathern girdle braced;



For all might see the bottle necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony she spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"  
They all at once did cry;  
"The dinner waits, and we are tired";  
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there;  
For why? — his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly — which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend's the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbor in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;  
Tell me you must and shall —  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;  
And, if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit,  
"My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,  
"I am in haste to dine;  
'T was for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!  
For which he paid full dear;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:  
He lost them sooner than at first;  
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down

Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth, she said,  
That drove them to the Bell,  
"This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain;  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"  
Not one of them was mute;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space;  
The toll-men, thinking as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did and won it too,  
For he got first to town;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!  
And Gilpin long live he;  
And, when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see!

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD'S HORSES

[Dr. Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield, had the misfortune to lose his fortune, and so at the time these incidents took place he and his family were living in the country in very modest style. His wife and daughters, however, had not lost all their pride and desire to make a good appearance before their neighbors. The book from which these incidents are taken is *The Vicar of Wakefield*, by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). It is one of the pleasantest, sunniest books that ever was written — a book to read over and over until one knows it almost by heart. Goldsmith wrote a beautiful poem called *The Deserted Village*, a delightful comedy entitled *She Stoops to Conquer*, and many interesting essays.]

TOWARDS the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies, in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: — "I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow." — "Perhaps we shall, my dear," returned I, "though you need be under no uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon whether there be or not." — "That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?" — "Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behavior and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene." — "Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us." — "You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make



the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins." — "Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at; I mean we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased, when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the footway was but two, and, but when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church: my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted on one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move

from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into its head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

All this was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair: trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a



FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD"

Top: Selling the horse; Moses setting off for the fair. Bottom: The procession to church; selecting silks.

broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer. . . .

I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. — But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" — "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" — "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." — "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then." — "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." — "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why don't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." — "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." — "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." — "What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the

rims not silver!" — "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." — "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." — "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." — "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff: if I had them, I would throw them in the fire." — "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under the pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

The journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behavior. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and

equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye; it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him, for the purposes above mentioned, at the neighboring fair; and to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps: and as mine was most in the family way, I had conceived no unfavorable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing that he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a wind-gall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time, I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St. Gregory, upon Good Works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and, shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shown into a little back room, where was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favorably. His locks of silver gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be

the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. "Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures. Take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome." The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time; and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was in any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the Church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say, successfully fought against the deuterogamy of the age." — "Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar, but you'll forgive my curiosity, Sir: I beg pardon." — "Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I beg you'll accept my friendship, as you have already my esteem." — "Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy! and do I behold" — I here interrupted what he was going to say; for

though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem, for I had for some time begun privately to harbor such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blamably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much. "Ay, Sir," replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment. "Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai atelutaiou to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser — Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglath Phael-Asser, Nabon-Asser — he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate — But, Sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question." — That he actually was; nor could I, for my life, see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved, therefore, to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made an observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity, to that which had brought us both to the fair: mine, I told him, was to sell a horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was

soon produced; and in fine, we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with this demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbor Jackson's or anywhere." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that, by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country. Upon replying that he was my next-door neighbor: "If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him payable at sight; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop on one leg further than I." A draft upon my neighbor was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late. I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbor smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I suppose," cried I — "Ephraim Jenkinson." — "Yes," returned he, "the name is written

lain enough, and I know the gentleman too —  
 the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven.  
 This is the very same rogue who sold us the  
 spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking  
 man, with gray hair, and no flaps to his pocket-  
 oles? And did he not talk a long string of  
 learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the  
 world?" To this I replied with a groan. "Ay,"  
 continued he, "he has but that one piece of  
 learning in the world, and he always talks it  
 away whenever he finds a scholar in company;  
 but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."



## LITTLE BILLEE

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY  
 (1811-1863)

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city  
 Who took a boat and went to sea.  
 But first with beef and captain's biscuits  
 And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,  
 And the youngest he was little Billee.  
 Now when they had got as far as the Equator  
 They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
 "I am extremely hungaree."  
 To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
 "We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
 "With one another, we should n't agree!  
 There's little Bill, he's young and tender,  
 We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,  
 So undo the button of your chemie."  
 When Bill received this information,  
 He used his pocket handkerchee.

"First let me say my catechism,  
 Which my poor mammy taught to me."  
 "Make haste, make haste," says guzzling  
 Jimmy,  
 While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-topgallant mast,  
 And down he fell on his bended knee.  
 He scarce had come to the Twelfth Command-  
 ment  
 When up he jumps, "There's land I see.

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,  
 And North and South Amerikee:  
 There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,  
 With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's  
 He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;  
 But as for little Bill, he made him  
 The Captain of a Seventy-three.



## THE CAPTURE OF THE "HISPANIOLA"

[This is the story of how Jim Hawkins, cabin boy on the schooner *Hispaniola*, recaptured her single-handed from the pirates who had mutinied against her captain and her owner. The captain and a few faithful members of the crew had escaped from the pirates, and were besieged in a stockade which they found on shore. The pirates were encamped on shore, too, between the stockade and the schooner. Jim Hawkins slipped out of the stockade one night, found a small boat, and then had the adventure which follows.

The selection is taken from *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, one of the most delightful romance writers of the nineteenth century. Other books of his that are very interesting to boys and girls are *Kidnapped*, *The Black Arrow*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, *The Ebb-Tide*, and a volume of essays entitled *Virginibus Puerisque*.]

THE coracle — as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her — was a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a seaway; but she was the most cross-grained, lop-sided craft to manage. Do as you please, she always made more leeway than anything else, and



turning round and round was the manœuvre she was best at. Even Ben Gunn himself has admitted that she was "queer to handle till you knew her way."

Certainly I did not know her way. She turned in every direction but the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on, and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the *Hispaniola* right in the fairway, hardly to be missed.

First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment, as it seemed (for the further I went, the brisker grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside of her hawser, and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bowstring — so strong she pulled upon her anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea-gully, and the *Hispaniola* would go humming down the tide.

So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the *Hispaniola* from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favored me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light airs which had begun blowing from the south-east and south had hauled round after night-fall into the south-west. Just while I was meditating, a puff came, caught the *Hispaniola*, and forced her up into the current; and to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth, and cut one strand after another, till the vessel only swung by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain should be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but, to say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other

thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to pay more heed.

One I recognized for the coxswain's, Israel Hands. The other was, of course, my friend of the red night-cap. Both men were plainly the worse of drink, and they were still drinking; for, even while I was listening, one of them, with a drunken cry, opened the stern window and threw out something, which I divined to be an empty bottle. But they were not only tipsy; it was plain that they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off, and the voices grumbled lower for a while, until the next crisis came, and, in its turn, passed away without result.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great camp fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Some one was singing, a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words:

"But one man of her crew alive,  
What put to sea with seventy-five."

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I saw, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; I felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort cut the last fibres through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost instantly swept against the bows of the *Hispaniola*. At the same time the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved straight astern. At length I was clear of my dangerous neighbor; and just as I gave the last impulsions, my hands came across a light cord that was trailing overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct; but once I had it in my hands, and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window.

I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and, when I judged myself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded the roof and a slice of the interior of the cabin.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty swiftly through the water; indeed, we had fetched up level with the camp fire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the innumerable ripples with an incessant weltering splash; and until I got my eye above the window-sill I could not comprehend why the watchmen had taken no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one glance that I durst take from that unsteady skiff. It showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment but those two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the camp fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest —  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest —  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum."

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The *Hispaniola* herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss

a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp fire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through twenty degrees; and almost at the same moment one shout followed another from on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly recommended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily; and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last supervened, and in my sea-tossed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old "Admiral Benbow."

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the south-west end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bel-

lowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters — soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness — two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight



CORACLE MEN CARRYING THEIR BOATS



CORACLE MEN IN WALES SNARING SALMON

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head, the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape — Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart — buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my sea-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two towards land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay upon my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for now I began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousandfold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola* under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The *Hispaniola* was under her main-sail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing; she was laying a course about north-west; and I presumed the men on board were going round

the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile, the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle, I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water breaker beside the fore-companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bale, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

his face became, little by little, hid from me; and at last I could see nothing beyond his ear and the frayed ringlet of one whisker.

And at the same time, I observed around both of them, splashes of dark blood upon the planks, and began to feel sure that they had killed each other in their drunken wrath.

While I was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment, when the ship was still, Israel Hands turned partly round, and, with a low moan, writhed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moan, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open, went right to my heart. But when I remembered the talk I had overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

I walked aft until I reached the main-mast.

"Come aboard, Mr. Hands," I said ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word, "brandy."

It occurred to me there was no time to lose; and, dodging the boom as it once more lurched across the deck, I slipped aft, and down the companion-stairs into the cabin.

It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy. All the lock-fast places had been broken open in quest of the chart. The floor was thick with mud, where ruffians had sat down to drink or consult after wading in the marches round their camp. The bulkheads, all painted in clear white, and beaded round with gilt, bore a pattern of dirty hands. Dozens of empty bottles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship. One of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table, half of the leaves gutted out, I suppose, for pipelights. In the midst of all this the lamp still cast a smoky glow, obscure and brown as umber.

I went into the cellar; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles a most surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly, since the mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

Foraging about, I found a bottle with some brandy left, for Hands; and for myself I routed out some biscuit, some pickled fruits, a great bunch of raisins, and a piece of cheese. With these I came on deck, put down my own stock behind the rudder-head, and well out of the

coxswain's reach, went forward to the water breaker, and had a good deep drink of water, and then, and not till then, gave Hands the brandy.

He must have drunk a gill before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Aye," said he, "by thunder, but I wanted some o' that!"

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

"Much hurt?" I asked him.

He grunted, or rather I might say, he barked.

"If that doctor was aboard," he said, "I'd be right enough in a couple of turns; but I don't have no manner of luck, you see, and that's what's the matter with me. As for that swab, he's as good as dead, he is," he added, indicating the man with the red cap. "He warn't no seaman, anyhow. And where mought you have come from?"

"Well," said I, "I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice."

He looked at me sourly enough, but said nothing. Some of the color had come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick, and still continued to slip out and settle down as the ship banged about.

"By-the-bye," I continued, "I can't have these colors, Mr. Hands; and, by your leave, I'll strike 'em. Better none than these."

And, again dodging the boom, I ran to the color lines, handed down their cursed black flag, and chucked it overboard.

"God save the king!" said I, waving my cap; "and there's an end to Captain Silver!"

He watched me keenly and slyly, his chin all the while on his breast.

"I reckon," he said at last — "I reckon, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll kind of want to get ashore, now. S'pose we talks."

"Why, yes," says I, "with all my heart, Mr. Hands. Say on." And I went back to my meal with a good appetite.

"This man," he began, nodding feebly at the corpse — "O'Brien were his name — a rank Irishman — this man and me got the canvas on her, meaning for to sail her back. Well, *he's* dead now, he is — as dead as bilge; and who's to sail this ship, I don't see. Without I gives

you a hint, you ain't that man, as far's I can tell. Now, look here, you gives me food and drink, and a old scarf or ankecher to tie my wound up, you do; and I'll tell you how to sail her; and that's about square all around, I take it."

"I'll tell you one thing," says I: "I'm not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I mean to get into North Inlet, and beach her quietly there."

"To be sure you did," he cried. "Why, I ain't sich an infernal lubber, after all. I can see, can't I? I've tried my fling, I have, and I've lost, and it's you has the wind of me. North Inlet? Why, I have n't no ch'ice, not I! I'd help you sail her up to Execution Dock, by thunder! so I would."

Well, as it seemed to me, there was some sense in this. We struck our bargain on the spot. In three minutes I had the *Hispaniola* sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island, with good hopes of turning the northern point ere noon, and beating down again as far as North Inlet before high water, when we might beach her safely, and wait till the subsiding tide permitted us to land.

Then I lashed the tiller and went below to my own chest, where I got a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this, and with my aid, Hands bound up the great bleeding stab he had received in the thigh, and after he had eaten a little and had a swallow or two more of the brandy, he began to pick up visibly, sat straighter up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked in every way another man.

The breeze served us admirably. We skimmed before it like a bird, the coast of the island flashing by, and the view changing every minute. Soon we were past the high lands and howling beside low, sandy country, sparsely dotted with dwarf pines, and soon we were beyond that again, and had turned the corner of the rocky hill that ends the island on the north.

I was greatly elated with my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunshiny weather and these different prospects of the coast. I had now plenty of water and good things to eat, and my conscience, which had smitten me hard for my desertion, was quieted by the great conquest I had made. I should, I think, have

had nothing left me to desire but for the of the coxswain as they followed me deri about the deck, and the odd smile tha peared continually on his face. It was a that had in it something both of pain and ness — a haggard, old man's smile; but was, besides that, a grain of derision, a sh of treachery, in his expression as he cr watched, and watched, and watched me : work.

The wind, serving us to a desire, now h into the west. We could run so much the from the north-east corner of the island t mouth of the North Inlet. Only, as we h power to anchor, and dared not beach h the tide had flowed a good deal farther, hung on our hands. The coxswain told m to lay the ship to; after a good many t succeeded, and we both sat in silence, ov other meal.

"Cap'n," said he, at length, with that uncomfortable smile, "here's my old ship O'Brien; s'pose you was to heave him board. I ain't partic'lar as a rule, and I take no blame for settling his hash; but I reckon him ornamental, now, do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don the job; and there he lies, for me," said

"This here's an unlucky ship — this *paniola*, Jim," he went on, blinking. "T a power of men been killed in this *Hispan* a sight of poor seamen dead and gone sin and me took ship to Bristol. I never see dirty luck, not I. There was this here O' now — he's dead, ain't he? Well, now no scholar, and you're a lad as can rea figure; and to put it straight, do you t as a dead man is dead for good, or do he alive again?"

"You can kill the body, Mr. Hands, b the spirit; you must know that alrea replied. "O'Brien there is in another worl maybe watching us."

"Ah!" says he. "Well, that's unfoi — appears as if killing parties was a w time. Howsumever, sperrits don't reck much, by what I've seen. I'll chance t the sperrits, Jim. And now, you've spo free, and I'll take it kind if you'd step into that there cabin and get me a — — shiver my timbers! I can't hit the nam



FOUR GREAT ENGLISH WRITERS

Chaucer, author of the "Canterbury Tales"; Spenser, who wrote the "Faerie Queene"; Bacon, the philosopher and statesman; and Shakespeare, chief of all in genius.

well, you get me a bottle of wine, Jim — this here brandy's too strong for my head."

Now, the coxswain's hesitation seemed to me unnatural; and as for the notion of his preferring wine to brandy, I entirely disbelieved it. The whole story was a pretext. He wanted me to leave the deck — so much was plain; but with what purpose I could in no way imagine. His eyes never met mine; they kept wandering to and fro, up and down, now with a look to the sky, now with a flitting glance upon the dead O'Brien. All the time he kept smiling, and putting his tongue out in the most guilty, embarrassed manner, so that a child could have told that he was bent on some deception. I was prompt with my answer, however, for I saw where my advantage lay; and that with a fellow so densely stupid I could easily conceal my suspicions to the end.

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better. Will you have white or red?"

"Well, I reckon it's about the blessed same to me, shipmate," he replied; "so it's strong and plenty of it, what's the odds?"

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you port, Mr. Hands. But I'll have to dig for it."

With that I scuttled down the companion with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along the sparred gallery, mounted the forecastle ladder, and popped my head out of the fore companion. I knew he would not expect to see me there; yet I took every precaution possible; and certainly the worst of my suspicions proved too true.

He had risen from his position to his hands and knees; and, though his leg obviously hurt him pretty sharply when he moved — for I could hear him stifle a groan — yet it was at a good, rattling rate that he trailed himself across the deck. In half a minute he had reached the port scuppers, and picked, out of a coil of rope, a long knife, or rather a short dirk, discolored to the hilt with blood. He looked upon it for a moment, thrusting forth his under jaw, tried the point upon his hand, and then, hastily concealing it in the bosom of his jacket, trundled back again into his old place against the bulwark.

That was all that I required to know. Israel could move about; he was now armed; and if he had been at so much trouble to get rid of me, it

was plain that I was meant to be the victim. What he would do afterwards — whether he would try to crawl right across the island from North Inlet to the camp among the swamps, or whether he would fire Long Tom, trusting that his own comrades might come first to help him, was, of course, more than I could say.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our interests jumped together, and that was in the disposition of the schooner. We both desired to have her stranded safe enough, in a sheltered place, and so that, when the tide came, she could be got off again with as little labor and danger as might be; and until that was done I considered that my life would certainly be spared.

While I was thus turning the business over in my mind, I had not been idle with my body. I had stolen back to the cabin, slipped once more into my shoes, and laid my hand at random on a bottle of wine, and now, with this for an excuse, I made my reappearance on the deck.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, and with his eyelids lowered, as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle, like a man who had done the same thing often, and took a good swig, with his favorite toast of "Here's luck!" Then he lay quiet for a little, and then, pulling out a stick of tobacco, begged me to cut him a quid.

"Cut me a junk o' that," says he, "for I have n't no knife, and hardly strength enough, so be as I had. Ah, Jim, Jim, I reckon I've missed stays! Cut me a quid, as 'll likely be the last, lad; for I'm for my long home, and no mistake."

"Well," said I, "I'll cut you some tobacco; but if I was you and thought myself so badly, I would go to my prayers, like a Christian man."

"Why?" said he. "Now, you tell me why."

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've broken your trust; you've lived in sin and lies and blood; there's a man you killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody dirk he had hidden in his pocket, and designed, in his ill thoughts, to end me with.



He, for his part, took a great draught of wine, and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years," he said, "I've sailed the seas, and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, provisions running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now I tell you, I never seen good come o' goodness yet. Him as strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't bite; them's my views — amen, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his tone, "we've had about enough of this foolery. The tide's made good enough by now. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail slap in and be done with it."

All told, we had scarce two miles to run; but the navigation was delicate, the entrance to this northern anchorage was not only narrow and shoal, but lay east and west, so that the schooner must be nicely handled to be got in. I think I was a good, prompt subaltern, and I am very sure that Hands was an excellent pilot; for we went about and about, and dodged in, shaving the banks, with a certainty and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold.

Scarcely had we passed the heads before the land closed around us. The shores of North Inlet were as thickly wooded as those of the southern anchorage; but the space was longer and narrower, and more like, what in truth it was, the estuary of a river. Right before us, at the southern end, we saw the wreck of a ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts, but had lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather, that it was hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it shore bushes had taken root, and now flourished thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the anchorage was calm.

"Now," said Hands, "look here; there's a pet bit for to beach a ship in. Fine flat sand, never a catspaw, trees all around of it, and flowers a-blowing like a garding on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how shall we get her off again?"

"Why, so," he replied; "you take a line ashore there on the other side at low water: take a turn about one o' them big pines; bring it back, take a turn round the capstan, and lie-to for the tide. Come high water, all hands

take a pull upon the line, and off she comes as sweet as natur'. And now, boy, you stand by. We're near the bit now, and she's too much way on her. Starboard a little — so — steady — starboard — larboard a little — steady — steady!"

So he issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed; till, all of a sudden, he cried, "Now, my hearty, luff!" And I put the helm hard up, and the *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly, and ran stem on for the low wooded shore.

The excitement of these last manœuvres had somewhat interfered with the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the coxswain. Even then I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I had quite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the starboard bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the bows. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden disquietude seized upon me, and made me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard a creak, or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already half-way towards me, with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leapt sideways towards the bows. As I did so, I left hold of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward; and I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the mainmast I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the priming was useless with sea water. I cursed myself for my neglect. Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I should not have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign with his haste and fury. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed, much inclination, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw plainly: I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold me boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in the stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the blood-stained dirk would be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms against the mainmast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused; and a moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black Hill Cove; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high, that I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair; and while I saw certainly that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the port side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a puncheon of water splashed into the scupper holes, and lay, in a pool, between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled, almost together, into the scuppers; the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the coxswain's foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afoot again; for Hands had got involved with the dead body. The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought I sprang into the

mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the cross-trees.

I had been saved by being prompt; the dirk had struck not half a foot below me, as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other, and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap; he began to see the dice going against him; and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and, with the dirk in his teeth, began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him; and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added, with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my new-found security, I laughed aloud. At last with a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but in all else he remained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're fouled, you and me, and we'll have to sign articles. I'd have had you but for that there lurch; but I don't have no luck, not I; and I reckon I'll have to strike, which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner, to a ship's younker like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words and smiling away, as conceited as a cock upon a wall, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pain, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast.





LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S HOME, "ORCHARD HOUSE," CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

This house is preserved with the rooms furnished as they were in the days of the four sisters in "Little Women." Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, Miss Alcott being "Jo."

In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment — I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim — both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged head first into the water.



### SCRAPES

[This selection tells something of what happened to Polly, a little country girl, who goes to visit her friends, the Shaw family, who live in the city. It is taken from *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, by Louisa M. Alcott. Miss Alcott wrote some other very good books for boys and girls; the best of these are *Little Women* (no girl should miss reading this!), *Little Men*, and *Jo's Boys*.]

**A**FTER being unusually good, children are apt to turn short round and refresh themselves by acting like Sancho. For a week after Tom's mishap, the young folks were quite angelic, so much so that grandma said she was afraid "something was going to happen to them." The dear old lady need n't have felt anxious, for such excessive virtue does n't last long enough to lead to translation, except with little prigs in the goody story-books; and no sooner was Tom on his legs again, when the whole party went astray, and much tribulation was the consequence.

It all began with "Polly's stupidity," as Fan said afterward. Just as Polly ran down to meet Mr. Shaw one evening, and was helping him off with his coat, the bell rang, and a fine bouquet of hothouse flowers was left in Polly's hands, for she never could learn city ways, and opened the door herself.

"Hey! what's this? My little Polly is beginning early, after all," said Mr. Shaw, laughing, as he watched the girl's face dimple and flush, as she smelt the lovely nosegay, and glanced at a note half hidden in the heliotrope.

Now, if Polly had n't been "stupid," as Fan said, she would have had her wits about her, and let it pass; but, you see, Polly was an honest little soul, and it never occurred to her that there was any need of concealment, so she answered in her straightforward way, "Oh, they are n't for me, sir; they are for Fan; from Mr. Frank, I guess. She'll be so pleased."

"That puppy sends her things of this sort, does he?" And Mr. Shaw looked far from pleased as he pulled out the note, and coolly opened it.

Polly had her doubts about Fan's approval of that "sort of thing," but dared not say a word, and stood thinking how she used to show her father the funny valentines the boys sent her, and how they laughed over them together. But Mr. Shaw did not laugh when he had read the sentimental verses accompanying the bouquet, and his face quite scared Polly, as he asked, angrily, "How long has this nonsense been going on?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know. Fan does n't mean any harm. I wish I had n't said anything!" stammered Polly, remembering the promise given to Fanny the day of the concert. She had forgotten all about it, and had become accustomed to see the "big boys," as she called Mr. Frank and his friends, with the girls on all occasions. Now, it suddenly occurred to her that Mr. Shaw did n't like such amusements, and had forbidden Fan to indulge in them. "Oh, dear! how mad she will be. Well, I can't help it. Girls should n't have secrets from their fathers, then there would n't be any fuss," thought Polly, as she watched Mr. Shaw twist up the pink note and poke it back among the flowers which he took from her, saying, shortly, "Send Fanny to me in the library."

"Now you've done it, you stupid thing!" cried Fanny, both angry and dismayed, when Polly delivered the message.

"Why, what else *could* I do?" asked Polly.

"Let him think the bouquet was for you; then there'd have been no trouble."

"But that would have been doing a lie, which is most as bad as telling one."

"Don't be a goose. You've got me into a scrape, and you ought to help me out."

"I will if I can; but I won't tell lies for anybody!" cried Polly, getting excited.

"Nobody wants you to. Just hold your tongue, and let me manage."

"Then I'd better not go down," began Polly, when a stern voice from below called, like Bluebeard, "Are you coming down?"

"Yes, sir," answered a meek voice; and Fanny clutched Polly, whispering, "You *must* come; I'm frightened out of my wits when he speaks like that. Stand by me, Polly; there's a dear."

"I will," whispered "sister Ann"; and down they went with fluttering hearts.

Mr. Shaw stood on the rug, looking rather grim; the bouquet lay on the table, and beside it a note, directed to "Frank Moore, Esq.," in a very decided hand, with a fierce-looking flourish after the "Esq." Pointing to this impressive epistle, Mr. Shaw said, knitting his black eyebrows as he looked at Fanny, "I'm going to put a stop to this nonsense at once; and if I see any more of it, I'll send you to school in a Canadian convent."

This awful threat quite took Polly's breath away; but Fanny had heard it before, and having a temper of her own, said, pertly, "I'm sure I have n't done anything so very dreadful. I can't help it if the boys send me philopenas presents, as they do to the other girls."

"There was nothing about philopenas in the note. But that's not the question. I forbid you to have anything to do with this Moore. He's not a boy, but a fast fellow, and I won't have him about. You knew this, and yet disobeyed me."

"I hardly ever see him," began Fanny.

"Is that true?" asked Mr. Shaw, turning suddenly to Polly.

"Oh, please, sir, don't ask me. I promised I wouldn't — that is — Fanny will tell you," cried Polly, quite red with distress at the predicament she was in.

"No matter about your promise; tell me all you know of this absurd affair. It will do Fanny more good than harm." And Mr. Shaw

sat down looking more amiable, for Polly's dismay touched him.

"May I?" she whispered to Fanny.

"I don't care," answered Fan, looking both angry and ashamed, as she stood sullenly tying knots in her handkerchief.

So Polly told, with much reluctance and much questioning, all she knew of the walks, the lunches, and meetings, and the notes. It was n't much, and evidently less serious than Mr. Shaw expected; for, as he listened, his eyebrows smoothed themselves out, and more than once his lips twitched as if he wanted to laugh, for, after all, it *was* rather comical to see how the young people aped their elders, playing the new-fashioned game, quite unconscious of its real beauty, power, and sacredness.

"Oh, please, sir, don't blame Fan much, for she truly is n't half as silly as Trix and the other girls. She would n't go sleigh-riding, though Mr. Frank teased, and she wanted to ever so much. She's sorry, I know, and won't forget what you say any more, if you'll forgive her this once," cried Polly, very earnestly.



POLLY, THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

"I don't see how I can help it, when you plead so well for her. Come here, Fan, and mind this one thing; drop all this nonsense, and attend to your books, or off you go; and Canada is no joke in winter time, let me tell you."

As he spoke, Mr. Shaw stroked his sulky daughter's cheek, hoping to see some sign of regret; but Fanny felt injured, and would n't show that she was sorry, so she only said, pettishly, "I suppose I can have my flowers, now the fuss is over."

"They are going straight back where they came from, with a line from me, which will keep that puppy from ever sending you any more." Ringing the bell, Mr. Shaw despatched the unfortunate posy, and then turned to Polly, saying, kindly but gravely, "Set this silly child of mine a good example, and do your best for her, won't you?"

"Me? What can I do, sir?" asked Polly, looking ready, but quite ignorant how to begin.

"Make her as like yourself as possible, my dear; nothing would please me better. Now go, and let us hear no more of this folly."

They went without a word, and Mr. Shaw heard no more of the affair; but poor Polly did, for Fan scolded her, till Polly thought seriously of packing up and going home next day. I really haven't the heart to relate the dreadful lectures she got, the snubs she suffered, or the cold shoulders turned upon her for several days after this. Polly's heart was full, but she told no one, and bore her trouble silently, feeling her friend's ingratitude and injustice deeply.

Tom found out what the matter was, and sided with Polly, which proceeding led to scrape number two.

"Where's Fan?" asked the young gentleman, strolling into his sister's room, where Polly lay on the sofa, trying to forget her troubles in an interesting book.

"Down stairs, seeing company."

"Why didn't you go, too?"

"I don't like Trix, and I don't know her fine New York friends."

"Don't want to, neither, why don't you say?"

"Not polite."

"Who cares? I say, Polly, come and have some fun."

"I'd rather read."

"That is n't polite."

Polly laughed, and turned a page. Tom whistled a minute, then sighed deeply, and put his hand to his forehead, which the black plaster still adorned.

"Does your head ache?" asked Polly.

"Awfully."

"Better lie down, then."

"Can't; I'm fidgety, and want to be 'amused,' as Pug says."

"Just wait till I finish my chapter, and then I'll come," said pitiful Polly.

"All right," returned the perjured boy, who had discovered that a broken head was sometimes more useful than a whole one, and exulting in his base stratagem, he roved about the room, till Fan's bureau arrested him. It was covered with all sorts of finery, for she had dressed in a hurry and left everything topsyturvy. A well-conducted boy would have let things alone, or a moral brother would have put things to rights; being neither, Tom rummaged to his heart's content, till Fan's drawers looked as if some one had been making hay in them. He tried the effect of ear-rings, ribbons, and collars; wound up the watch, though it was n't time; burnt his inquisitive nose with smelling-salts; deluged his grimy handkerchief with Fan's best cologne; anointed his curly crop with hair-oil, powdered his face with her violet-powder; and finished off by pinning on a bunch of false ringlets, which Fanny tried to keep a profound secret. The ravages committed by this bad boy are beyond the power of language to describe, as he revelled in the interesting drawers, boxes, and cases, which held his sister's treasures.

When the curls had been put on, with much pricking of fingers, and a blue ribbon added, *à la* Fan, he surveyed himself with satisfaction, and considered the effect so fine, that he was inspired to a still greater metamorphosis. The dress Fan had taken off lay on a chair, and into it got Tom, chuckling with suppressed laughter, for Polly was absorbed, and the bed-curtains hid his iniquity. Fan's best velvet jacket and hat, ermine muff, and a sofa-pillow for *pannier*, finished off the costume, and tripping along with elbows out, Tom appeared before the amazed Polly just as the chapter ended. She enjoyed the joke so heartily, that Tom forgot

consequences, and proposed going down into the parlor to surprise the girls.

"Goodness, no! Fanny never would forgive us if you showed her curls and things to those people. There are gentlemen among them, and it would n't be proper," said Polly, alarmed at the idea.

"All the more fun. Fan has n't treated you well, and it will serve her right if you introduce me as your dear friend, Miss Shaw. Come on, it will be a jolly lark."

"I would n't for the world; it would be so mean. Take 'em off, Tom, and I'll play anything else you like."

"I ain't going to dress up for nothing; I look so lovely, some one must admire me. Take me down, Polly, and see if they don't call me 'a sweet creature.'"

Tom looked so unutterably ridiculous as he tossed his curls and pranced, that Polly went off into another gale of merriment; but even while she laughed, she resolved not to let him mortify his sister.

"Now, then, get out of the way if you won't come; I'm going down," said Tom.

"No, you're not."

"How will you help it, Miss Prim?"

"So." And Polly locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and nodded at him defiantly.

Tom was a pepper-pot as to temper, and anything like opposition always had a bad effect. Forgetting his costume, he strode up to Polly, saying, with a threatening wag of the head, "None of that. I won't stand it."

"Promise not to plague Fan, and I'll let you out."

"Won't promise anything. Give me that key, or I'll make you."

"Now, Tom, don't be savage. I only want to keep you out of a scrape, for Fan will be raging if you go. Take off her things, and I'll give up."

Tom vouchsafed no reply, but marched to the other door, which was fast, as Polly knew, looked out of the three-story window, and finding no escape possible, came back with a wrathful face.

"Will you give me that key?"

"No, I won't," said Polly, valiantly.

"I'm stronger than you are; so you'd better hand over."

"I know you are; but it's cowardly for a great boy like you to rob a girl."

"I don't want to hurt you; but, by George! I won't stand this!"

Tom paused as Polly spoke, evidently ashamed of himself; but his temper was up, and he would n't give in. If Polly had cried a little just here, he would have yielded; unfortunately she giggled, for Tom's fierce attitude was such a funny contrast to his dress that she could n't help it. That settled the matter. No girl that ever lived should giggle at him, much less lock him up like a small child. Without a word, he made a grab at Polly's arm, for the hand holding the key was still in her pocket. With her other hand she clutched her frock, and for a minute held on stoutly. But Tom's strong fingers were irresistible; rip went the pocket, out came the hand, and with a cry of pain from Polly, the key fell on the floor.

"It's your own fault if you're hurt. I did n't mean to," muttered Tom, as he hastily departed, leaving Polly to groan over her sprained wrist. He went down, but not into the parlor, for somehow the joke seemed to have lost its relish; so he made the girls in the kitchen laugh, and then crept up the back way, hoping to make it all right with Polly. But she had gone to grandma's room, for, though the old lady was out, it seemed a refuge. He had just time to get things in order, when Fanny came up, crosser than ever; for Trix had been telling her of all sorts of fun in which she might have had a share, if Polly had held her tongue.

"Where is she?" asked Fan, wishing to vent her vexation on her friend.

"Moping in her room, I suppose," replied Tom, who was discovered reading studiously.

Now, while this had been happening, Maud had been getting into hot water also; for when her maid left her, to see a friend below, Miss Maud paraded into Polly's room, and solaced herself with mischief. In an evil hour Polly had let her play boat in her big trunk, which stood empty. Since then Polly had stored some of her most private treasures in the upper tray, so that she might feel sure they were safe from all eyes. She had forgotten to lock the trunk, and when Maud raised the lid to begin her voyage, several objects of interest met her



yes. She was deep in her researches when Fan came in and looked over her shoulder, feeling oo cross with Polly to chide Maud.

As Polly had no money for presents, she had exerted her ingenuity to devise all sorts of gifts, hoping by quantity to atone for any shortcomings in quality. Some of her attempts were successful, others were failures; but she kept them all, fine or funny, knowing the children at home would enjoy anything new. Some of Maud's cast-off toys had been neatly mended for Kitty; some of Fan's old ribbons and laces were converted into doll's finery; and Tom's little figures, whittled out of wood in idle minutes, were laid away to show Will what could be done with a knife.

"What rubbish!" said Fanny.

"Queer girl, is n't she?" added Tom, who had followed to see what was going on.

"Don't you laugh at Polly's things. She makes nicer dolls than you, Fan, and she can write and draw ever so much better than Tom," cried Maud.

"How do you know? I never saw her draw," said Tom.

"Here's a book with lots of pictures in it. I can't read the writing; but the pictures are so funny."

Eager to display her friend's accomplishments, Maud pulled out a fat little book, marked "Polly's Journal," and spread it in her lap.

"Only the pictures; no harm in taking a look at 'em," said Tom.

"Just one peep," answered Fanny; and the next minute both were laughing at a droll sketch of Tom in the gutter, with the big dog howling over him, and the velocipede running away. Very rough and faulty, but so funny, that it was evident Polly's sense of humor was strong. A few pages farther back came Fanny and Mr. Frank, caricatured; then grandma, carefully done; Tom reciting his battle-piece; Mr. Shaw and Polly in the park; Maud being borne away by Katy; and all the school-girls turned into ridicule with an unsparing hand.

"Sly little puss, to make fun of us behind our backs," said Fan, rather nettled by Polly's quiet retaliation for many slights from herself and friends.

"She does draw well," said Tom, looking critically at the sketch of a boy with a pleasant

face, round whom Polly had drawn rays like the sun, and under which was written, "My dear Jimmy."

"You would n't admire her, if you knew what she wrote here about you," said Fanny, whose eyes had strayed to the written page opposite, and lingered there long enough to read something that excited her curiosity.

"What is it?" asked Tom, forgetting his honorable resolves for a minute.

"She says, 'I try to like Tom, and when he is pleasant we do very well; but he don't stay so long. He gets cross and rough, and disrespectful to his father and mother, and plagues us girls, and is so horrid I almost hate him. It's very wrong, but I can't help it.' How do you like that?" asked Fanny.

"Go ahead, and see how she comes down on you, ma'am," retorted Tom, who had read on a bit.

"Does she?" And Fanny continued, rapidly: "As for Fan, I don't think we can be friends any more; for she told her father a lie, and won't forgive me for not doing so too. I used to think her a very fine girl; but I don't now. If she would be as she was when I first knew her, I should love her just the same; but she is n't kind to me; and though she is always talking about politeness, I don't think it is polite to treat company as she does me. She thinks I am odd and countrified, and I dare say I am; but I should n't laugh at a girl's clothes because she was poor, or keep her out of the way because she did n't do just as other girls did here. I see her make fun of me, and I can't feel as I did; and I'd go home, only it would seem ungrateful to Mr. Shaw and grandma, and I do love them dearly."

"I say, Fan, you've got it now. Shut the book and come away," cried Tom, enjoying this broadside immensely, but feeling guilty, as well he might.

"Just one bit more," whispered Fanny, turning on a page or two, and stopping at a leaf that was blurred here and there, as if tears had dropped on it.

"Sunday morning, early. Nobody is up to spoil my quiet time, and I must write my journal, for I've been so bad lately, I could n't bear to do it. I'm glad my visit is most done, for things worry me here, and there is n't any

one to help me get right when I get wrong. I used to envy Fanny; but I don't now, for her father and mother don't take care of her as mine do of me. She is afraid of her father, and makes her mother do as she likes. I'm glad I came though, for I see money don't give people everything; but I'd like a little all the same for it is so comfortable to buy nice things. I read over my journal just now, and I'm afraid it's not a good one; for I have said all sorts of things about the people here, and it is n't kind. I should tear it out, only I promised to keep my diary, and I want to talk over things that puzzle me with mother. I see now that it is my fault a good deal; for I have n't been half as patient and pleasant as I ought to be. I will truly try for the rest of the time, and be as good and grateful as I can; for I want them to like me, though I'm only 'an old-fashioned country girl.'"

That last sentence made Fanny shut the book, with a face full of self-reproach; for she had said those words herself, in a fit of petulance, and Polly had made no answer, though her eyes filled and her cheeks burned. Fan opened her lips to say something; but not a sound followed, for there stood Polly looking at them with an expression they had never seen before.

"What are you doing with my things?" she demanded, in a low tone, while her eyes kindled and her color changed.

"Maud showed us a book she found, and we were just looking at the pictures," began Fanny, dropping it as if it burnt her fingers.

"And reading my journal, and laughing at my presents, and then putting the blame on Maud. It's the meanest thing I ever saw; and I'll never forgive you as long as I live!"

Polly said this all in one indignant breath, and then as if afraid of saying too much, ran out of the room with such a look of mingled contempt, grief, and anger, that the three culprits stood dumb with shame. Tom had n't even a whistle at his command; Maud was so scared at gentle Polly's outbreak, that she sat as still as a mouse; while Fanny, conscience-stricken, laid back the poor little presents with a respectful hand, for somehow the thought of Polly's poverty came over her as it never had done before; and these odds and ends, so carefully treasured up for those at home, touched

Fanny, and grew beautiful in her eyes. As she laid by the little book, the confessions in it reproached her more sharply than any words Polly could have spoken; for she *had* laughed at her friend, *had* slighted her sometimes, and been unforgiving for an innocent offence. The last page, where Polly took the blame on herself, and promised to "truly try" to be more kind and patient, went to Fanny's heart, melting all the coldness away, and she could only lay her head on the trunk, sobbing, "It was n't Polly's fault; it was all mine."

Tom, still red with shame at being caught in such a scrape, left Fanny to her tears, and went manfully away to find the injured Polly, and confess his manifold transgressions. But Polly could n't be found. He searched high and low in every room, yet no sign of the girl appeared, and Tom began to get anxious. "She can't have run away home, can she?" he said to himself, as he paused before the hat-tree. There was the little round hat, and Tom gave it a remorseful smooth, remembering how many times he had tweaked it half off, or poked it over poor Polly's eyes. "Maybe she's gone down to the office, to tell pa. 'Tis n't a bit like her, though. Anyway, I'll take a look round the corner."

Eager to get his boots, Tom pulled open the door of a dark closet under the stairs, and nearly tumbled over backward with surprise; for there, on the floor, with her head pillowed on a pair of rubbers, lay Polly in an attitude of despair. This mournful spectacle sent Tom's penitent speech straight out of his head, and with an astonished "Hullo!" he stood and stared in impressive silence. Polly was n't crying, and lay so still, that Tom began to think she might be in a fit or a faint, and bent anxiously down to inspect the pathetic bunch. A glimpse of wet eyelashes, a round cheek redder than usual, and lips parted by quick breathing, relieved his mind upon that point; so, taking courage, he sat down on the boot-jack, and begged pardon, like a man.

Now, Polly was very angry, and I think she had a right to be; but she was not resentful, and after the first flash was over, she soon began to feel better about it. It was n't easy to forgive; but, as she listened to Tom's honest voice, getting gruff with remorse now and then, she

could n't harden her heart against him, or refuse to make up when he so frankly owned that it "was confounded mean to read her book that way." She liked his coming and begging pardon at once; it was a handsome thing to do; she appreciated it, and forgave him in her heart some time before she did with her lips; for, to tell the truth, Polly had a spice of girlish malice, and rather liked to see domineering Tom eat humble-pie, just enough to do him good, you know. She felt that atonement was proper, and considered it no more than just that Fan should drench a handkerchief or two with repentant tears, and that Tom should sit on a very uncomfortable seat and call himself hard names for five or ten minutes before she relented.

"Come, now, do say a word to a fellow. I'm getting the worst of it, anyway; for there's Fan, crying her eyes out upstairs, and here are you stowed away in a dark closet as dumb as a fish, and nobody but me to bring you both round. I'd have cut over to the Smythes and got ma home to fix things, only it looked like backing out of the scrape; so I did n't," said Tom as a last appeal.

Polly was glad to hear that Fan was crying. It would do her good; but she could n't help softening to Tom, who did seem in a predicament, between two weeping damsels. A little smile began to dimple the cheek that was n't hidden, and then a hand came slowly out from under the curly head, and was stretched toward him silently. Tom was just going to give it a hearty shake, when he saw a red mark on the wrist, and knew what made it. His face changed, and he took the chubby hand so gently, that Polly peeped to see what it meant.

"Will you forgive that, too?" he asked, in a whisper, stroking the red wrist.

"Yes; it don't hurt much now." And Polly drew her hand away, sorry he had seen it.

"I was a beast, that's what I was!" said Tom, in a tone of great disgust; and just at that awkward minute down tumbled his father's old beaver over his head and face, putting a comical quelcher on his self-reproaches.

Of course, neither could help laughing at that; and when he emerged, Polly was sitting up, looking as much better for her shower as he did for his momentary eclipse.

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"Fan feels dreadfully. Will you kiss and be friends, if I trot her down?" asked Tom, remembering his fellow-sinner.

"I'll go to her." And Polly whisked out of the closet as suddenly as she had whisked in, leaving Tom sitting on the boot-jack, with a radiant countenance.

How the girls made it up no one ever knew; but after much talking and crying, kissing and laughing, the breach was healed, and peace declared. A slight haze still lingered in the air after the storm, for Fanny was very humble and tender that evening; Tom a trifle pensive, but distressingly polite, and Polly magnanimously friendly to every one; for generous natures like to forgive and Polly enjoyed the petting after the insult, like a very human girl.

As she was brushing her hair at bedtime there came a tap on her door, and, opening it, she beheld nothing but a tall black bottle, with a strip of red flannel tied round it like a cravat, and a cocked-hat note on the cork. Inside were these lines, written in a sprawling hand with very black ink:

"DEAR POLLY, — Opydilldock is first-rate for sprains. You put a lot on the flannel and do up your wrist, and I guess it will be all right in the morning. Will you come for a sleigh-ride to-morrow? I'm awful sorry I hurt you.  
TOM."



## THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS"

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807-1882)

IT was the schooner *Hesperus*,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds  
That ope in the month of May.



DOWN CAME THE STORM AND SMOTE AMAIN THE VESSEL IN ITS STRENGTH

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened  
steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be?"  
"T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be?"  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That savèd she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept  
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

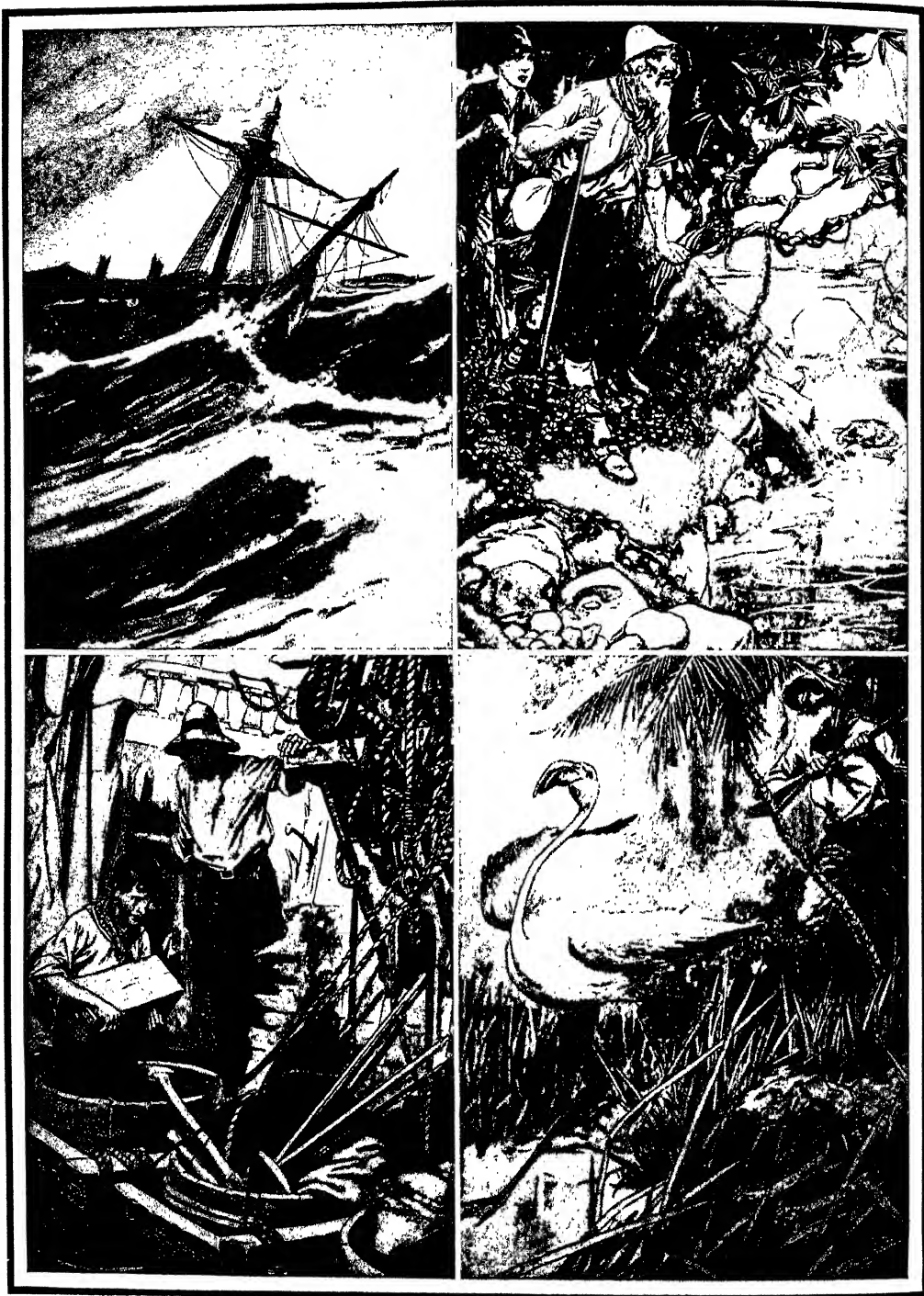
Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank, —  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!





SCENES FROM "SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"

The vessel at the mercy of the waves; no trace of man; gathering necessities from the vessel; the pursuit of the wounded bird.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON IS  
SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK

[This selection is taken from *Swiss Family Robinson*, a book that for several generations has been a classic story for children. It is something like *Robinson Crusoe*. The chief difference is that instead of just one person being cast away on a desert island and forced to live there for a number of years, in *Swiss Family Robinson* a whole family (father, mother, and four children) is shipwrecked.]

ALREADY the tempest had continued six days; on the seventh its fury seemed still increasing; and the morning dawned upon us without a prospect of hope, for we had wandered so far from the right track, and were so forcibly driven toward the south-east, that none on board knew where we were. The ship's company were exhausted by labor and watching, and the courage which had sustained them was now sinking. The shivered masts had been cast into the sea; several leaks appeared, and the ship began to fill. "My beloved children," said I to my four boys, who clung to me in their fright, "God can save us, for nothing is impossible to him. We must, however, hold ourselves resigned, and, instead of murmuring at his decree, rely that what he sees fit to do is best."

My excellent wife wiped the tears which were falling on her cheeks, and from this moment became more tranquil; she encouraged the youngest children who were leaning on her knees; while I, who owed them an example of firmness, was scarcely able to resist my grief at the thought of what would most likely be the fate of beings so tenderly beloved. We all fell on our knees, and supplicated the God of Mercy to protect us. Fritz, my eldest son, implored, in a loud voice, that God would deign to save his dear parents and his brothers, generously unmindful of himself: the boys rose from their posture with a state of mind so improved that they seemed forgetful of the impending danger. I myself began to feel my hopes increase, as I beheld the affecting group. Heaven will surely have pity on them, thought I, and will save their parents to guard their tender years!

At this moment a cry of "Land, land!" was

heard through the roaring of the waves, and instantly the vessel struck against a rock with so violent a motion as to drive every one from his place; a tremendous cracking succeeded, as if the ship was going to pieces; the sea rushed in, in all directions; we perceived that the vessel had grounded, and could not long hold together. The captain called out that all was lost, and bade the men lose not a moment in putting out the boats. The sounds fell on my heart like a thrust from a dagger: "We are lost!" I exclaimed, and the children broke out into piercing cries.

I then recollected myself, and, addressing them again, exhorted them to courage, by observing that the water had not yet reached us, that the ship was near land, and that Providence would assist the brave. "Keep where you are," I added, "while I go and examine what is best to be done."

I now went on the deck. A wave instantly threw me down, and wetted me to the skin; another followed, and then another. I sustained myself as steadily as I could; and looking around, a scene of terrific and complete disaster met my eyes: the ship was shattered in all directions, and on one side there was a complete breach. The ship's company crowded into the boats till they could contain not one man more, and the last who entered were now cutting the ropes to move off. I called to them with almost frantic entreaties to stop and receive us also, but in vain; for the roaring of the sea prevented my being heard, and the waves, which rose to the height of mountains, would have made it impossible to return. All hope from this source was over, for, while I spoke, the boats, and all they contained, were driving out of sight. My best consolation now was to observe, that the slanting position the ship had taken would afford us present protection from the water; and that the stern, under which was the cabin that enclosed all that was dear to me on earth, had been driven upwards between two rocks, and seemed immovably fixed. At the same time, in the distance southward, I descried through clouds and rain, several nooks of land, which, though rude and savage in appearance, were the objects of every hope I could form in this distressing moment.

Sunk and desolate from the loss of all chance



of human aid, it was yet my duty to appear serene before my family: "Courage, dear ones," cried I, on entering their cabin, "let us not desert ourselves: I will not conceal from you that the ship is aground; but we are at least in greater safety than if she were beating upon the rocks; our cabin is above water; and should the sea be more calm to-morrow, we may yet find means to reach the land in safety."

What I had just said appeared their fears; for my family had the habit of confiding in my assurances. They now began to feel the advantage of the ship's remaining still; for its motion had been most distressing, by jostling them one against another or whatever happened to be nearest. My wife, however, more accustomed than the children to read my inmost thoughts, perceived the anxiety which devoured me. I made her a sign which conveyed the idea of the hopelessness of our situation; and I had the consolation to see that she was resolved to support the trial with resignation. "Let us take some nourishment," said she; "our courage will strengthen with our bodies; we shall perhaps need this comfort to support a long and melancholy night."

Soon after, night set in; the fury of the tempest had not abated; the planks and beams of the vessel separated in many parts with an horrible crash. We thought of the boats, and feared that all they contained must have sunk under the foaming surge.

My wife had prepared a slender meal, and the four boys partook of it with an appetite to which their parents were strangers. They went to bed, and, exhausted by fatigue, soon were snoring soundly. Fritz, the eldest, sat up with us. "I have been thinking," said he, after a long silence, "how it may be possible to save ourselves. If we had some bladders or cork-jackets for my mother and my brothers, you and I, father, would soon contrive to swim to land."

"That is a good thought," said I; "we will see what can be done."

Fritz and I looked about for some small empty firkins; these we tied two and two together with handkerchiefs or towels, leaving about a foot distance between them, and fastened them as swimming jackets under the arms of each child, my wife at the same time preparing one

for herself. We provided ourselves with knives, some string, and other necessities which could be put into the pocket, proceeding upon the hope that, if the ship went to pieces in the night, we should either be able to swim to land, or be driven thither by the waves.

Fritz, who had been up all night, and was fatigued with his laborious occupations, now lay down near his brothers, and was soon asleep; but their mother and I, too anxious to close our eyes, kept watch, listening to every sound that seemed to threaten a further change in our situation. We passed this awful night in prayer, in agonizing apprehensions, and in forming various resolutions as to what we should next attempt. We hailed with joy the first gleam of light which shot through a small opening of the window. The raging of the winds had begun to abate, the sky was become serene, and hope throbbed in my bosom, as I beheld the sun already tingeing the horizon. Thus revived, I summoned my wife and the boys to the deck to partake of the scene. The youngest children, half forgetful of the past, asked with surprise, why we were there alone, and what had become of the ship's company? I led them to the recollection of our misfortune, and then added, "Dearest children, a Being more powerful than man has helped us, and will, no doubt, continue to help us, if we do not abandon ourselves to a fruitless despair. Observe, our companions, in whom we had so much confidence, have deserted us, and that Divine Providence, in its goodness, has given us protection! But, my dear ones, let us show ourselves willing in our exertions, and thus deserve support from heaven. Let us not forget this useful maxim, and let each labor according to his strength."

Fritz advised that we should all throw ourselves into the sea, while it was calm, and swim to land. — "Ah! that may be well enough for you," said Ernest, "for you can swim; but we others should soon be drowned. Would it not be better to make a float of rafts, and get to land all together upon it?"

"Vastly well," answered I, "if we had the means for contriving such a float, and if, after all, it were not a dangerous sort of conveyance. But come, my boys, look each of you about the ship, and see what can be done to enable us to reach the land!"



They now all sprang from me with eager looks, to do as I desired. I, on my part, lost no time in examining what we had to depend upon as to provisions and fresh water. My wife and the youngest boy visited the animals, whom they found in a pitiable condition, nearly perishing with hunger and thirst. Fritz repaired to the ammunition room; Ernest to the carpenter's cabin; and Jack to the apartment of the cabin; but scarcely had he opened the door, when two large dogs sprang upon him, and saluted him with such rude affection that he roared for assistance, as if they had been killing him. Hunger, however, had rendered the poor creatures so gentle that they licked his hands and face, uttering all the time a low sort of moan, and continuing their caresses till he was almost suffocated. Poor Jack exerted all his strength in blows to drive them away: at last he began to understand, and to sympathize in their joyful movements, and put himself upon another footing. He got upon his legs, and gently taking the largest dog by the ears, sprang upon his back, and with great gravity presented himself thus mounted before me, as I came out of the ship's hold. I could not refrain from laughing, and I praised his courage; but I added a little exhortation to be cautious, and not to go too far with animals of this species, who, in a state of hunger, might be dangerous.

By and by my little company were again assembled round me, and each boasted of what he had to contribute. Fritz had two fowling-pieces, some powder and small-shot, contained in horn flasks, and some bullets in bags.

Ernest produced his hat filled with nails, and held in his hands a hatchet and a hammer; in addition, a pair of pincers, a pair of large scissors, and an auger peeped out at his pocket-hole.

Even the little Francis carried under his arm a box of no very small size, from which he eagerly produced what he called some little sharp-pointed hooks. His brothers smiled scornfully. "Vastly well, gentlemen," said I; "but let me tell you that the youngest has brought the most valuable prize, and this is often the case in the world; the person who least courts the smiles of Fortune, and in the calm of his heart is scarcely conscious of her existence, is often he to whom she most readily presents herself. These little sharp-pointed hooks, as

Francis calls them, are fishing-hooks, and will probably be of more use in preserving our lives than all we may find besides in the ship. In justice, however, I must confess, that what Fritz and Ernest have contributed will also afford essential service."

"I, for my part," said my wife, "have brought nothing; but I have some tidings to communicate which I hope will secure my welcome: I have found on board a cow and an ass, two goats, six sheep, and a sow big with young: I have just supplied them with food and water, and I reckon on being able to preserve their lives."

"All this is admirable," said I to my young laborers; "and there is only Master Jack, who, instead of thinking of something useful, has done us the favor to present us two personages, who, no doubt, will be principally distinguished by being willing to eat more than we shall have to give them."

"Ah!" replied Jack, "but if we can once get to land, you will see that they will assist us in hunting and shooting."

"True enough," said I, "but be so good as to tell us how we are to get to land, and whether you have contrived the means?"

"I am sure it cannot be very difficult," said Jack, with an arch motion of his head. "Look here at these large tubs. Why cannot each of us get into one of them, and float to the land? I remember I succeeded very well in this manner on the water, when I was visiting my godfather at S—."

"Every one's thought is good for something," cried I, "and I begin to believe that what Jack has suggested is worth a trial: quick, then, boy! give me the saw, the auger, and some nails; we will see what is to be done." I recollected having seen some empty casks in the ship's hold: we went down, and found them floating in the water, which had got into the vessel; it cost us but little trouble to hoist them up and place them on the lower deck, which was at this time scarcely above water. We saw, with joy, that they were all sound, well guarded by iron hoops, and in every respect in good condition; they were exactly suited for the object; and, with the assistance of my sons, I instantly began to saw them in two. In a short time I had produced eight tubs, of equal size, and of

the proper height. I viewed with delight my eight little tubs, ranged in a line. I was surprised to see that my wife did not partake our eagerness; she sighed deeply as she looked at them. "Never, never," cried she, "can I venture to get into one of these."

"Do not decide so hastily, my dear," said I; "my plan is not yet complete; and you will see presently that it is more worthy of our confidence than this shattered vessel, which cannot move from its place."

I then sought for a long pliant plank, and placed my eight tubs upon it, leaving a piece at each end reaching beyond the tubs; which, bent upward, would present an outline like the keel of a vessel. We next nailed all the tubs to the plank, and then the tubs to each other, as they stood, side by side, to make them firmer, and afterwards two other planks, of the same length as the first, on each side of the tubs. When all this was finished, we found we had produced a kind of narrow boat, divided into eight compartments, which I had no doubt would be able to perform a short course in calm water.

We had spent the day in laborious exertions; it was already late; and as it would not have been possible to reach the land that evening, we were obliged to pass a second night in the wrecked vessel, which at every instant threatened to fall to pieces. We next refreshed ourselves by a regular meal. Being now in a more tranquil and unapprehensive state of mind than the day before, we all abandoned ourselves to sleep; not, however, till I had used the precaution of tying the swimming apparatus round my three youngest boys and my wife, in case the storm should again come on. I also advised my wife to dress herself in the clothes of one of the sailors, which were so much more convenient for swimming, or any other exertion she might be compelled to engage in. She consented, but not without reluctance, and left us to look for some that might best suit her size. In a quarter of an hour she returned, dressed in the clothes of a young man who had served as volunteer on board the ship. She could not conceal the timid awkwardness, so natural to her sex, in such a situation: but I soon found means to reconcile her to the change, by representing the many advantages it gave

her, till at length she joined in the merriment, her dress occasioned, and one and all crept into our separate hammocks, where a delicious repose prepared us for the renewal of our labors.

By break of day we were all awake and alert, for hope as well as grief is unfriendly to lengthened slumbers. When we had finished our morning prayer, I said, "We now, my best beloved, with the assistance of Heaven, must enter upon the work of our deliverance. The first thing to be done, is to give to each poor animal on board a hearty meal; we will then put food enough before them for several days; we cannot take them with us; but we will hope it may be possible, if our voyage succeeds, to return and fetch them. Are you now all ready? Bring together whatever is absolutely necessary for our wants. It is my wish that our first cargo should consist of a barrel of gunpowder, three fowling pieces, and three carbines, with as much small-shot and lead, and as many bullets as our boat will carry; two pairs of pocket pistols, and one of large ones, not forgetting a mould to cast balls in: each of the boys, and their mother also, should have a bag to carry game in; you will find plenty of these in the cabins of the officers." We added a chest containing cakes of portable soup, another full of hard biscuits, an iron pot, a fishing-rod, a chest of nails, and another of different utensils, such as hammers, saws, pincers, hatchets, augers, etc., and lastly, some sail-cloth to make a tent. Indeed, the boys brought so many things that we were obliged to reject some of them, though I had already exchanged the worthless ballast for articles of use.

When all was ready we stepped bravely each into a tub. At the moment of our departure the cocks and hens began to cluck, as if conscious that we had deserted them, yet were willing to bid us a sorrowful adieu. This suggested to me the idea of taking two geese, ducks, fowls, and pigeons with us; observing to my wife that, if we could not find the means to feed them, at least they would feed us.

We accordingly executed this plan. We put ten hens and an old and a young cock into one of the tubs, and covered it with planks; we set the rest at liberty, in the hope that instinct would direct them towards the land, the geese and ducks by water, and the pigeons by the air.



#### LATER ADVENTURES OF THE FAMILY

The turtle drawing the boat; exploring; the boys returning with their spoils; Fritz shooting through the waves.

We were waiting for my wife, who had the care of this last part of our embarkation, when she joined us loaded with a large bag, which she threw into the tub that already contained her youngest son. I imagined that she intended it for him to sit upon, or perhaps to confine him so as to prevent his being tossed from side to side. I therefore asked no questions concerning it. The order of our departure was as follows:

In the first tub, at the boat's head, my wife, the most tender and exemplary of her sex, placed herself.

In the second, our little Francis, a lovely boy, six years old, remarkable for the sweetest and happiest temper, and for his affection to his parents.

In the third, Fritz, our eldest boy, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, a handsome curl-pated youth, full of intelligence and vivacity.

In the fourth was the barrel of gunpowder, with the cocks and hens, and the sail-cloth.

In the fifth, the provisions of every kind.

In the sixth, our third son, Jack, a light-hearted, enterprising, audacious, generous lad, about ten years old.

In the seventh, our second son, Ernest, a boy twelve years old, of a rational, reflecting temper, well informed for his age, but somewhat disposed to indolence and pleasure.

In the eighth a father, to whose paternal care the task of guiding the machine for the safety of his beloved family was intrusted. Each of us had useful implements within reach; the hand of each held an oar, and near each was a swimming apparatus, in readiness for what might happen. The tide was already at half its height when we left the ship, and I had counted on this circumstance as favorable to our want of strength. We held the two paddles longways, and thus we passed without accident through the cleft of the vessel into the sea. The boys devoured with their eyes the blue land they saw at a distance. We rowed with all our strength, but long in vain, to reach it: the boat only turned round and round. At length I had the good fortune to steer in such a way that it proceeded in a straight line. The two dogs, perceiving we had abandoned them, plunged into the sea and swam to the boat; they were too large for us to think of giving them admit-

tance, and I dreaded lest they should jump in and upset us. I was in great uneasiness on their account, for I feared it would not be possible for them to swim so far. The dogs, however, managed the affair with perfect intelligence. When fatigued, they rested their fore-paws on one of the paddles, and thus with little effort proceeded.

Jack was disposed to refuse them this accommodation, but he soon yielded to my argument that it was cruel and unwise to neglect creatures thrown on our protection, and who indeed might hereafter protect us in their turn, by guarding us from harm and assisting in our pursuit of animals for food. "Besides," added I, "God has given the dog to man to be his faithful companion and friend."

Our voyage proceeded securely, though slowly; but the nearer we approached the land, the more gloomy and unpromising its aspect appeared. The coast was clothed with barren rocks, which seemed to offer nothing but hunger and distress. The sea was calm; the waves, gently agitated, washed the shore, and the sky was serene in every direction; we perceived casks, bales, chests, and other vestiges of shipwrecks, floating round us. In the hope of obtaining some good provisions, I determined on endeavoring to secure some of the casks. I bade Fritz have a rope, a hammer, and some nails ready, and to try to seize them as we passed. He succeeded in laying hold of two, and in such a way that we could draw them after us to the shore. Now that we were close on land, its rude outline was much softened; the rocks no longer appeared one undivided chain; Fritz, with his hawk's eye, already descried some trees, and exclaimed that they were palm trees. Ernest expressed his joy that he should now get much larger and better cocoanuts than he ever had seen before. I, for my part, was venting audibly my regret that I had not thought of bringing a telescope that I knew was in the captain's cabin, when Jack drew a small one from his pocket, and with a look of triumph presented it to me.

The acquisition of the telescope was of great importance; for with its aid I was able to make the necessary observations, and was more sure of the route I ought to take. On applying it to my eye I remarked that the shore before us had

desert and savage aspect, but that toward the left the scene was more agreeable; but when attempted to steer in that direction, a current carried me irresistibly towards the coast that was rocky and barren. By and by we perceived a little opening between the rocks, near the mouth of a creek, towards which all our geese and ducks betook themselves; and I, relying on their sagacity, followed in the same course. This opening formed a little bay; the water was tranquil, and neither too deep nor too shallow to receive our boat. I entered it, and cautiously put on shore to a spot where the coast was about the same height above the water as our tubs, and where, at the same time, there was a quantity sufficient to keep us afloat. The shore extended inland, in something of the form of an isosceles triangle, the upper angle of which terminated among the rocks, while the margin of the sea formed the basis.

All that had life in the boat jumped eagerly on land. Even little Francis, who had been wedged in his tub like a potted herring, now got up and sprang forward; but, with all his efforts, he could not succeed without his mother's help. The dogs, who had swum on shore, received us, as if appointed to do the honors of the place, jumping round us with every demonstration of joy; the geese kept up a loud cackling, to which the ducks, from their broad yellow beaks, contributed a perpetual thorough bass; the cocks and hens, which we had already set at liberty, clucked; the boys, chattering all at once, produced altogether an overpowering confusion of sounds: to this was added the disagreeable scream of some penguins and flamingoes, which we now perceived; the latter flying over our heads, the others sitting on the points of the rocks at the entrance of the bay.

The first thing we did on finding ourselves safe on *terra firma* was to fall on our knees and return thanks to the Supreme Being who had preserved our lives, and to recommend ourselves with entire resignation to the care of his paternal kindness.

We next employed our whole attention on unloading the boat. Oh! how rich we thought ourselves in the little we had been able to rescue from the merciless abyss of waters! We looked about for a convenient place to set up a tent under the shade of the rocks; and having all

consulted and agreed upon a place, we set to work. We drove one of our poles firmly into a fissure of the rock; this rested upon another pole, which was driven perpendicularly into the ground and formed the ridge of our tent. A frame for a dwelling was thus made secure. We next threw some sail-cloth over the ridge, and stretching it to a convenient distance on each side, fastened its extremities to the ground with stakes. Lastly, I fixed some tenter-hooks along the edge of one side of the sail-cloth in front, that we might be able to enclose the entrance during night by hooking in the opposite edge. The chest of provisions, and other heavy matters, we had left on the shore. The next thing was to desire my sons to look about for grass and moss, to be spread and dried in the sun, to serve us for beds. During this occupation, in which even little Francis could take a share, I erected near the tent a kind of little kitchen. A few flat stones I found in the bed of a fresh-water river served for a hearth. I got a quantity of dry branches: with the largest I made a small enclosure round it; and with the little twigs, added to some of our turf, I made a brisk cheering fire. We put some of the soup-cakes, with water, into our iron pot, and placed it over the flame; and my wife, with my little Francis for a scullion, took charge of preparing the dinner.

In the meanwhile, Fritz had been reloading the guns, with one of which he had wandered along the side of the river. He had proposed to Ernest to accompany him; but Ernest replied that he did not like a rough, stony walk, and that he should go to the seashore. Jack took the road towards a chain of rocks which jutted out into the sea, with the intention of gathering some of the mussels which grew upon them.

My own occupation was now an endeavor to draw the two floating casks on shore, but in which I could not succeed; for our place of landing, though convenient enough for our machine, was too steep for the casks. While I was looking about to find a more favorable spot, I heard loud cries proceeding from a short distance, and recognized the voice of my son Jack. I snatched my hatchet, and ran anxiously to his assistance. I soon perceived him up to his knees in water in a shallow, and that a large

lobster had fastened its claws in his leg. The poor boy screamed pitifully, and made useless efforts to disengage himself. I jumped instantly into the water; and the enemy was no sooner sensible of my approach than he let go his hold, and would have scampered out to sea, but that I indulged the fancy of a little malice against him for the alarm he had caused us. I turned quickly upon him, and took him up by the body, and carried him off, followed by Jack, who shouted our triumph all the way. He begged me at last to let him hold the animal in his own hand that he might himself present so fine a booty to his mother. Accordingly, having observed how I held it to avoid the gripe, he laid his own hand upon it in exactly the same manner; but scarcely had he grasped it than he received a violent blow on the face from the lobster's tail, which made him loose his hold, and the animal fell to the ground. Jack again began to bawl out, while I could not refrain from laughing heartily. In his rage he took up a stone, and killed the lobster with a single blow. I was a little vexed at this conclusion to the scene. "This is what we call killing an enemy when he is unable to defend himself, Jack; it is wrong to revenge an injury while we are in a state of anger: the lobster, it is true, had given you a bite; but then you, on your part, would have eaten the lobster. So the game was at least equal. Another time, I advise you to be both more prudent and more merciful." — "But, pray, father, let me carry it to my mother," said Jack, fearless now of further warfare; and accordingly he carried it to the kitchen, triumphantly exclaiming, "Mother, mother, a sea lobster! — Ernest, a sea lobster! Where is Fritz? Where is Fritz? Take care, Francis, he will bite you." In a moment all were round him to examine the wonderful creature, and all proclaimed their astonishment at his enormous size, while they observed that its form was precisely that of the common lobster so much in use in Europe.

"Yes, yes," said Jack, holding up one of the claws; "you may well wonder at his size: this was the frightful claw which seized my leg, and if I had not had on my thick sea pantaloons, he would have bit it through and through; but I have taught him what it is to attack *me*: I have paid him well."

"Oh, oh! Mr. Boaster," cried I, "you give a pretty account of the matter. Now, *mine* would be that, if I had not been near, the lobster would have shown you another sort of game; for the slap he gave you in the face compelled you, I think, to let go your hold. And it is well it should be thus; for he fought with the arms with which nature had supplied him, but you had recourse to a great stone for your defence. Believe me, Jack, you have no great reason to boast of the adventure."

Ernest, ever prompted by his savory tooth, bawled out that the lobster had better be put into the soup, which would give it an excellent flavor; but this his mother opposed, observing that we must be more economical of our provisions than that, for the lobster of itself would furnish a dinner for the whole family. I now left them, and walked again to the scene of this adventure, and examined the shallow: then made another attempt upon my two casks, and at length succeeded in getting them into it, and in fixing them there securely on their bottoms.

On my return, I complimented Jack on his being the first to procure an animal that might serve for subsistence, and promised him, for his own share, the famous claw which had furnished us with so lively a discussion.

"Ah! but I have seen something, too, that is good to eat," said Ernest; "and I should have got it if it had not been in the water, so that I must have wetted my feet —"

"Oh! that is a famous story," cried Jack; "I can tell you what he saw — some nasty mussels: why, I would not eat one of them for the world. Think of my lobster!"

"That is not true, Jack; for they were oysters, and not mussels, that I saw: I am sure of it, for they stuck to the rock, and I know they must be oysters."

"Fortunate enough, my dainty gentleman," interrupted I, addressing myself to Ernest; "since you are so well acquainted with the place where such food can be found, you will be so obliging as to return and procure us some. In such a situation as ours, every member of the family must be actively employed for the common good; and, above all, none must be afraid of so trifling an inconvenience as wet feet."

"I will do my best, with all my heart,"

answered Ernest; "and at the same time I will bring home some salt, of which I have seen immense quantities in the holes of the rocks, where I have reason to suppose it is dried by the sun. I tasted some of it, and it was excellent. Pray, father, be so good as to inform me whether his salt was not left there by the sea."

"No doubt it was, Mr. Reasoner, for where else do you think it could come from? You would have done more wisely if you had brought a bag of it, instead of spending your time in profound reflections upon operations so simple and obvious; and if you do not wish to dine upon a soup without flavor, you had better run and fetch a little quickly."

He set off, and soon returned: what he brought had the appearance of sea-salt, but was so mixed with earth and sand, that I was on the point of throwing it away; but my wife prevented me, and by dissolving, and afterwards filtering some of it through a piece of muslin, we found it admirably fit for use.

"Why could we not have used some seawater," asked Jack, "instead of having all this trouble?"

"So we might," answered I, "if it had not a somewhat sickly taste." While I was speaking, my wife tasted the soup with a little stick with which she had been stirring it, and pronounced that it was all the better for the salt, and now quite ready. "But," said she, "Fritz is not come in. And then, how shall we manage to eat our soup without spoons or dishes? Why did we not remember to bring some from the ship?" — "Because, my dear, one cannot think of everything at once. We shall be lucky if we have not forgotten even more important things." — "But, indeed," said she, "this is a matter which cannot easily be set to rights. How will it be possible for each of us to raise this large boiling pot to his lips?"

I soon saw that my wife was right. We all cast our eyes upon the pot with a sort of stupid perplexity, and looked a little like the fox in the fable, when the stork desires him to help himself from a vessel with a long neck. Silence was at length broken by all bursting into a hearty laugh at our want of every kind of utensil, and at the thought of our own folly, in not recollecting that spoons and forks were things of absolute necessity.

Ernest observed that, if we could but get some of the nice cocoanuts he often thought about, we might empty them, and use the pieces of the shells for spoons.

"Yes, yes," replied I; "*if we could but get*, — but we have them not; and if wishing were to any purpose, I had as soon wish at once for a dozen silver spoons; but, alas! of what use is wishing?"

"But, at least," said the boy, "we can use some oyster-shells for spoons."

"Why, this is well, Ernest," said I, "and is what I call a useful thought. Run then quickly for some of them. But, gentlemen, I give you notice, that no one of you must give himself airs because his spoon is without a handle, although he chance to grease his fingers in the soup."

Jack ran first, and was up to his knees in the water before Ernest could reach the place. Jack tore off the fish with eagerness, and threw them to slothful Ernest, who put them into his handkerchief, having first secured in his pocket one shell he had met with of a large size. The boys came back together with their booty.

Fritz not having yet returned, his mother was beginning to be uneasy, when we heard him shouting to us from a small distance, to which we answered by similar sounds. In a few minutes he was among us, his two hands behind him, and with a sort of would-be melancholy air, which none of us could well understand. "What have you brought?" asked his brothers; "let us see your booty, and you shall see ours." — "Ah! I have unfortunately nothing." — "What! nothing at all?" said I. — "Nothing at all," answered he. But now, on fixing my eye upon him I perceived a smile of proud success through his assumed dissatisfaction. At the same instant Jack, having stolen behind him, exclaimed, "A sucking pig! a sucking pig!" Fritz, finding his trick discovered, now proudly displayed his prize, which I immediately perceived, from the description I had read in different books of travel, was an agouti, an animal common in that country, and not a sucking pig, as the boys had supposed.

Fritz related, that he had passed over to the other side of the river. "Ah!" continued he, "it is quite another thing from this place; the shore is low, and you can have no notion of the



quantity of casks, chests, and planks, and different sorts of things washed there by the sea. Ought we not to go and try to obtain some of these treasures?" — "We will consider that soon," answered I; "but first we have to make our voyage to the vessel, and fetch away the animals: at least you will all agree, that of the cow we are pretty much in want." — "If our biscuit were soaked in milk, it would not be so hard," observed our dainty Ernest. — "I must tell you, too," continued Fritz, "that over on the other side there is as much grass for pasturage as we can desire; and besides, a pretty wood, in the shade of which we could repose. Why then should we remain on this barren desert side?" — "Patience," replied I; "there is a time for everything, friend Fritz: we shall not be without something to undertake to-morrow, and even after to-morrow. But, above all, I am eager to know if you discovered, in your excursion, any traces of our ship companions?" — "Not the smallest trace of man, dead or alive, on land or water; but I have seen some other animals that more resembled pigs than the one I have brought you, but with feet more like those of the hare; the animal I am speaking of leaps from place to place; now sitting on his hind legs, rubbing his face with his front feet, and then seeking for roots, and gnawing them like the squirrel. If I had not been afraid of his escaping me, I should have tried to catch him with my hands, for he appeared almost tame."

Soon after we had taken our meal, the sun began to sink into the west. Our little flock of fowls assembled round us, pecking here and there what morsels of our biscuit had fallen on the ground. Just at this moment my wife produced the bag she had so mysteriously huddled into the tub. Its mouth was now opened; it contained the various sorts of grain for feeding poultry — barley, peas, oats, etc., and also different kinds of seeds and roots of vegetables for the table. In the fulness of her kind heart she scattered several handfuls at once upon the ground, which the fowls began eagerly to seize. I complimented her on the benefits her foresight had secured for us; but I recommended a more sparing use of so valuable an acquisition, observing that the grain, if kept for sowing, would produce a harvest, and that we could

fetch from the ship spoiled biscuit enough to feed the fowls. Our pigeons sought a roosting-place among the rocks; the hens, with the two cocks at their head, ranged themselves in a line along the ridge of the tent; and the geese and ducks betook themselves in a body, clacking and quacking as they proceeded, to a marshy bit of ground near the sea where some thick bushes afforded them shelter.

A little later, we began to follow the example of our winged companions, by beginning our preparations for repose. First, we loaded our guns and pistols, and laid them carefully in the tent: next, we assembled together and joined in offering up our thanks to the Almighty for the succor afforded us, and supplicating his watchful care for our preservation. With the last ray of the sun we entered our tent, and, after drawing the sail-cloth over the hooks, to close the entrance, we laid ourselves down close to each other on the grass and moss we had collected in the morning.

The children observed, with surprise, that darkness came upon us all at once; that night succeeded to day without an intermediate twilight. "This," replied I, "makes me suspect that we are not far from the equator, or at least between the tropics, where this is of ordinary occurrence; for the twilight is occasioned by the rays of the sun being broken in the atmosphere; the more obliquely they fall, the more their feeble light is extended and prolonged; while on the other hand, the more perpendicular the rays, the less their declination: consequently the change from day to night is much more sudden when the sun is under the horizon."

I looked once more out of the tent to see if all was quiet around us. The old cock, awaking at the rising of the moon, chanted our vespers, and then I lay down to sleep. In proportion as we had been during the day oppressed with heat, we were now in the night inconvenienced by the cold, so that we clung to each other for warmth. A sweet sleep began to close the eyes of my beloved family; I endeavored to keep awake till I was sure my wife's solicitude had yielded to the same happy state, and then I closed my own. Thanks to the fatigue we had undergone, our first night in the desert island was very tolerably comfortable.





SCENES FROM AN ENGLISH LITERATURE COLLEGE PAGEANT

Top: A Greek group with Homer in the center. Middle: A Shakespeare company; from left to right, King Lear, Shylock, Portia, Ophelia, Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Bottom, Falstaff. Third group: Milton's masque, "Comus."

## BROTHER AND SISTER

[This selection is from *The Mill on the Floss*, by George Eliot, one of the greatest of women writers. Every boy and girl should read her *Silas Marner*. Older children will enjoy *Romola* and *Adam Bede*. *Middlemarch*, her ablest book, is for still older readers.]

TOM was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie's when it was late enough for the sound of the gig-wheels to be expected; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was fondness for her boy. At last the sound came — that light quick bowling of the gig-wheels — and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about, and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver's curls and cap-strings, she came outside the door, and even held her hand on Maggie's offending head, forgetting all the griefs of the morning.

"There he is, my sweet lad! But, Lord ha' mercy! he's got never a collar on; it's been lost on the road, I'll be bound, and spoilt the set."

Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, "Hallo! Yap — what! are you there?"

Nevertheless he submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue-gray eyes wandered towards the croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself that he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning. He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and, at twelve or thirteen years of age, look as much alike as goslings: — a lad with light-brown hair, cheeks of cream and roses, full lips, indeterminate nose and eyebrows — a physiognomy in which it seems impossible to discern anything but the generic character of boyhood; as different as possible from poor Maggie's phiz, which Nature seemed to have moulded and colored with the most decided intention. But that same Nature has the deep cunning which hides itself under the appearance of openness, so that simple people think they can see through her quite well, and all the while she is secretly

preparing a refutation of their confident prophecies. Under these average boyish physiognomies that she seems to turn off by the gross, she conceals some of her most rigid, inflexible purposes, some of her most unmodifiable characters; and the dark-eyed, demonstrative, rebellious girl may after all turn out to be a passive being compared with this pink-and-white bit of masculinity with the indeterminate features.

"Maggie," said Tom confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls (marbles) or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with *her* at those games — she played so badly.

"Marls! no; I've swopped all my marls with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's . . . a . . . new . . . guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I *can't* guess, Tom," said Maggie, impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. *Please* be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish-line — two new uns — one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I would n't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I would n't. And here's hooks; see here! . . . I say, *won't* we go and fish to-morrow down by Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything — won't it be ~~fine~~?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms round Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unbound some of the line, saying, after a pause, —

"Was n't I a good brother, now, to buy you a new all to yourself? You know, I need n't have bought it, if I had n't liked."

"Yes, very, very good . . . I *do* love you, Tom."

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again.

"And the fellows fought me, because I would n't give in about the toffee."

"Oh dear! I wish they would n't fight at your school, Tom. Did n't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? no," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocket-knife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added —

"I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know — that's what he got by wanting to leather *me*; I was n't going to go halves because anybody feathered me."

"Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him — would n't you, Tom?"

"How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions, only in the shows."

"No; but if we were in the lion countries — I mean in Africa, where it's very hot — the lions eat people there. I can show it you in the book where I read it."

"Well, I should get a gun and shoot him."

"But if you had n't got a gun — we might have gone out, you know, not thinking — just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run towards us roaring, and we could n't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?"

Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, "But the lion *is* n't coming. What's the use of talking?"

"But I like to fancy how it would be," said Maggie, following him. "Just think what you would do, Tom."

"Oh, don't bother, Maggie! you're such a silly — I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear.

She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but

she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things — it was quite a different anger from her own.

"Tom," she said timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want *your* money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom — if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round towards Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot?" he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry — I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot — and I could n't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom, severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if *you* forgot anything — I would n't mind what you did — I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly — but I never *do* forget things — I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Are n't I a good brother to you?"

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsively.

"Did n't I think about your fish-line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and would n't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I would n't?"

"Ye-ye-es . . . and I . . . l-lo-love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I did n't mean," said Maggie; "I could n't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow."

With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie towards the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry.

Maggie stood motionless, except for her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be — and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything, if Tom did n't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Had n't she wanted to give him her money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom — had never *meant* to be naughty to him.

"Oh, he is cruel!" Maggie sobbed aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow resonance that came through the long empty space of the attic. She never thought of beating or grinding her Fetish; she was too miserable to be angry. These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the days and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless.

Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea-time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself — hide herself behind the tub, and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they did n't mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now — would he forgive her? — perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But, then, she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down if Tom did n't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature, began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

Tom had been too much interested in his talk with Luke, in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he did n't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person.

But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?" — both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

"I don't know," said Tom. He did n't want to "tell" of Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honor.

"What? hasn't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She'd been thinking o' nothing but your coming home."

"I have n't seen her this two hours," says Tom, commencing on the plumcake.

"Goodness heart! she's got drowned!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. "How could you

et her do so?" she added, as became a fearful woman, accusing she did n't know whom of she did n't know what.

"Nay, nay, she's none drowned!" said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom?"

"I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom, indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, 'a-singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I'll let you know better."

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip-hand; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plumcake, and not intending to relieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic, regarding them for the most part as open questions, but he was particularly clear and positive on one point — namely, that he would punish everybody who deserved it: why, he would n't have minded being punished himself, if he deserved it; but, then, he never *did* deserve it.

It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and dishevelled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench." It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love — this hunger of the heart — as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "Oh, Tom, please forgive me — I can't bear it — I will always be good — always

remember things — do love me — please, dear Tom!"

We learn to restrain ourselves as we get older. We keep apart when we have quarrelled, express ourselves in well-bred phrases, and in this way preserve a dignified alienation, showing much firmness on one side, and swallowing much grief on the other. We no longer approximate in our behavior to the mere impulsiveness of the lower animals, but conduct ourselves in every respect like members of a highly civilized society. Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and there were tender fibres in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling; so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved: he actually began to kiss her in return and say —

"Don't cry, then, Magsie — here, eat a bit o' cake."

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together, while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

"Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was down stairs.

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, looking darkly radiant from under her beaver bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms could n't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it did n't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms, and fish, and those things; and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful — much more difficult than remembering

what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge "stuff," and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly — they could n't throw a stone so as to hit anything, could n't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

They were on their way to the Round Pool — that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago: no one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favorite spot always heightened Tom's good-humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket, and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, "Look, look, Maggie!" and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass.

Tom was excited.

"Oh, Magsie! you little duck! Empty the basket."

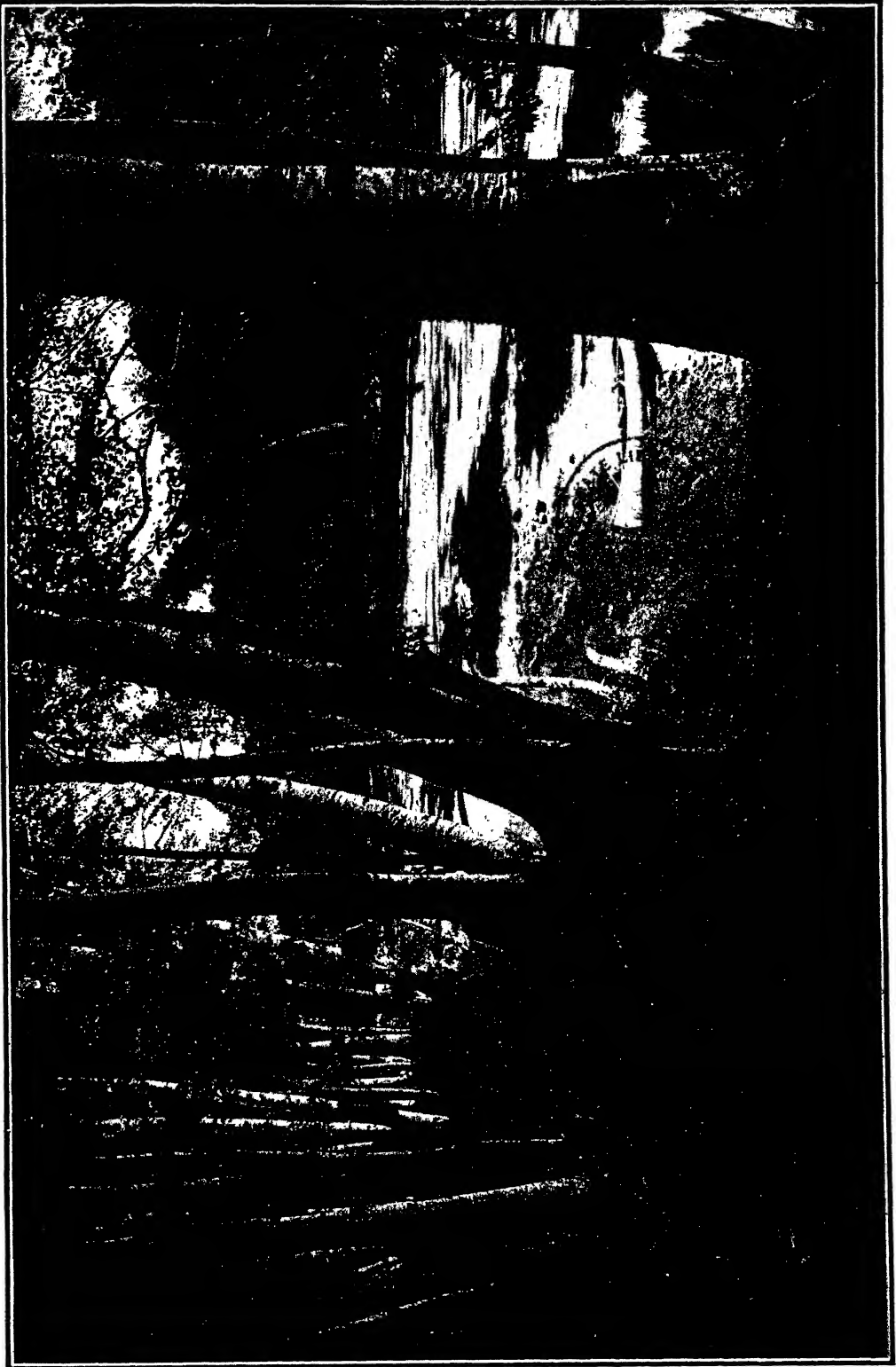
Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much.

It was one of their happy mornings. They

trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them: they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming — the great chestnut-tree under which they played at houses — their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple plummy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterwards — above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring-tide, the awful Eagle, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man — these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it — if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lipping to ourselves on the grass — the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows — the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and loved because it is known?





A SYMPHONY IN GRAY AND GREEN





# FTER RUGG, THE MISSING MAN

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN

R — Agreeably to my promise, I now relate to you all the particulars of the lost man and of which I have been able to collect. It is entirely owing to the humane interest you needed to take in the report, that I have pursued the inquiry to the following result. You may remember that business called me to Boston in the summer of 1820. I sailed in a packet to Providence, and when I arrived there I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours or accept a seat with the driver, who kindly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative. When we had travelled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a stout with you?" "No," said I; "why do you ask?" "You will want one soon," said he; "do you observe the ears of all the horses?" "Yes, and was just about to ask the reason." "They see the storm-breeder, and we shall see him soon." At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after a small speck appeared in the road. "There," said my companion, "comes the storm-breeder; he always leaves a Scotch-mist behind him. By any means a wet jacket do I remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself, much more than is known to the world." Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage-driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horses' ears were up and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met. "Who is that man?" said I; "he seems in great trouble." Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met them more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man,

even when he was travelling directly from that town, that of late I have refused any communication with him, and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look." "But does he never stop anywhere?" "I have never known him to stop anywhere longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole, and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surtout, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned. "Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence the man came, that is the place to look; the storm never meets him, it follows him." We presently approached another hill, and when at the height, the driver pointed out in an eastern direction a little black speck as big as a hat. "There," said he, "is the seed storm; we may possibly reach Polley's before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder, and lightning." And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed.

The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers; for after it had spread itself into a great bulk, it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark, and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular network, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud; he said every flash of lightning near its centre discovered to him distinctly the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse. But in truth I saw no such thing. The man's fancy was doubtless at fault. It is a very common thing for the imagination to paint for the senses, both in the visible and invisible world.

In the meantime the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand, and just as we reached Polley's tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike toward Provi-

dence. In a few moments after, a respectable-looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them; that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest; that the moment he had passed him a thunder-clap broke distinctly over the man's head and seemed to envelop both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed, and, as well as I could judge, he travelled just as fast as the thunder cloud." While this man was speaking, a peddler with a cart of tin merchandise came up, all dripping; and, on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different States; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston; and that a thunder shower like the present had each time deluged him, his wagon and his wares, setting his tin pots, etc., afloat, so that he had determined to get marine insurance done for the future. But that which excited his surprise most was the strange conduct of his horse, for that, long before he could distinguish the man in the chair, his own horse stood still in the road and flung back his ears. "In short," said the peddler, "I wish never to see that man and horse again; they do not look to me as if they belonged to this world."

This is all that I could learn at that time; and the occurrence soon after would have become with me like one of those things which had never happened, had I not, as I stood recently on the doorstep of Bennett's Hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "There goes Peter Rugg and his child! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man that I had seen more than three years before; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg can never after be deceived as to his identity. "Peter Rugg!" said I, "and who is Peter Rugg?" "That," said the stranger, "is more than anyone can tell exactly. He is a famous traveller, held in light esteem by all inn-holders, for he never stops

to eat, drink, or sleep. I wonder why the Government does not employ him to carry the mail." "Ay," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side. How long would it take, in that case, to send a letter to Boston? For Peter has already, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years travelling to that place." "But," said I, "does the man never stop anywhere, does he never converse with anyone? I saw the same man more than three years since, near Providence, and I heard a strange story about him. Pray, sir, give me some account of this man." "Sir," said the stranger, "those who know the most respecting that man say the least. I have heard it asserted that heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for judgment or trial. Under which Peter Rugg now labors I cannot say; therefore I am rather inclined to pity than to judge." "You speak like a humane man," said I, "and if you have known him so long, I pray you will give me some account of him. Has his appearance much altered in that time?" "Why, yes; he looks as though he never ate, drank, or slept; and his child looks older than himself; and he looks like time broke off from eternity and anxious to gain a resting-place." "And how does his horse look?" said I. "As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage, than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles. 'Why,' said he, 'how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to deceive a traveller. I have lost my way. Pray direct me the nearest way to Boston.' I repeated it was one hundred miles. 'How can you say so?' said he. 'I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have travelled all night.' 'But,' said I, 'you are now travelling from Boston. You must turn back.' 'Alas!' said he, 'it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the east, another to the west; and the guide-posts, too, they all point the wrong way.' 'But will you not stop and rest?' said I; 'you seem wet and weary.' 'Yes,' said he, 'it has been foul weather since I left home.' 'Stop then, and refresh yourself.' 'I must not stop, I must reach home to-night, if possible, though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston.'

le then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment. A few days afterwards I met the man little this side of Claremont, winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate, I believe, of twenty miles an hour."

"Is Peter Rugg his real name, or has he accidentally gained that name?" "I know not, but I presume he will not deny his name; you may ask him, for see, he has turned his horse round and is passing this way." In a moment a dark-colored, high-spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man might be. Accordingly, I stepped into the street, and as the horse approached I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg? or I think I have seen you before." "My name is Peter Rugg," said he; "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary, and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston." "You live in Boston, do you, and in what street?" "In Middle Street." "When did you leave Boston?" "I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time." "But how did you and your child become so wet? it has not rained here to-day." "It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road, or the turnpike?" "Why, the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven." "How can you say so? you impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveller; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston." "But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford." "Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following the Merrimac?" "No, sir; this is Hartford, and the river the Connecticut." He wrung his hands and looked incredulous. "Have the rivers, too, changed their courses as the cities have changed places? But see, the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah, that fatal oath!" He would tarry no longer. His impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings — he seemed to devour all before him and to scorn all behind.

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clue to

the history of Peter Rugg, and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle Street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this: The last summer a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft, on coming to the door, perceived a stranger, with a child by his side, in an old, weatherbeaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died, at a good old age, more than twenty years before that time. The stranger replied, "How can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door." "Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years; no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft." The stranger paused, and looked up and down the street, and said, "Though the painting is rather faded, this looks like my house." "Yes," said the child, "that is the stone before the door that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk." "But," said the stranger, "it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, everything here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed, the people are all changed, the town seems changed, and, what is strangest of all, Catharine Rugg has deserted her husband and child. Pray," said the stranger, "has John Foy come home from sea? He went a long voyage; he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg." "Sir," said Mrs. Croft, "I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?" "Just above here, in Orange Tree Lane." "There is no such place in this neighborhood." "What do you tell me! Are the streets gone? Orange Tree Lane is at the head of Hanover Street, near Pemberton's Hill." "There is no such lane now." "Madam! you cannot be serious. But you doubtless know my brother, William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange Lane, near King Street." "I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King Street in this town." "No such street as King Street? Why, woman! you mock me. You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary. I must

find a resting place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market." "Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets." "You know there is but one market, near the town dock." "Oh, the old market. But no such man as Hart has kept there these twenty years."

Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and muttered to himself quite audibly: "Strange mistake! How much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle Street." Then said he, "Madam, can you direct me to Boston?" "Why, this is Boston, the city of Boston. I know of no other Boston." "City of Boston it may be, but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. Pray what bridge is that I just came over?" "It is Charles River Bridge." "I perceive my mistake; there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown, there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake. If I was in Boston, my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows by his impatience that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston! It is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy Boston must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it." At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his fore feet; the stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said, "No home to-night," and, giving the reins to his horse, passed up the street, and I saw him no more.

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged had passed away.

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request she sent for him; and, after I had related to him the object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth; that his disappearance had caused some surprise; but as it sometimes happens that men run away, sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves; and as Rugg took

his child with him, and his own horse and chair; and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the occurrence soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion; and Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten. "It is true," said Mr. Felt, "sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice." "Sir," said I, "Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse and chair; therefore I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him." "Why, my friend," said James Felt, "that Peter Rugg is now a living man I will not deny; but that you have seen Peter Rugg and his child is impossible, if you mean a small child, for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least — let me see — Boston Massacre, 1770 — Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg if living must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg is living is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself; and I was only eighty last March, and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man." Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him on which I could depend.

I took my leave of Mrs. Croft, and proceeded to my lodgings at the Marlborough Hotel.

If Peter Rugg, thought I, has been travelling since the Boston Massacre, there is no reason why he should not travel to the end of time. If the present generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold in this world.

In the course of the evening I related my adventure in Middle Street. "Ha!" said one of the company, smiling, "do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him as though he seriously believed his own story." "Sir," said I, "pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg with my own." "Peter Rugg, sir, if my grandfather was worthy of credit, once lived in Middle Street, in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhappily his temper at times was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits

f passion, if a door stood in his way he would ever do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle. And thus, in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a tennenny nail in halves. In those days everybody, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language; others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp, as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to commend a placid temper as Peter.

"It was late in autumn, one morning, that Rugg, in his own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return a violent storm overtook him. At dark he stopped in Menotomy (now West Cambridge), at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry overnight. On Rugg's declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. 'Why, Mr. Rugg,' said Cutter, 'the storm is overwhelming you; the night is exceeding dark; your little daughter will perish; you are in an open chair, and the tempest is increasing.' *'Let the storm increase,'* said Rugg, with a fearful oath, *'I will see home to-night, in spite of the last tempest! or may I never see home.'* At these words he gave his whip to his high-spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter's in Menotomy. For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage, passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly that at

length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, and child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turning toward his house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain. The next day the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the street. And this is credible, if, indeed, Rugg's horse and carriage did pass in that night. For at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team in passing will shake the houses like an earthquake. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterward watched again; and some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others, of a different opinion, shook their heads and said nothing. Thus Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten; and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject.

"There was indeed a rumor that Rugg afterward was seen in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country like a streak of chalk. This gave occasion to Rugg's friends to make further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut, the next day they heard of him winding around the hills in New Hampshire; and soon after a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston.

"But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery.

Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown Square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As the appearance passed, he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer on the next day asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse, and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell; and when questioned, seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse and carriage, remain a mystery to this day."

This, sir, is all that I could learn of Peter Rugg in Boston.



HERE LIES RAB

### RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

[This story, written by a Scotch doctor named John Brown, will appeal to every boy or girl who loves a dog. It is one of the best and truest dog stories that was ever written.]

**F**OUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwined, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! and is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man — courage, endurance, and skill — in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy — be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting: it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd, masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes"; it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small, thoroughbred, white bull-terrier is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon took their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat, — and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, "drunk up Esil, or eaten a crocodile," for that part, if

he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the loser. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many shouted for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more anxious than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-



THE PINCH OF SNUFF

enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend, — who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed sharply a calm, highly dressed young buck, with an eyeglass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms, — comforting him.

But the Chicken's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, but discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him; down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow — Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the large arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets: he is old, gray, brindled; as big as a little Highland bull and has the Shakespearian dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar — yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage — a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd: the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then! one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise, — and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp and dead. A solemn pause; this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over,



stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I; and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing: he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart, — his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be — thought I — to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter, alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, my man, puir Rabbie," — where-upon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had n't much of a tea) in the back-green of his house in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the Iliad, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him, of course, Hector.

Six years have passed, — a long time for a boy and a dog; Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head

a little to one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was as laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up, — the carrier leading the horse



JESS IN HER STABLE

anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breast — some kind o' an income we're thinking."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet. I never saw a more unforgettable face — pale, serious, *lonely*, delicate, sweet, without being what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes — eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, but full also of the overcoming of it; her eye-brows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.



As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful ountenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister ohn, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. Ve often speak about you, doctor." She miled, and made a movement, but said nothing; nd prepared to come down, putting her plaid side and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, een handing the Queen of Sheba down at his palace gate, he could not have done it more laintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, han did James the Howgate carrier, when he ifted down Ailie, his wife. The contrast of his mall, swarthy, weatherbeaten, keen, worldly ace to hers — pale, subdued, and beautiful — was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that night turn up, — were it to strangle the nurse, he porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble n her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and onfidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully, — she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, "so full of all blessed conditions," — hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "You may, and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that, doctor"; and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There

are no such dogs now: he belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and gray like Aberdeen granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick set, like a little bull — a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night; his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two — being all he had — gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's — but for different reasons — the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long — the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud was very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington; and he had the gravity<sup>1</sup> of all great fighters.

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller.<sup>2</sup> The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, sombre, honest countenance, the same inevitable eye, the same look, — as of thunder asleep, but ready, — neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed — it might never return — it would give her speedy relief — she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at

<sup>1</sup> A Highland game-keeper, when asked why a certain terrier, of singular pluck, was so much graver than the other dogs, said, "Oh, sir, life's full o' sairiousness to him — he just never can get enuff o' fechtin'."

<sup>2</sup> Fuller was in early life, when a farmer lad at Soham, famous as a boxer; not quarrelsome, but not without "the stern delight" a man of strength and courage feels in the exercise. Dr. Charles Stewart, of Dunearn, whose rare gifts and graces as a physician, a divine, a scholar, and a gentleman, live only in the memory of those few who knew and survive him, liked to tell how Mr. Fuller used to say that when he was in the pulpit, and saw a "buidly" man, he would instinctively draw himself up, measure his imaginary antagonist, and forecast how he would deal with him, his hands meanwhile condensing into fists. He must have been a hard hitter if he boxed as he preached — what "The Fancy" would call "an ugly customer."

James, and said, "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon, a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke but little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known blackboard, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words, "An operation to-day. J. B. Clerk."

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity — as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive* is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity shortgown, her black bombazeen petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear and dropping it fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform — one of God's best gifts to his suffering children — was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on, —

blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; — all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies, — and in a low, clear voice begs their pardon if she had behaved ill. The students — all of us — wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully, — and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tacketts, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer stryng nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and on my stockin' soles I'll gang about as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candle-maker Row; but he was sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to *that* door.

Jess, the mare — now white — had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and conclusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention"; as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's cwer clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and sur-

ounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle, — Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, 'groofin', as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; the mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she was n't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon — the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong. Her brain gave way, and that terrible spectacle,

"The intellectual power, through words and things,  
Went sounding on its dim and perilous way";

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager Scotch voice, — the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her

all and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed — that *animula, blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul — companions for sixty years — were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter, — and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she eagerly held it to her breast, — to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who is sucking, and being satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see the wasted dying look, keen and yet vague — her immense love. "Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain; it was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together; and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly; the delirium left her; but as she whispered, she was clean silly; it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said “James!” He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. “What is our life? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless: he came forward beside us: Ailie’s hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don’t know how long, but for some time, — saying nothing: he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latches, and muttering in anger, “I never did the like o’ that afore!”

I believe he never did; nor after either. “Rab!” he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. “Maister John, ye’ll wait for me,” said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window: there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was in *statu quo*; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but

never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning — for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart, — a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out — who knows how? — to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of old clean blankets, having at their corners, “A. G., 1794,” in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without — unseen but not unthought of — when he was “wat, wat, and weary,” and had walked many a mile over the hills, and seen her sitting, while “a’ the lave were sleepin’”; and by the firelight putting her name on the blankets for her ain James’s bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I also followed, with a light; but he did n’t need it. I went out, holding stupidly the light in my hand in the frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before — as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only “A. G.,” — sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided alone behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicholson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton brae, then along Roslin muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchin-

nny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee"; and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak ammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from distance. It was snow, and that black ragged ole would look strange in the midst of the welling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly all ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to reopen. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier's who got the goodwill of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak' naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur rurrin', and grup grupp'in' me by the legs. I was laith to mak' awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill, — but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?



## THE LEGEND OF BISHOP HATTO

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY (1776-1844)

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,  
That in winter the corn was growing yet:  
'T was a piteous sight to see, all around,  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;  
For he had a plentiful last year's store,  
And all the neighborhood could tell  
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay:  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flocked from far and near;  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto, he made fast the door;  
And while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

"I' faith, 't is an excellent bonfire!" quoth he;  
"And the country is greatly obliged to me  
For ridding it in these times forlorn  
Of Rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily,  
And he slept that night like an innocent man;  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,  
Where his picture was hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came;  
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm;  
He had a countenance white with alarm:  
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,  
And the Rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be:  
"Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,

## THE BEST OF GOOD READING

"Ten thousand Rats are coming this way;  
The Lord forgive you yesterday!"

"I'll go to my town on the Rhine," replied he;  
" 'Tis the safest place in Germany;  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the waters deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,  
And reached his tower, and barred with care  
All windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes;  
But soon a scream made him arise:  
He started and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked; it was only the cat:  
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;  
For she sat screaming, mad with fear  
At the army of Rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shore so steep;  
And up the tower their way is bent,  
To do the work for which they are sent.

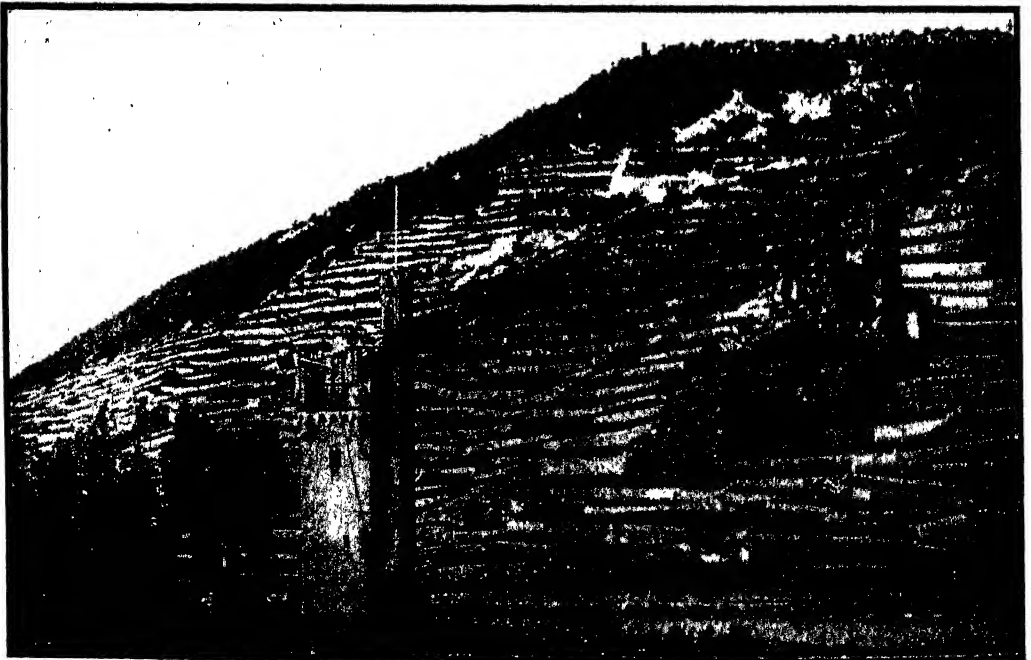
They are not to be told by the dozen or score;  
By thousands they come, and by myriads and  
more;

Such numbers had never been heard of before,  
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of  
yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did tell,  
As, louder and louder drawing near,  
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,  
And through the wall, helter-skelter they pour,  
And down from the ceiling and up through the  
floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and  
before,  
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the  
stones;  
And now they pick the Bishop's bones:  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb;  
For they were sent to do judgment on him!



THE MOUSE TOWER AT BINGEN ON THE RHINE

## A NARROW ESCAPE

[The following story is taken from J. Fenimore Cooper's novel, *The Last of the Mohicans*, a famous tale of adventure and romance in the stirring times of the French and Indian wars in the American colonies. Two beautiful English girls, Cora and Alice Munro, daughters of the commander of Fort William Henry on the shore of Lake George, are being escorted through the wilderness to meet their father. Their escort consists of Major Duncan Heyward, an English officer; Hawk-eye, a cunning scout and woodsman; and two friendly Mohican Indians, Chingachgook and his son Uncas. At the time this selection opens, the party is being hunted by hostile Indians.

Cooper (1789-1851) wrote many other very interesting books, so many that we cannot name them all here. No American boy or girl should grow up without reading one or more of the *Leatherstocking Tales*, which is the name given to the most popular series of his novels.]

THE route taken by Hawk-eye lay across those sandy plains, relieved by occasional valleys and swells of land, which had been traversed by their party on the morning of the same day, with the baffled Magua for their guide. The sun had now fallen low towards the distant mountains, and as their journey lay through the interminable forest, the heat was no longer oppressive. Their progress, in consequence, was proportionate, and long before the twilight gathered about them, they made a good many toilsome miles on their return path.

The hunter, like the savage whose place he filled, seemed to select among the blind signs of their wild route with a species of instinct, seldom abating in his speed, and never pausing to deliberate. A rapid and oblique glance at the moss on the trees, with an occasional upward gaze towards the setting sun, or a steady but passing look at the direction of the numerous water courses, through which he waded, were sufficient to determine his path, and remove his greatest difficulties. In the meantime, the forest began to change its hues, losing that lively green which had embellished its arches, in the graver light, which is the usual precursor of the close of day.

While the eyes of the sisters were endeavoring to catch glimpses, through the trees, of the flood of golden glory, which formed a glittering halo around the sun, tingeing here and there with ruby streaks, or bordering with narrow edgings of shining yellow, a mass of clouds that lay piled at no great distance above the western hills, Hawk-eye turned suddenly, and pointing upwards towards the gorgeous heavens, he spoke:

"Yonder is the signal given to man to seek his food and natural rest," he said; "better and wiser would it be, if he could understand the signs of nature, and take a lesson from the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the fields! Our night, however, will soon be over, for, with the moon, we must be up and moving again. I remember to have fount the Maquas hereaways, in the first war in which I ever drew blood from man; and we threw up a work of blocks, to keep the ravenous varminths from handling our scalps. If my marks do not fail me, we shall find the place a few rods further to our left."

Without waiting for an assent, or, indeed, for any reply, the sturdy hunter moved boldly into a dense thicket of young chestnuts, shoving aside the branches of the exuberant shoots, which nearly covered the ground, like a man who expected at each step, to discover some object he had formerly known. The recollection of the scout did not deceive him. After penetrating through the brush, matted as it was with briers, for a few hundred feet, he entered into an open space, that surrounded a low green hillock, which was crowned by the decayed block-house in question. This rude and neglected building was one of those deserted works, which, having been thrown up on an emergency, had been abandoned with the disappearance of danger, and was now quietly crumbling in the solitude of the forest, neglected, and nearly forgotten, like the circumstances which had caused it to be reared. Such memorials of the passage and struggles of man are yet frequent throughout the broad barrier of the wilderness, which once separated the hostile provinces, and form a species of ruins, that are intimately associated with the recollections of colonial history, and which are in appropriate keeping with the gloomy character of the surrounding scenery. The roof of bark had long since fallen and mingled with the soil,



but the huge logs of pine, which had been hastily thrown together, still preserved their relative positions, though one angle of the work had given way under the pressure, and threatened a speedy downfall to the remainder of the rustic edifice. While Heyward and his companions hesitated to approach a building of such a decayed appearance, Hawk-eye and the Indians entered within the low walls, not only without fear, but with obvious interest. While the former surveyed the ruins, both internally and externally, with the curiosity of one whose recollections were reviving at each moment, Chingachgook related to his son, in the language of the Delawares, and with the pride of a conqueror, the brief history of the skirmish which had been fought in his youth, in that secluded spot. A strain of melancholy, however, blended with his triumph, rendering his voice, as usual, soft and musical.

In the meantime the sisters gladly dismounted, and prepared to enjoy their halt in the coolness of the evening, and in a security which they believed nothing but the beasts of the forest could invade.

"Would not our resting-place have been more retired, my worthy friend," demanded the more vigilant Duncan, perceiving that the scout had already finished his short survey, "had we chosen a spot less known, and one more rarely visited than this?"

"Few live who know the block-house was ever raised," was the slow and musing answer; "'t is not often that books are made and narratives written of such a scrimmage as was here fought between the Mohicans and the Mohawks, in a war of their own waging. I was then a youngster, and went out with the Delawares, because I know'd they were a scandalized and wronged race. Forty days and forty nights did the imps crave our blood around this pile of logs, which I designed and partly reared, being, as you'll remember, no Indian myself, but a man without a cross. — The Delawares lent themselves to the work, and we made it good, ten to twenty, until our numbers were nearly equal, and then we sallied out upon the hounds, and not a man of them ever got back to tell the fate of his party. Yes, yes; I was then young, and new to the sight of blood, and not relishing the thought that creatures who had spirits like

myself, should lay on the naked ground, to be torn asunder by beasts, or to bleach in the rains, I buried the dead with my own hands, under that very little hillock, where you have placed yourselves; and no bad seat does it make either, though it be raised by the bones of mortal men."

Heyward and the sisters arose on the instant from the grassy sepulchre; nor could the two latter, notwithstanding the terrific scenes they had so recently passed through, entirely suppress an emotion of natural horror, when they found themselves in such familiar contact with the grave of the dead Mohawks. The gray light, the gloomy little area of dark grass, surrounded by its border of brush, beyond which the pines rose in breathless silence, apparently, into the very clouds, and the death-like stillness of the vast forest, were all in unison to deepen such a sensation.

"They are gone, and they are harmless," continued Hawk-eye, waving his hand, with a melancholy smile, at their manifest alarm; "they'll never shout the war-whoop, nor strike a blow with the tomahawk, again! And of all those who aided in placing them where they lie, Chingachgook and I only are living! The brothers and family of the Mohican formed our war party, and you see before you all that are now left of his race."

The eyes of the listeners involuntarily sought the forms of the Indians, with a compassionate interest in their desolate fortune. Their dark persons were still to be seen within the shadows of the block-house, the son listening to the relation of his father, with that sort of intense-ness which would be created by a narrative, that redounded so much to the honor of those whose names he had long revered for their courage and savage virtues.

"I had thought the Delawares a pacific people," said Duncan, "and that they never waged war in person; trusting the defence of their lands to those very Mohawks that you slew?"

"'T is true in part," returned the scout, "and yet at the bottom 't is a wicked lie. Such a treaty was made in ages gone by, through the deviltries of the Dutchers, who wished to disarm the natives that had the best right to the country, where they had settled themselves.



The Mohicans, though a part of the same nation, having to deal with the English, never entered into the silly bargain, but kept to their manhood; as in truth did the Delawares, when their eyes were opened to their folly. You see before you a chief of the great Mohican Sagamores! Once his family could chase their deer over tracts of country wider than that which belongs to the Albany Patteroon, without crossing brook or hill that was not their own; but what is left to their descendants? He may find his six feet of earth, when God chooses; and keep it in peace, perhaps, if he has a friend who will take the pains to sink his head so low that the ploughshares cannot reach it!"

"Enough!" said Heyward, apprehensive that the subject might lead to a discussion that would interrupt the harmony so necessary to the preservation of his fair companions; "we have journeyed far, and few among us are blest with forms like that of yours, which seems to know neither fatigue nor weakness."

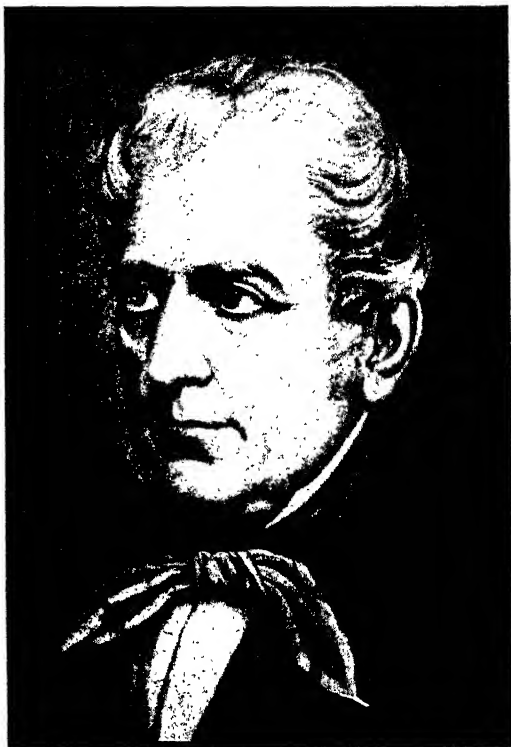
"The sinews and bones of a man carry me through it all," said the hunter, surveying his muscular limbs with a simplicity that betrayed the honest pleasure the compliment afforded him; "there are larger and heavier men to be found in the settlements, but you might travel many days in a city, before you could meet one able to walk fifty miles without stopping to take breath, or who has kept the hounds within hearing during a chase of hours. However, as flesh and blood are not always the same, it is quite reasonable to suppose, that the gentle ones are willing to rest, after all they have seen and done this day. Uncas, clear out the spring, while your father and I make a cover for their tender heads of these chestnut shoots, and a bed of grass and leaves."

The dialogue ceased, while the hunter and his companions busied themselves in preparations for the comfort and protection of those they guided.

A spring, which many long years before had induced the natives to select the place for their temporary fortification, was soon cleared of leaves, and a fountain of crystal gushed from the bed, diffusing its waters over the verdant hillock. A corner of the building was then roofed, in such a manner as to exclude the heavy dew of the climate, and piles of sweet

shrubs and dried leaves were laid beneath it, for the sisters to repose on.

While the diligent woodsmen were employed in this manner, Cora and Alice partook of that refreshment which duty required, much more than inclination prompted them to accept. They then retired within the walls, and first offering up their thanksgivings for past mercies, and petitioning for a continuance of the Divine favor throughout the coming night, they laid their tender forms on the fragrant couch, and in spite of recollections and forebodings, soon sank into those slumbers which Nature so



J. FENIMORE COOPER

imperiously demanded, and which were sweetened by hopes for the morrow. Duncan had prepared himself to pass the night in watchfulness, near them, just without the ruin; but the scout, perceiving his intention, pointed towards Chingachgook, as he coolly disposed his own person on the grass, and said —

"The eyes of a white man are too heavy, and too blind, for such a watch as this! The Mohican will be our sentinel; therefore, let us sleep."

"I proved myself a sluggard on my post during the past night," said Heyward, "and have less need of repose than you, who did more credit to the character of a soldier. Let all the party seek their rest, then, while I hold the guard."

"If we lay among the white tents of the 60th, and in front of an enemy like the French, I could not ask for a better watchman," returned the scout; "but in the darkness, and among the signs of the wilderness, your judgment would be like the folly of a child, and your vigilance thrown away. Do, then, like Uncas and myself, sleep, and sleep in safety."

Heyward perceived, in truth, that the younger Indian had thrown his form on the side of the hillock, while they were talking, like one who sought to make the most of the time allotted to rest, and that his example had been followed by David, whose voice literally "clove to his jaws," with the fever of his wound, heightened, as it was, by their toilsome march. Unwilling to prolong a useless discussion, the young man affected to comply, by posting his back against the logs of the block-house in a half-recumbent posture, though resolutely determined, in his own mind, not to close an eye until he had delivered his precious charge into the arms of Munro himself. Hawk-eye, believing he had prevailed, soon fell asleep, and a silence as deep as the solitude in which they had found it, pervaded the retired spot.

For many minutes Duncan succeeded in keeping his senses on the alert, and alive to every moaning sound that arose from the forest. His vision became more acute as the shades of evening settled on the place, and even after the stars were glimmering above his head, he was able to distinguish the recumbent forms of his companions, as they lay stretched on the grass, and to note the person of Chingachgook, who sat upright and motionless as one of the trees, which formed the dark barrier on every side of them. He still heard the gentle breathing of the sisters, who lay within a few feet of him, and not a leaf was ruffled by the passing air, of which his ear did not detect the whispering sound. At length, however, the mournful notes of a whip-poor-will became blended with the moanings of an owl; his heavy eyes occasionally sought the bright rays of the stars, and then

he fancied he saw them through the fallen lids. At instants of momentary wakefulness, he mistook a brush for his associate sentinel; his head next sank upon his shoulder, which in its turn, sought the support of the ground; and finally, his whole person became relaxed and pliant, and the young man sank into a deep sleep, dreaming that he was a knight of ancient chivalry, holding his midnight vigils before the tent of a recaptured princess, whose favor he did not despair of gaining by such a proof of devotion and watchfulness.

How long the tired Duncan lay in this insensible state he never knew himself, but his slumbering visions had been long lost in total forgetfulness, when he was awakened by a light tap on the shoulder. Aroused by this signal, slight as it was, he sprang upon his feet with a confused recollection of the self-imposed duty he had assumed with the commencement of the night —

"Who comes?" he demanded, feeling for his sword, at the place where it was usually suspended. "Speak! — friend or enemy?"

"Friend," replied the low voice of Chingachgook; who, pointing upward at the luminary which was shedding its mild light through the opening in the trees, directly on their bivouac, immediately added, in his rude English, "Moon comes, and white man's fort far — far off; time to move when sleep shuts both eyes of the Frenchman!"

"You say true! call up your friends, and bridle the horses, while I prepare my own companions for the march."

"We are awake, Duncan," said the soft, silvery tones of Alice within the building, "and ready to travel very fast, after so refreshing a sleep; but you have watched through the tedious night, on our behalf, after having endured so much fatigue the live-long day."

"Say, rather, I would have watched, but my treacherous eyes betrayed me; twice have I proved myself unfit for the trust I bear."

"Nay, Duncan, deny it not," interrupted the smiling Alice, issuing from the shadows of the building into the light of the moon, in all the loveliness of her freshened beauty; "I know you to be a heedless one, when self is the object of your care, and but too vigilant in favor of others. Can we not tarry here a little

onger, while you find the rest you need? Cheerfully, most cheerfully, will Cora and I keep the vigils, while you, and all these brave men, endeavor to snatch a little sleep."

"If shame could cure me of my drowsiness, should never close an eye again," said the measy youth, gazing at the ingenuous countenance of Alice, where, however, in its sweet solicitude, he read nothing to confirm his half-wakened suspicion. "It is but too true, that after leading you into danger by my heedlessness, I have not even the merit of guarding your pillows as should become a soldier."

"No one but Duncan himself should accuse Duncan of such weakness!" returned the confiding Alice; who lent herself, with all a woman's confidence, to that generous delusion which painted the perfection of her youthful admirer. "Go, then, and sleep; believe me, neither of us, weak girls as we are, will betray our watch."

The young man was relieved from the awkwardness of making any further protestations of his own demerits, by an exclamation from Chingachgook, and the attitude of riveted attention assumed by his son.

"The Mohicans hear an enemy!" whispered Hawk-eye, who, by this time, in common with the whole party, was awake and stirring. "They scent some danger in the wind!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Heyward. "Surely, we have had enough of bloodshed?"

While he spoke, however, the young soldier seized his rifle, and advancing towards the front, prepared to atone for his venial remissness, by freely exposing his life in defence of those he attended.

"'Tis some creature of the forest prowling around us in quest of food!" he said, in a whisper, as soon as the low, and apparently distant sounds, which had startled the Mohicans, reached his own ears.

"Hist!" returned the attentive scout; "'tis man; even I can now tell his tread, poor as my senses are, when compared to an Indian's! That scampering Huron has fallen in with one of Montcalm's outlying parties, and they have struck upon our trail. I should n't like myself to spill more human blood in this spot," he added, looking around with anxiety in his features, at the dim objects by which he was surrounded. "But what must be, must! Lead

the horses into the block-house, Uncas; and friends, do you follow to the same shelter. Poor and old as it is, it offers a cover, and has rung with the crack of a rifle afore to-night!"

He was instantly obeyed, the Mohicans leading the Narragansetts within the ruin, whither the whole party repaired, with the most guarded silence.

The sounds of approaching footsteps were now too distinctly audible to leave any doubts as to the nature of the interruption. They were soon mingled with voices calling to each other, in an Indian dialect, which the hunter, in a whisper, affirmed to Heyward, was the language of the Hurons. When the party reached the point where the horses had entered the thicket which surrounded the block-house, they were evidently at fault, having lost those marks which until that moment had directed their pursuit.

It would seem by the voices that twenty men were soon collected at that one spot, mingling their different opinions and advice, in noisy clamor.

"The knaves know our weakness," whispered Hawk-eye, who stood by the side of Heyward, in deep shade, looking through an opening in the logs, "or they would n't indulge their idleness in such a squaw's march. Listen to the reptiles! each man among them seems to have two tongues, and but a single leg!"

Duncan, brave and even fierce as he sometimes was in the combat, could not in such a moment of painful suspense, make any reply to the cool and characteristic remark of the scout. He only grasped his rifle more firmly, and fastened his eyes upon the narrow opening, through which he gazed upon the moonlight view with increasing intenseness. The deeper tones of one who spoke as having authority, were next heard, amid a silence that denoted the respect with which his orders, or rather advice, was received. After which, by the rustling of leaves, and cracking of dried twigs, it was apparent the savages were separating in pursuit of the lost trail. Fortunately for the pursued, the light of the moon, while it shed a flood of mild lustre upon the little area around the ruin, was not sufficiently strong to penetrate the deep arches of the forest, where the objects still lay in dim and deceptive shadow. The search proved fruitless; for so short and

sudden had been the passage from the faint path the travellers had journeyed into the thicket, that every trace of their footsteps was lost in the obscurity of the woods.

It was not long, however, before the restless savages were heard beating the brush, and gradually approaching the inner edge of that dense border of young chestnuts, which encircled the little area.

"They are coming!" muttered Heyward, endeavoring to thrust his rifle through the chink in the logs; "let us fire on their approach!"

"Keep everything in the shade," returned the scout; "the snapping of a flint, or even the smell of a single kernel of the brimstone, would bring the hungry varlets upon us in a body. Should it please God that we must give battle for the scalps, trust to the experience of men who know the ways of the savages, and who are not often backward when the war-whoop is howled."

Duncan cast his eyes anxiously behind him, and saw that the trembling sisters were cowering in the far corner of the building, while the Mohicans stood in the shadow, like two upright posts, ready, and apparently willing, to strike, when the blow should be needed. Curb-ing his impatience, he again looked out upon the area, and awaited the result in silence. At that instant the thicket opened, and a tall and armed Huron advanced a few paces into the open space. As he gazed upon the silent block-house, the moon fell full upon his swarthy countenance, and betrayed its surprise and curiosity. He made the exclamation, which usually accompanies the former emotion in an Indian, and calling in a low voice, soon drew a companion to his side.

These children of the woods stood together for several moments, pointing at the crumbling edifice, and conversing in the unintelligible language of their tribe. They then approached, though with slow and cautious steps, pausing every instant to look at the building, like startled deer, whose curiosity struggled powerfully with their awakened apprehensions for the mastery. The foot of one of them suddenly rested on the mound, and he stooped to examine its nature. At this moment, Heyward observed that the scout loosened his knife in its sheath, and lowered the muzzle of his rifle.

Imitating these movements, the young man prepared himself for the struggle, which now seemed inevitable.

The savages were so near, that the least motion in one of the horses, or even a breath louder than common, would have betrayed the fugitives. But, in discovering the character of the mound, the attention of the Hurons appeared directed to a different object. They spoke together, and the sounds of their voices were low and solemn, as if influenced by a reverence that was deeply blended with awe. They then drew warily back, keeping their eyes riveted on the ruin, as if they expected to see the apparitions of the dead issue from its silent walls, until having reached the boundary of the area, they moved slowly into the thicket, and disappeared.

Hawk-eye dropped the breach of his rifle to the earth, and drawing a long, free breath, exclaimed, in an audible whisper —

"Ay! they respect the dead, and it has this time saved their own lives, and, it may be, the lives of better men too!"

Heyward lent his attention, for a single moment, to his companion, but, without replying, he again turned towards those who just then interested him more. He heard the two Hurons leave the bushes, and it was soon plain that all the pursuers were gathered about them, in deep attention to their report. After a few minutes of earnest and solemn dialogue, altogether different from the noisy clamor with which they had first collected about the spot, the sounds grew fainter, and more distant, and finally were lost in the depths of the dense forest.

Hawk-eye waited until a signal from the listening Chingachgook assured him that every sound from the retiring party was completely swallowed by the distance, when he motioned to Heyward to lead forth the horses, and to assist the sisters into their saddles. The instant this was done, they issued through the broken gateway, and stealing out by a direction opposite to the one by which they had entered, they quitted the spot, the sisters casting furtive glances at the silent grave and crumbling ruin, as they left the soft light of the moon, to bury themselves in the deep gloom of the woods.



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A DELEGATION OF INDIANS VISITING THE "GREAT WHITE FATHER" AT WASHINGTON AND SEEING THE SIGHTS OF THE CAPITAL

## CHRISTMAS DINNER AT BOB CRATCHIT'S

[This selection is from *A Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens (1812-1870). Dickens is one of the best loved and most widely read of English novelists, and several of his stories are especially interesting to young people. Among these are *Oliver Twist*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *David Copperfield*, and *A Christmas Carol*.]

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha war n't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour?"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night,"

replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little



TINY TIM

Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden expansion in his high spirits; for he had been on his blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming on Christmas Day!"

Martha did n't like to see him disappointed, so it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his recidity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda

sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.





TOP: SCROOGE SENDS A TURKEY TO BOB CRATCHIT; SCROOGE AND BOB CRATCHIT IN THE COUNTING HOUSE ON CHRISTMAS EVE. BOTTOM: "I KNOW HIM! MARLEY'S GHOST!"; SCROOGE AT HIS NEPHEW'S ON CHRISTMAS DAY



Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the reatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morn-

ing for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you could n't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by-and-bye they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time.



## HEAVY WEATHER

[This account gives some idea of the experiences sailors have in going round Cape Horn in winter time. It is taken from R. H. Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, which is the truthful record of two years which the author spent at sea. Dana was a student at Harvard College, but trouble with his eyes forced him to drop out for a while, and so he took a long sea voyage, working as a regular sailor before the mast, and returning home in perfectly good health. Anybody who likes the sea will enjoy reading *Two Years Before the Mast*.]

THERE began now to be a decided change in the appearance of things. The days became shorter and shorter; the sun running lower in its course each day, and giving less and less heat, and the nights so cold as to prevent our sleeping on deck; the Magellan Clouds in sight on a clear, moonless night; the skies looking cold and angry; and, at times, a long, heavy, ugly sea setting in from the southward,

told us what we were coming to. Still, however, we had a fine strong breeze, and kept on our way under as much sail as our ship would bear. Toward the middle of the week, the wind hauled to the southward, which brought us upon a taut bowline and made the ship meet, nearly head-on, the heavy swell which rolled from that quarter; and there was something not at all encouraging in the manner in which she met it. Being still so deep and heavy, she wanted the buoyancy which should have carried her over the seas, and she dropped heavily into them, the water washing over the decks; and every now and then, when an unusually large sea met her fairly upon the bows, she struck it with a sound as dead and heavy as that with which a sledge-hammer falls upon the pile, and took the whole of it upon the fore-castle, and, rising, carried it aft in the scuppers, washing the rigging off the pins, and carrying along with it everything which was loose on deck. She had been acting in this way all of our forenoon watch below; as we could tell by the washing of the water over our heads, and the heavy breaking of the seas against her bows, only the thickness of a plank from our heads, as we lay in our berths, which are directly against the bows. At eight bells the watch was called, and we came on deck, one hand going aft to take the wheel, and another going to the galley to get the grub for dinner. I stood on the fore-castle, looking at the seas, which were rolling high, as far as the eye could reach, their tops white with foam, and the body of them of a deep indigo blue, reflecting the bright rays of the sun. Our ship rose slowly over a few of the largest of them, until one immense fellow came rolling on, threatening to cover her, and which I was sailor enough to know, by the "feeling of her" under my feet, she would not rise over. I sprang upon the knight-heads, and, seizing hold of the fore-stay, drew myself up upon it. My feet were just off the stanchion when the bow struck fairly into the middle of the sea, and it washed the ship fore and aft, burying her in the water. As soon as she rose out of it, I looked aft, and everything forward to the mainmast, except the long-boat, which was griped and double-lashed down to the ring-bolts, was swept off clear. The galley, the pigsty, the hen-coop, and a large sheep-pen,

which had been built upon the fore-hatch, were all gone in the twinkling of an eye — leaving the deck as clean as a chin new reaped — and not a stick left to show where anything had stood. In the scuppers lay the galley, bottom up, and a few boards floating about — the wreck of the sheep-pen — and half a dozen miserable sheep floating among them, wet through, and not a little frightened at the sudden change that had come upon them. As soon as the sea had washed by, all hands sprang up out of the fore-castle to see what had become of the ship; and in a few moments the rook and Old Bill crawled out from under the galley, where they had been lying in the water, nearly smothered, with the galley over them. Fortunately, it rested against the bulwarks, or it would have broken some of their bones. When the water ran off, we picked the sheep up, and put them in the long-boat, got the galley back in its place, and set things a little to rights; but had not our ship uncommonly high bulwarks and rail, everything must have been washed overboard, not excepting Old Bill and the cook. Bill had been standing at the galley-door, with the kid of beef in his hand for the fore-castle mess, when away he went, kid, beef, and all. He held on to the kid to the last, like a good fellow, but the beef was gone, and when the water had run off we saw it lying high and dry, like a rock at low tide — nothing could hurt *that*. We took the loss of our beef very easily, consoling ourselves with the recollection that the cabin had more to lose than we; and chuckled not a little at seeing the remains of the chicken-pie and pancakes floating in the scuppers. "This will never do!" was what some said, and every one felt. Here we were, not yet within a thousand miles of the latitude of Cape Horn, and our decks swept by a sea not one-half so high as we must expect to find there. Some blamed the captain for loading his ship so deep when he knew what he must expect; while others said that the wind was always south-west off the Cape in the winter, and that, running before it, we should not mind the seas so much. When we got down into the fore-castle, Old Bill, who was somewhat of a croaker — having met with a great many accidents at sea — said that if that was the way she was going to act, we might as well make

ur wills, and balance the books at once, and put on a clean shirt. "Vast there, you loody old owl; you're always hanging out blue lights! You're frightened by the ducking you got in the scuppers, and can't take a joke! What's the use in being always on the lookout for Davy Jones?" "Stand by!" says another, and we'll get an afternoon watch below, by his scrape"; but in this they were disappointed; for at two bells all hands were called and set to work, getting lashings upon everything on deck; and the captain talked of sending down the long topgallant masts; but as the sea went down toward night, and the wind auled abeam, we left them standing, and set the studding-sails.

The next day all hands were turned to upon unbending the old sails, and getting up the new ones; for a ship, unlike people on shore, puts on her best suit in bad weather. The old sails were sent down, and three new topsails, and new fore and main courses, jib, and foretopmast staysail, which were made on the coasts and never had been used, were bent, with a complete set of new earings, robands, and reef-points; and reef-tackles were rove to the courses and spilling-lines to the topsails. These, with new braces and clew-lines fore and aft, gave us good suit of running rigging.

The wind continued westerly, and the weather and sea less rough since the day on which wehipped the heavy sea, and we were making great progress under studding-sails, with our light sails all set, keeping a little to the eastward of south; for the captain, depending upon westerly winds off the Cape, had kept so far to the westward that, though we were within about five miles of the latitude of Cape Horn, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward of it. Through the rest of the week we continued on with a fair wind, gradually, as we got more to southward, keeping a more westerly course, and bringing the wind on our starboard quarter, until —

*Sunday, June 26th*, when, having a fine, clear day, the captain got a lunar observation, as well as his meridian altitude, which made us in lat.  $47^{\circ} 50' S.$ , lon.  $113^{\circ} 49' W.$ ; Cape Horn bearing, according to my calculations,  $E. S. E. \frac{1}{2} E.$ , and distant eighteen hundred miles.

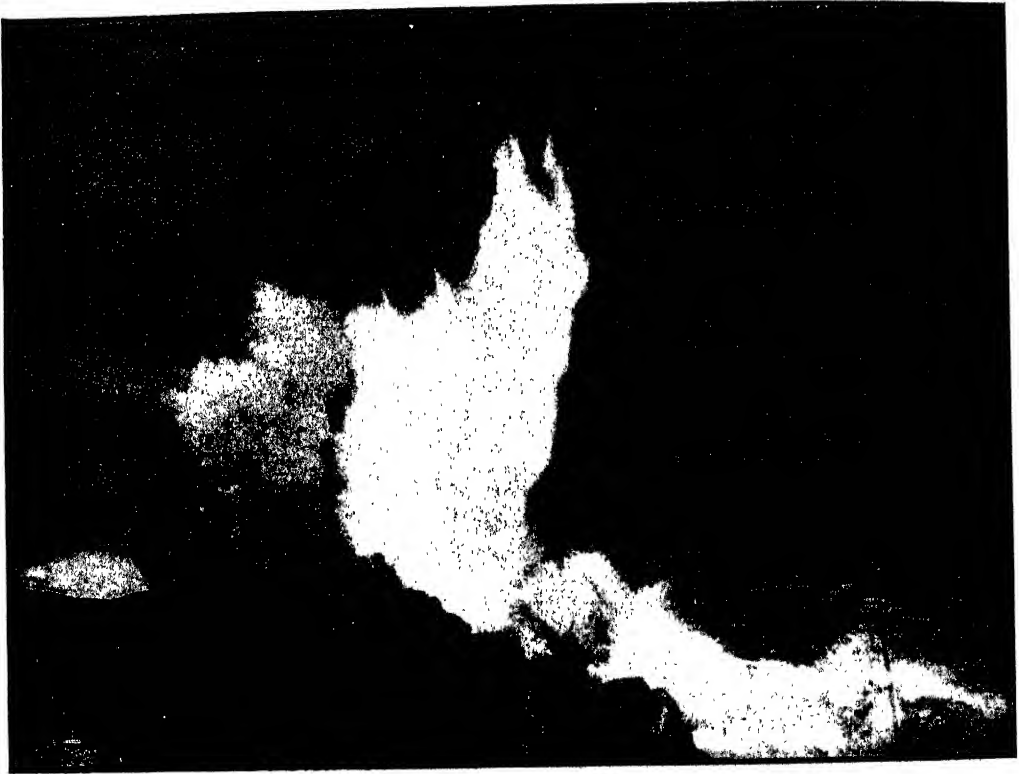
*Monday, June 27th*. During the first part

of this day the wind continued fair, and, as we were going before it, it did not feel very cold, so that we kept at work on deck in our common clothes and round jackets. Our watch had an afternoon watch below for the first time since leaving San Diego; and, having inquired of the third mate what the latitude was at noon, and made our usual guesses as to the time she would need to be up with the Horn, we turned-in for a nap. We were sleeping away "at the rate of knots," when three knocks on the scuttle and "All hands, ahoy!" started us from our berths. What could be the matter? It did not appear to be blowing hard, and, looking up through the scuttle, we could see that it was a clear day overhead; yet the watch were taking in sail. We thought there must be a sail in sight, and that we were about to heave-to and speak her; and were just congratulating ourselves upon it — for we had seen neither sail nor land since we left port — when we heard the mate's voice on deck (he turned-in "all-standing," and was always on deck the moment he was called) singing out to the men who were taking in the studding-sails, and asking where his watch was. We did not wait for a second call, but tumbled up the ladder; and there, on the starboard bow, was a bank of mist, covering sea and sky, and driving directly for us. I had seen the same before in my passage round in the *Pilgrim*, and knew what it meant, and that there was no time to be lost. We had nothing on but thin clothes, yet there was not a moment to spare, and at it we went.

The boys of the other watch were in the tops, taking in the topgallant studding-sails, and the lower and topmast studding-sails were coming down by the run. It was nothing but "haul down and clew up," until we got all the studding-sails in, and the royals, flying jib, and mizzen topgallant sail furled, and the ship kept off a little, to take the squall. The fore and main topgallant sails were still on her, for the "old man" did not mean to be frightened in broad daylight, and was determined to carry sail till the last minute. We all stood waiting for its coming, when the first blast showed us that it was not to be trifled with. Rain, sleet, snow, and wind enough to take our breath from us, and make the toughest turn his back to windward! The ship lay nearly over upon her

beam-ends; the spars and rigging snapped and cracked; and her topgallant masts bent like whip-sticks. "Clew up the fore and main topgallant sails!" shouted the captain, and all hands sprang to the clewlines. The decks were standing nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the ship going like a mad steed through the water, the whole forward part of her in a smother of foam. The halyards were let go, and the yard clewed down, and the sheets started, and in a few minutes the sails smothered

One after another we got out upon the yards. And here we had work to do; for our new sails had hardly been bent long enough to get the stiffness out of them, and the new earings and reef-points, stiffened with the sleet, knotted like pieces of iron wire. Having only our round jackets and straw hats on, we were soon wet through, and it was every moment growing colder. Our hands were soon numbed, which, added to the stiffness of everything else, kept us a good while on the yard. After we had got



OCEAN SURF DASHING HIGH ON THE ROCKS — A DANGEROUS COAST

and kept in by clewlines and buntlines. "Furl 'em, sir?" asked the mate. "Let go the topsail halyards, fore and aft!" shouted the captain in answer, at the top of his voice. Down came the topsail yards, the reef-tackles were manned and hauled out, and we climbed up to windward, and sprang into the weather-rigging. The violence of the wind, and the hail and sleet, driving nearly horizontally across the ocean, seemed actually to pin us down to the rigging. It was hard work making head against them.

the sail hauled upon the yard, we had to wait a long time for the weather earing to be passed; but there was no fault to be found, for French John was at the earing, and a better sailor never laid out on a yard; so we leaned over the yard and beat our hands upon the sail to keep them from freezing. At length the word came, "Haul out to leeward," and we seized the reef-points and hauled the band taut for the lee earing. "Taut band — knot away," and we got the first reef fast, and were just going to lay

wn, when — "Two reefs! two reefs!" shouted  
 : mate, and we had a second reef to take in  
 : same way. When this was fast, we went  
 wn on deck, manned the halyards to leeward,  
 arly up to our knees in water, set the topsail,  
 d then laid aloft on the maintopsail yard,  
 d reefed that sail in the same manner; for,  
 I have before stated, we were a good deal  
 luced in numbers, and, to make it worse,  
 e carpenter, only two days before, had cut  
 : leg with an axe, so that he could not go  
 ft. This weakened us so that we could not  
 all manage more than one topsail at a time,  
 such weather as this, and, of course, each  
 an's labor was doubled. From the maintop-  
 il yard, we went upon the main yard, and took  
 reef in the mainsail. No sooner had we got  
 : deck than — "Lay aloft there, and close-  
 ef mizzen-topsail!" This called me; and,  
 ing nearest to the rigging, I got first aloft,  
 id out to the weather earing. English Ben  
 as up just after me, and took the lee earing,  
 id the rest of our gang were soon on the yard,  
 id began to fist the sail, when the mate  
 nsiderately sent up the cook and steward  
 : help us. I could now account for the long  
 me it took to pass the other earings; for, to do  
 y best, with a strong hand to help me at the  
 og's ear, I could not get it passed until I heard  
 em beginning to complain in the bunt.  
 ne reef after another we took in, until the sail  
 as close reefed, when we went down and  
 oisted away at the halyards. In the mean-  
 me, the jib had been furled and the staysail  
 st, and the ship under her reduced sail had got  
 ore upright and was under management;  
 ut the two topgallant sails were still hanging  
 : the buntlines, and slatting and jerking as  
 ough they would take the masts out of her.  
 Ve gave a look aloft, and knew that our work  
 as not done yet; and, sure enough, no sooner  
 id the mate see that we were on deck than —  
 Lay aloft there, four of you, and furl the top-  
 allant sails!" This called me again, and two  
 f us went aloft up the fore rigging, two more up  
 he main, upon the topgallant yards. The  
 hrouds were now iced over, the sleet having  
 ormed a crust round all the standing rigging,  
 nd on the weather side of the masts and yards.  
 When we got upon the yard, my hands were so  
 umb that I could not have cast off the knot of

the gasket if it were to save my life. We both  
 lay over the yard for a few seconds, beating  
 our hands upon the sail, until we started the  
 blood into our fingers' ends, and at the next  
 moment our hands were in a burning heat.  
 My companion on the yard was a lad (the boy,  
 George Somerby) who came out in the ship  
 a weak, puny boy, from one of the Boston  
 schools — "no larger than a spritsail-sheep  
 knot," nor "heavier than a paper of lamp-  
 black," and "not strong enough to haul a shadow  
 off a gridiron," but who was now "as long as a  
 spare topmast, strong enough to knock down an  
 ox, and hearty enough to eat him." We fisted  
 the sail together, and, after six or eight minutes  
 of hard hauling and pulling and beating down  
 the sail, which was about as stiff as sheet-iron,  
 we managed to get it furled; and snugly it must  
 be, for we knew the mate well enough to be  
 certain that if it got adrift again we should be  
 called up from our watch below, at any hour of  
 the night, to furl it.

I had been on the lookout for a chance to  
 jump below and clap on a thick jacket and south-  
 wester; but when we got on deck we found that  
 eight bells had been struck, and the other watch  
 gone below, so that there were two hours of dog  
 watch for us, and a plenty of work to do.  
 It had now set in for a steady gale from the south-  
 west; but we were not yet far enough to the  
 southward to make a fair wind of it, for we  
 must give Tierra del Fuego a wide berth. The  
 decks were covered with snow, and there was a  
 constant driving of sleet. In fact, Cape Horn  
 had set in with good earnest. In the midst  
 of all this, and before it became dark, we had  
 all the studding-sails to make up and stow away,  
 and then to lay aloft and rig in all the booms,  
 fore and aft, and coil away the tacks, sheets,  
 and halyards. This was pretty tough work for  
 four or five hands, in the face of a gale which  
 almost took us off the yards, and with ropes so  
 stiff with ice that it was almost impossible to  
 bend them. I was nearly half an hour out on  
 the end of the fore yard, trying to coil away and  
 stop down the topmast studding-sail tack and  
 lower halyards. It was after dark when we got  
 through, and we were not a little pleased to hear  
 four bells struck, which sent us below for two  
 hours, and gave us each a pot of hot tea with  
 our cold beef and bread, and, what was better

yet, a suit of thick, dry clothing, fitted for the weather, in place of our thin clothes, which were wet through, and now frozen stiff.

This sudden turn, for which we were so little prepared, was as unacceptable to me as to any of the rest; for I had been troubled for several days with a slight toothache, and this cold weather and wetting and freezing were not the best things in the world for it. I soon found that it was getting strong hold, and running over all parts of my face; and before the watch was out I went to the mate, who had charge of the medicine-chest, to get something for it. But the chest showed like the end of a long voyage, for there was nothing that would answer but a few drops of laudanum, which must be saved for an emergency; so I had only to bear the pain as well as I could.

When we went on deck at eight bells, it had stopped snowing, and there were a few stars out, but the clouds were still black, and it was blowing a steady gale. Just before midnight, I went aloft and sent down the mizzen royal yard, and had the good luck to do it to the satisfaction of the mate, who said it was done "out of hand and ship-shape." The next four hours below were but little relief to me, for I lay awake in my berth the whole time, from the pain in my face, and heard every bell strike, and, at four o'clock, turned out with the watch, feeling little spirit for the hard duties of the day. Bad weather and hard work at sea can be borne up against very well if one only has spirit and health; but there is nothing brings a man down, at such a time, like bodily pain and want of sleep. There was, however, too much to do to allow time to think; for the gale of yesterday, and the heavy seas we met with a few days before, while we had yet ten degrees more southing to make, had convinced the captain that we had something before us which was not to be trifled with, and orders were given to send down the long topgallant masts. The topgallant and royal yards were accordingly struck, the flying jib-boom rigged in, and the topgallant masts sent down on deck, and all lashed together by the side of the long-boat. The rigging was then sent down and coiled away below, and everything made snug aloft. There was not a sailor in the ship who was not rejoiced to see these sticks come down; for, so long as the yards were

aloft, on the least sign of a lull, the topgallant sails were loosed, and then we had to furl them again in a snow-squall and *shin* up and down single ropes caked with ice, and send royal yards down in the teeth of a gale coming right from the south pole. It was an interesting sight, too, to see our noble ship dismantled of all her top-hamper of long tapering masts and yards, and boom pointed with spear head, which ornamented her in port; and all that canvas which, a few days before, had covered her like a cloud, from the truck to the water's edge, spreading far out beyond her hull on either side, now gone; and she stripped like a wrestler for the fight. It corresponded, too, with the desolate character of her situation—alone, as she was, battling with storms, wind, and ice, at this extremity of the globe, and in almost constant night.



DEL FUEGANS HUNTING THE OTTER ON THE SOUTH COAST,  
NEAR CAPE HORN

## CAPTAIN'S STORY

[This selection is taken from *Black Beauty*, by Anna Sewell. The book is the autobiography of a splendid horse. No boy or girl should miss an opportunity to read *Black Beauty*.]

CAPTAIN had been broken in and trained for an army horse; his first owner was an officer of cavalry going out to the Crimean War. He said he quite enjoyed the training with all the other horses, trotting together, turning together, to the right hand or the left, halting at the word of command, or dashing forward at full speed at the sound of the trumpet or signal of the officer. He was, when young, a dark, dappled iron gray, and considered very handsome. His master, a young, high-spirited gentleman, was very fond of him, and treated him from the first with the greatest care and kindness. He told me he thought the life of an army horse was very pleasant; but when it came to being sent abroad over the sea in a great ship, he almost changed his mind.

"That part of it," said he, "was dreadful! Of course we could not walk off the land into the ship; so they were ultimately obliged to put strong straps under our bodies, and then we were lifted off our legs in spite of our struggles and were swung through the air over the water to the deck of the great vessel. There we were placed in small, close stalls, and never for a long time saw the sky, or were able to stretch our legs. The ship sometimes rolled about in high winds, and we were knocked about, and felt bad enough. However, at last it came to an end, and we were hauled up and swung over again to the land; we were very glad, and snorted and neighed for joy when we once more felt firm ground under our feet.

"We soon found that the country we had come to was very different from our own, and that we had many hardships to endure besides the fighting; but many of the men were so fond of their horses that they did everything they could to make them comfortable, in spite of snow, wet, and all things out of order."

"But what about the fighting?" said I; "was not that worse than anything else?"

"Well," said he, "I hardly know; we always

liked to hear the trumpet sound, and to be called out, and were impatient to start off, though sometimes we had to stand for hours, waiting for the word of command; and when the word was given, we used to spring forward as gayly and eagerly as if there were no cannon-balls, bayonets, or bullets. I believe so long as we felt our rider firm in the saddle, and his hand steady on the bridle, not one of us gave way to fear, not even when the terrible bombshells whirled through the air and burst into a thousand pieces.

"I, with my noble master, went into many actions together without a wound, and though I saw horses shot down with bullets, pierced through with lances, and gashed with fearful sabre-cuts, though we left them dead on the field, or dying in the agony of their wounds, I don't think I feared for myself. My master's cheery voice, as he encouraged his men, made me feel as if he and I could not be killed. I had such perfect trust in him that while he was guiding me I was ready to charge up to the very cannon's mouth. I saw many brave men cut down, many fall mortally wounded from their saddles. I had heard the cries and groans of the dying, I had cantered over ground slippery with blood, and frequently had to turn aside to avoid trampling on wounded man or horse, but, until one dreadful day, I have never felt terror; that day I shall never forget."

Here old Captain paused for a while and drew a long breath; I waited, and he went on.

"It was one autumn morning, and, as usual, an hour before daybreak our cavalry had turned out, ready caparisoned for the day's work, whether it might be fighting or waiting. The men stood by their horses waiting, ready for orders. As the light increased there seemed to be some excitement among the officers, and before the day was well begun we heard the firing of the enemy's guns.

"Then one of the officers rode up and gave the word for the men to mount, and in a second every man was in his saddle, and every horse stood expecting the touch of the rein or the pressure of his rider's heels, all animated, all eager; but still we had been trained so well that, except by the champing of our bits and the restive tossing of our heads from time to time, it could not be said that we stirred.



"My dear master and I were at the head of the line, and as all sat motionless and watchful, he took a little stray lock of my mane which had turned over on the wrong side, and laid it over on the right, and smoothed it down with his hand; then patting my neck, he said, 'We shall have a day of it to-day, Bayard, my beauty; but we'll do our duty as we have done.' He stroked my neck that morning more, I think, than he had ever done before; quietly on and on, as if he were thinking of something else. I loved to feel his hand on my neck, and arched my crest proudly and happily; but I stood very still, for I knew all his moods, and when he liked me to be quiet, and when gay.

"I cannot tell all that happened on that day, but I will tell of the last charge that we made together: it was across a valley right in front of the enemy's cannon. By this time we were well used to the roar of heavy guns, the rattle of musketry fire, and the flying of shot near us; but never had I been under such a fire as we rode through on that day. From the right, from the left, and from the front, shot and shell poured in upon us. Many a brave man went down, many a horse fell, flinging his rider to the earth; many a horse without a rider ran wildly out of the ranks; then, terrified at being alone, with no hand to guide him, came pressing in amongst his old companions, to gallop with them to the charge.

"Fearful as it was, no one stopped, no one turned back. Every moment the ranks were thinned, but as our comrades fell we closed in to keep them together; and instead of being shaken or staggered in our pace, our gallop became faster and faster as we neared the cannon, all clouded in white smoke, while the red fire flashed through it.

"My master, my dear master, was cheering on his comrades with his right arm raised on high, when one of the balls whizzing close to my head struck him. I felt him stagger with the shock, though he uttered no cry; I tried to check my speed, but the sword dropped from his right hand, the rein fell loose from the left, and sinking backward from the saddle, he fell to the earth; the other riders swept past us, and by the force of their charge I was driven from the spot where he fell.

"I wanted to keep my place by his side and

not leave him under that rush of horses' feet, but it was in vain; and now, without a master or a friend, I was alone on that great slaughter-ground. Then fear took hold of me, and I trembled as I had never trembled before; and I, too, as I had seen other horses do, tried to join in the ranks and gallop with them; but I was beaten off by the swords of the soldiers. Just then a soldier whose horse had been killed under him caught at my bridle and mounted me, and with this new master I was again going forward; but our gallant company was cruelly over-powered, and those who remained alive after the fierce fight for the guns came galloping back over the same ground. Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could scarcely move from the loss of blood; other noble creatures were trying on three legs to drag themselves along, and others were struggling to rise on their forefeet, when their hind legs had been shattered by shot. Their groans were piteous to hear, and the beseeching look in their eyes as those who escaped passed by, and left them to their fate, I shall never forget. After the battle the wounded men were brought in, and the dead were buried."

"And what about the wounded horses," I said; "were they left to die?"

"No, the army farriers went over the field with their pistols and shot all that were ruined; some that had only slight wounds were brought back and attended to, but the greater part of the noble, willing creatures that went out that morning never came back! In our stables there was only about one in four that returned.

"I never saw my dear master again. I believe he fell dead from the saddle. I never loved any other master so well. I went into many other engagements, but was only once wounded, and then not seriously; and when the war was over I came back again to England, as sound and strong as when I went out."

I said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it was a very fine thing."

"Ah!" said he, "I should think they never saw it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, when it is just exercise and parade, and sham fight. Yes, it is very fine then; but when thousands of good, brave men and horses are killed or crippled for life, it has a very different look."



"Do you know what they fought about?" said I.

"No," he said, "that is more than a horse can understand; but the enemy must have been awfully wicked people, if it were right to go all that way over the sea on purpose to kill them."



## NED IN AFRICA

[Sir Samuel Baker (1821-1893) was a great English hunter and explorer. He traveled and hunted dangerous game in many out-of-the-way places and had plenty of exciting adventures. His name will always be remembered by geographers because he was the first white man to discover Lake Albert Nyanza, one of the great lakes at the source of the river Nile, in the heart of unknown Africa. He wrote an account of this exploration, called *The Albert Nyanza*, which is one of the most interesting books of the kind ever written. So many boys and girls were interested by what they had heard of his travels and adventures that he wrote a book especially for them, and named it *Cast Up By the Sea*. The following story is taken from Chapter XVI of that volume.

Ned Grey, the hero of the story, is an English sailor boy who is shipwrecked off the coast of Africa. He and his faithful negro servant, Tim, built a raft and managed to get ashore with Nero, their brave Newfoundland dog, and a good stock of guns and ammunition. They are taken prisoners by a tribe of African savages, but are kindly treated because the natives had never seen a white person before, nor guns, nor any of the other strange things, like compasses and telescopes, that Ned had with him. After Ned shoots a lion, a beast of which the natives are very much afraid, they feel sure that he must be a magician, and he is at once given a high position in the tribe.]

IT was now the season for hunting, and parties were organized for killing elephants and hippopotami, the flesh of which was the principal food of the people; this was dried in strips, and then hung up in the smoke of their

cabins in sufficient quantities to last for many months.

The harvest of meat was considered almost as important as that of corn; therefore while a portion of the men and the whole of the women were engaged in the cultivation of their fields, those who were most active and courageous formed bands of hunters, and provided a supply of flesh. To be distinguished for exploits in the hunting-grounds was considered to be even more meritorious than acts of valor on the field of battle, and as Ned had gained a great reputation by the death of the lion, he was expected to perform prodigies in the chase of wild animals. Next to the king, he was already the greatest man in the country, as his supposed power in magic had given him an extraordinary



SHOOTING A HIPPOPOTAMUS

An exciting sport when carried on in crazy dugout canoes.

influence. Among his medicines he had a large supply of calomel and emetic tartar: the effect of these drugs upon the sick had gained him

much repute, and his success as a physician was also attributed to sorcery. Although Ned was no charlatan, he found it impossible to stem the tide of public opinion, and he was forced to allow the natives to indulge in their superstitions. There was, however, much danger inseparable from his exalted position: the king was an ignorant savage, and although he believed thoroughly in magic, his confidence in the individual sorcerer depended upon success, and the law of the country determined that three successive failures should be punished by the death of the rain-maker or magician. To Ned's horror and disgust, two of the king's sorcerers had already been put to death in his presence for having repeatedly failed in their prophecies of success to the hunting parties. The fault was considered to exist in a lying spirit in the inside of the sorcerer: the unfortunate wretch was therefore put to death before all the people, by being ripped open with a sharp knife, when his vital organs were carefully examined by other sorcerers, who pretended to discover the traces of the evil spirit.

It was not long before Ned was requested by the king to foretell the result of a hunting expedition that was about to start upon a large scale. With the horrible fate of the unlucky prophets before him, Ned declared, with much tact, that great success would attend the hunting party should he and Tim accompany the hunters; it was accordingly arranged that he should take the entire command.

At daybreak on the following morning, Ned, accompanied by Tim and Nero with fifty picked men, started upon their expedition in five large canoes, formed from the straight stems of gigantic trees.

The sun had just risen when the little fleet paddled rapidly along the shore; the men were in the highest spirits, as Ned's presence among them inspired a confidence of success. For ten hours they paddled without ceasing, merely halting to relieve each other at the oars, and Ned reckoned that they had traveled about thirty-five miles, when, at four o'clock, the leading canoe steered into a narrow bay, with a clean sandy beach, upon which the crews disembarked and dragged their vessels high and dry. A ridge of precipitous rocky hills of several hundred feet high bordered the lake

about a quarter of a mile distant from the water, which appeared to extend to their base during floods of the rainy season; the flat, sandy ground between them and the lake was scantily covered with a fine silky grass, and the soft earth was deeply imprinted with numerous tracks of elephants, hippopotami, giraffes, and other large animals.

This part of the country was uninhabited, and therefore it abounded with game.

While the hunters removed their weapons and light baggage from the canoes, Ned strolled with his gun to the base of the rocky hills, and perceiving that they were too precipitous to ascend, he concluded that the wild animals must descend to the lake by some pass from the high ground above. Continuing along the base of the hills, it was not long before he arrived at the dry bed of a torrent that descended between two walls of rock that formed a ravine from the high lands to the lake; this was completely trodden down by the feet of the ponderous animals that nightly arrived by that path to drink. It immediately struck Ned that, if he were to watch the pass by moonlight with Tim and their two double-barreled guns, he would be able to cut off any animals that should descend, as he would have the advantage of a secure position about twenty feet above them. Determined to carry out his plan, he hurried back to the party, who had already settled themselves for the night behind some high rocks which effectually concealed their fire. Ned now explained his plan to Tim and the people, and, having dined off a large fish, which one of the hunters had harpooned during the voyage, he tied Nero to a tree, telling him to watch his knapsack of clothes and ammunition, and, with a caution to the hunters to observe the greatest quiet, he started with Tim to watch the pass.

Upon arrival at the mouth of the gorge, which formed an alley or narrow street through the hill-side, Ned climbed up the steep ascent and took his position beneath a small tree that grew among the cleft of the rocks exactly on the edge of the ravine; thus he commanded the pass, as he could drop a pebble upon any animal that passed below. This curious pathway was of great length, as it was by no means precipitous, but descended at a gradual inclina-



NATIVE BEATERS IN CAMP



READY TO PROD THE ELEPHANTS

tion with many windings from the tableland on the summit of the hills.

The wind blew towards the lake, thus it was favorable for the watchers.

The moon was nearly full, and not a cloud dimmed the face of the heavens; thus it would be almost as easy to shoot correctly as in daylight, especially as Ned had taken the precaution to fasten a piece of white paper, cut into a sharp point, as a sight at the muzzle of the guns. At length, as daylight entirely faded, the moon seemed doubly bright, and the night set in with that brilliancy that can only be seen within the tropics. There was not a sound to be heard except the occasional splashing and loud sonorous snort of the hippopotami among the reeds by the margin of the lake, and the hum of mosquitoes, that tormented Ned without ceasing.

About an hour passed in fruitless watching; the moon was now high enough to throw her light directly into the ravine, and suddenly, although no sound had been heard, Ned perceived a dull gray mass, that looked like a large portion of the rock, moving slowly forward from an angle in the gorge. The mass suddenly halted, when, in the distance, a sound rang through the still night air like the shrill note of a trumpet.

A low and deep growl, like the rumbling of distant thunder, seemed to shake the rock upon which Ned lay concealed. Suddenly a tremendous trumpet sounded from the gorge where the dull gray mass had halted, and, growling deeply, the bull elephant advanced unconscious of impending danger along the bottom of the ravine. Another and another elephant followed, until the leader passed directly beneath the spot where Ned and Tim were concealed; the entire alley was crowded with the herd of enormous animals as they followed their leader in single file towards the lake.

Ned's heart beat loudly with excitement as one by one the elephants passed below him; but he reserved his fire until eight or ten had made their exit from the gorge, as he rightly conjectured that, at the alarm of the first shot, those who had already passed out would endeavor to return whence they came; this would create great confusion in the narrow pass,

during which he would have an opportunity of selecting the finest animals.

As the elephants slowly filed below, Ned whispered to Tim to hand him the spare gun as quickly as possible when he should require it, and aiming behind the ear of a large bull that was not more than five paces distant, he fired. The huge animal fell dead to the shot. For some minutes the herd of elephants remained stationary, as though suddenly turned to stone; the flash of the gun and the unknown report had completely astonished them, and they waited in uncertainty of the position and nature of the danger. During this time Ned reloaded his gun, and aiming at the temple of a large elephant that stood exactly before him, he again fired. To his delight this animal fell likewise; but now an indescribable scene of confusion arose. At the last flash of the gun those elephants that had already passed from the gorge turned quickly round, and charged desperately in their retreat up the narrow pass, which was blocked, not only by the bodies of the two dead elephants, but by the dense mass of animals which, seized by the panic, now wedged closely together in their frantic endeavors to escape.

There was no necessity for concealment, and Ned quietly stood upon the edge of the rocks, just out of reach of the elephants' trunks, and steadily selected his shots, aiming generally behind the ear as the most fatal spot. Six elephants fell to his guns before they could extricate themselves from their helpless position; then, having regained their formation in single file, they disappeared at an extraordinary pace in the gloom of the ravine.

This was a good beginning. Tim had handed the gun quickly, and had reloaded as fast as Ned had fired, and their six prizes now blocked the passage of the narrow gorge. But more remained to be done, as the night was young and the moon bright; therefore Ned proposed that they should follow the edge of the ravine for a considerable distance where it had been undisturbed: there they might pass another hour in watching before they returned to their party.

They picked their way among loose rocks until they arrived at the summit of the high ground: they then discovered what they had supposed to be a hill from the level of the lake was merely a cliff, or precipitous slope de-

ending from a beautiful expanse of tableland, at was a combination of forests and plains. From this elevated land the torrents descended to the lake by deep gorges that had been worn on the hill-side, and Ned once more took his position behind a large tamarind tree at overhung the ravine which the elephants had recently quitted. The white sand at the bottom of the gorge was trodden deeply by the feet of the numerous herd that had now retreated to the jungles, in which they could be distinctly heard trumpeting and roaring in the distance.

More than an hour passed away without the appearance of any animal, and Ned was thinking of his return, when he suddenly heard the rattling of stones as some hard-footed beast was ascending the ravine. In a few moments he observed several spectre-like forms advancing along the bottom, their heads being sometimes on a level with the rocks that overhung the ledge: they were giraffes, who were thus descending to drink at the lake.

As they passed within a few feet of Ned, he fired at the head of one that nearly touched him; this fell to the shot, and, as the herd dashed round and rushed off with amazing speed, Ned fired his remaining barrel at the shoulder of another animal, but, apparently, without success, as it retreated with the rest. This was great luck; Ned had killed six elephants and a giraffe, and he resolved to return to the spot where his party had bivouacked, as he had done sufficient work for the night. The easiest path was by the ravine through which the elephants had arrived; Ned therefore clambered down the rock, followed by Tim, until he gained the sandy bottom of the gorge, by which gradually descent they arrived at the dead elephants. On passing these Tim cut off their tails, as he had also done with the giraffe, and with these trophies they continued on their way. After passing through a dark strip of forest, they observed the light of the fires around which the natives were sitting in anxious expectation of their return, as they had distinctly heard the shouts and the loud trumpeting of the elephants. Tim, in great triumph, exhibited the tails, and recounted the story of the night, to the astonishment of the natives, who had now obtained as large a supply of meat in one night as they

were accustomed to collect in a fortnight's hunting; they determined to visit the spot before daybreak, to prepare the flesh and secure it from putrefaction.

At about 4 A.M. they sallied forth with knives, axes, and sacks, to cut up the game; this they performed with great dexterity by dividing the flesh in long but thin slips, which were at once hung upon the trees in festoons to dry, while fires were lighted beneath to preserve it from the flies. While they were thus engaged, Ned, with the dog, strolled up the ravine to the body of the giraffe, which had already been attacked by hyenas, whose tracks were visible in the sand. Knowing that he had wounded a second giraffe, he now continued along the ravine, and presently he discovered tracks of blood upon the stones upon the right-hand side of the gully, which proved that the animal was wounded. He now carefully followed upon the marks until he emerged from the ravine among some roughly broken ground near the summit of the tableland; this was in some places covered with thick bush, but Ned remarked that in one spot the white sand was reddened with blood, and trampled in all directions by the tracks of lions mingled with the wide-spreading hoofs of giraffes. It was evident that some great struggle had taken place, as the sand was marked in one direction by a weight that appeared to have been dragged across it, as though the giraffe had been carried off by the lions. As he followed upon the track along which the heavy body had been dragged, Nero bristled up his back, and cautiously approached a dense covert of thorns within a small hollow among the rocks. The dog halted, and appeared to find something within the thick jungle, as he advanced a few steps nearer and then barked in great excitement. Ned felt sure that either one or more lions had dragged the body of the giraffe within the den of thorns; accordingly, when within twenty paces of the spot, he threw several large stones into the middle of the bush. With a loud roar, a magnificent lion rushed out from his lair and crouched before the bush, eyeing Ned fiercely, and growling deeply as though prepared to spring. The lion moved his tail rapidly from side to side, striking the ground with the tuft of black hair at the extremity with a force

that made the sand fly like puffs of smoke. This was a sign of extreme fury, and Ned momentarily expected an attack that would have been difficult to avoid. For several minutes they faced each other determinedly, Ned all the while keeping his eyes fixed unflinchingly upon those of the lion. At length, as the dog continued to spring around him, barking without ceasing, the lion rose from the ground and stalked proudly backwards and forwards before the covert, as though to guard the entrance. This was a grand opportunity for a side shot at the shoulder, and never did Ned aim with greater coolness and accuracy, as he knew that his life depended upon the shot; trusting to break the shoulder-bone, and thus disable him, he fired. With a terrific roar, the lion charged with one bound into the smoke of the gun; at the same time that he descended, he struck a random blow with his right paw that would have felled a buffalo. Fortunately for Ned, at the moment of firing he had sprung upon one side, and thus avoided the crushing blow. The lion now rolled over almost at his feet, and, recovering himself immediately, he rushed upon Ned, receiving at the same instant the contents of the second barrel in his mouth. With great activity, Ned had again avoided him in the thick smoke at the moment of firing, and Nero rushing in had seized the lion between the hind legs, where he hung on with a furious tenacity that no efforts of the animal could relax. Ned had Jem Stevens's pistols in his belt, one of which he had quickly drawn; but the struggles of the lion with the dog were so great and extremely rapid, that he had no chance of taking a correct aim. The blood was pouring from the lion's mouth, as well as from a wound through the shoulder, and presently, amidst his tremendous efforts to turn and attack the dog, he reared to his full height upon his hind legs, and, with a savage roar, he fell upon his back, with the stanch dog beneath him. As quick as lightning, to save Nero, Ned rushed in and fired his pistol within a few inches of the lion's head, scattering his brains upon the faithful dog. The lion never moved a muscle. Ned, pale with the excitement of the fight, now caressed the dog, who fiercely shook the dead lion's throat; after which he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and looking up

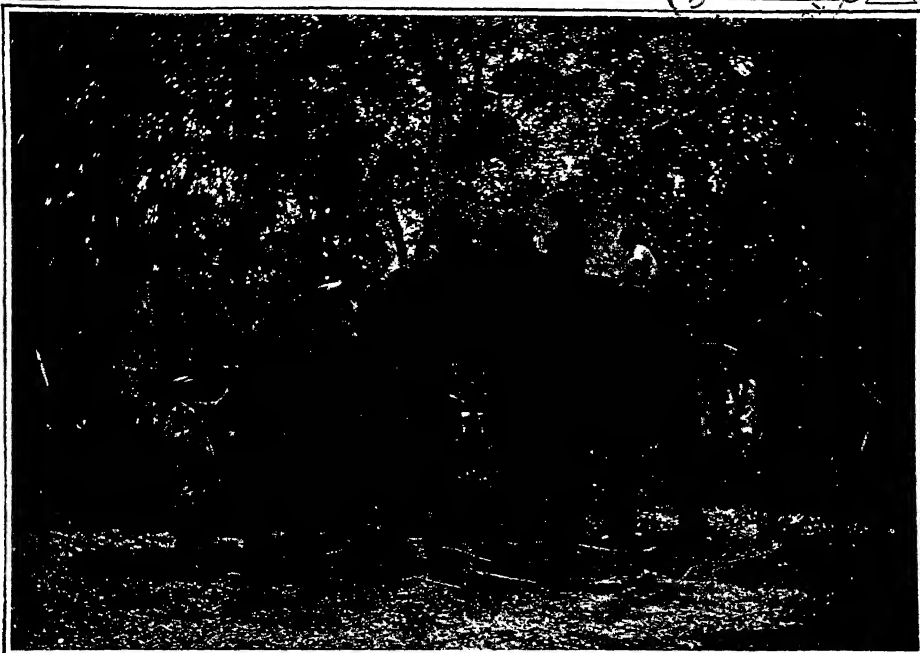
to the clear heavens, he devoutly thanked God for protection in the strife. He was surveying the carcass of the lion with a hunter's pride, when Tim suddenly appeared, accompanied by several of the natives who had heard the shots and hurried to discover the cause. They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the lion lying dead; and, upon entering the jungle, they found the remains of the giraffe, which had been partially devoured. They now took possession of the prize; and, having skinned the lion and cut his flesh from the bones, they severed his head from the body, together with the skin, and returned to their party, who were busily engaged in taking the meat of the elephants.

The whole day was occupied by the natives in cutting up the elephants, and transporting them to the place of bivouac. In the meantime, Ned, who had no taste for that branch of the expedition, took possession of one of the canoes, with the assistance of Tim, and determined, if possible, to procure some fresh fish for dinner. Many drift bamboos were lying upon the beach, from which he selected one about sixteen feet long and tapered; he then lashed a thong of elephant's hide to the point, so as to form a stiff loop in the place of a ring, through which he passed a strong line made of the aloë fibre; to this he attached a large hook, and a piece of light wood as a float. With a coil of about a hundred yards of line wound upon two pegs a foot asunder, that he drove into the butt of his rod in the place of a reel, Ned was ready for a day's fishing, with the exception of the bait. Tim quickly secured the latter necessary article by forming a line with half a dozen single hairs of the giraffe's tail, to which he attached a small hook baited with a minute piece of elephant's fat. The small fish of about half a pound weight bit greedily, and, having caught five or six, Tim kept them alive in a large gourd-shell of water, and Ned pushed the canoe from the shore. The small fish were bright and silvery, but they had a tough skin like that of an eel instead of scales; through this, just beneath the back fin, Ned inserted the large hook, and throwing his lively and alluring bait into deep water within a few yards of a bank of tall reeds, he patiently awaited the result.

About half an hour had passed in perfect



NATIVES BINDING A WILD ELEPHANT TO A TREE



TWO TAME ELEPHANTS CAJOLING A WILD SISTER

F.C.G.



silence when Ned was startled by a tremendous snort, accompanied by a splash in the water close to the canoe; in another instant he felt a severe shock as the head of a hippopotamus struck the bottom, and lifted the canoe several inches above the surface. As though proud of his performance, the angry old bull now raised his head above the water, and again snorted loudly. Tim snatched up his gun, and, taking a good aim, he fired into the middle of its head in a line from between the eyes. With a splash the animal disappeared. Several other hippopotami now showed their heads, but at a more respectful distance, as they were alarmed at the report of the gun.

"Dat's what I call a ugly feller," remarked Tim; "he got a pair of lips same like de nigger, got a flat nose like de nigger, he's de reg'lar water nigger — dat's a fact 'xactly."

Having expressed this opinion upon the natural history of the hippopotamus, Tim reloaded his gun, and Ned was about to make some remark, when his float darted off, and the rod was nearly jerked out of his hand; fortunately he held a loose coil that was not wound round the pegs, and allowing this to fall upon the ground, he grasped the line with one hand, and struck hard to fasten the fish. It was impossible to check the rush, and for the moment Ned feared that a crocodile had seized his bait, and that he should lose the tackle, but he was presently undeceived, as an immense fish sprang high out of the water, at about eighty yards distant, firmly hooked.

For about twenty minutes the struggle continued between Ned and the fish, which constantly leapt from the water, and, shaking its head violently, endeavored to free itself from the hook. At length, as Ned had kept a severe strain upon the line, the fish showed signs of exhaustion, and Tim paddled the canoe towards a sandbank for the purpose of landing their prize in shallow water. Jumping out of the canoe, Ned ran backwards upon the bank, and keeping a tight line, he presently succeeded in leading the fish into the shallows, where it struggled helplessly upon its side: Tim got behind it, and falling bodily upon it, he grasped the gills with both hands, and dragged it to the shore. The scales were as bright as silver, except upon the back, where they were a dark

slaty blue; it was a species of perch that weighed about eighty pounds, and both Ned and Tim rejoiced in their beautiful prize. To preserve it fresh, Ned fastened a piece of strong line around the tail, and then placed it in deep water secured to a peg upon the bank: thus it quickly recovered from its fatigue.

In about an hour Ned had another run, and captured a fish of the same species that weighed nearly forty pounds, which he landed upon the sandbank in a similar manner to the first. They had again pushed off in the canoe, when Tim perceived something like the back of a large turtle above the surface of the water, and upon quietly paddling towards it, he discovered that it was the flank of the hippopotamus at which he had fired, which now floated. This animal always sinks to the bottom when first killed, but in about an hour and a half, when the gas has distended the body, it rises to the surface. Here was an additional supply of food; and returning to the shore, Ned procured a rope, which they made fast to one of the hind legs, and towed the carcass to the bank, where it awaited the arrival of the natives.

In the evening the hunters returned, having completed their task, and upon hearing of the fresh supply, they immediately set to work upon the hippopotamus.

As the labor of preparing the store of meat was completed, the natives wished to return home, as the canoes would be nearly filled: they accordingly launched their vessels, and loaded them with dried flesh, fat, and elephants' tusks, together with pieces of giraffe-hide cut into oblong shapes, that were to be manufactured into shields. Everything was ready for a start on the morrow, and Ned strolled about half a mile from the camp before sunset, and climbed a high rock to enjoy a more extensive view of the landscape. From this position he looked down upon the camp; at the same time he commanded a view of the pass in which he had killed so many elephants. As his eyes instinctively wandered to the scene of his first night's sport, he was astonished to see issuing stealthily from the gorge into the low ground a long string of blacks in single file, all armed with bows and spears. For about ten minutes he watched them attentively. Some were painted a bright red: these Ned supposed to be chiefs,



they were at regular intervals in the file of men, which still continued to pour from the vine. Marching directly for a small thicket that was near the edge of the lake, the entire party of about five hundred men was suddenly concealed. This had taken place so suddenly and quietly that Ned could hardly believe his eyes: there could be no doubt that the large armed force was lying in ambush for some hostile purpose, and as Ned would be forced to pass within a few hundred yards of the thicket to regain the camp, he felt that his position was extremely hazardous. It was necessary to give an immediate alarm to his party, but a great difficulty lay in effecting a junction. There was a small dry watercourse that led from the hill to the lake, and Ned immediately determined to crawl along the bottom until he could gain the rushes that bordered the water, after which he would have no difficulty in reaching the canoes, where the men were still engaged. There was no time to lose: sliding upon his back down the steep hill-side, Ned reached the watercourse: this was tolerably deep in places, so that he could cover his advance by simply stooping; but in the more rocky portions of the trench it was shallow, and he was forced to crawl upon his hands and knees. When he had gained one of these exposed positions, then he turned his head towards the thicket, and he distinctly observed two natives peering out from the place of ambush. Ned lay flat upon the ground, and did not move for several minutes. Again he slowly raised his head: he could see no one, and once more he crawled along the ground until he arrived in a deeper portion of the watercourse: he then hurried along in a stooping position, and at length gained the reeds at the water's edge. Under cover of the reeds, he splashed through mud and water until he at length reached the canoes. Tim was the first person whom he met, as he had been fishing in the lake, and had just returned with several natives. Upon hearing Ned's account, rapidly delivered, Tim immediately informed his native companions. In an instant they rushed to the camp for their arms, followed by Ned and Tim. Upon arrival, the entire party would have been seized with a panic, had not Ned at once assumed the command.

Upon order being restored, the natives ex-

plained that the people whom Ned had seen must be men of a hostile tribe who had, upon a former occasion, massacred a hunting party similar to the present expedition; they had no doubt been informed by spies of their presence, and they would attack from their ambush during the night. It would be impossible to resist them, as they were warriors renowned for the impetuosity of their onset: thus a force of five hundred men would annihilate a small party at the first rush.

As the canoes were loaded, Ned proposed that they should embark at once and push off from the shore. It was growing dusk, and they would avoid the confusion of a night attack, should they be assailed when the enemy perceived their retreat to the boats. Not a moment was lost. Ned ordered the natives to march in a compact body to the canoes, while he and Tim would bring up the rear. Drawing the bullets from their guns, the two lads recharged them with buckshot, which, in the event of a fight, would take a greater effect upon a mass of men. Ned had the brace of pistols in his belt that he had found in Stevens's chest, and he felt no doubt that the report and effect of fire-arms would paralyze the attack sufficiently to allow them to push off in their canoes. He gave the word "forward," and his little body of fifty men, with their arrows ready fixed upon their bows, advanced steadily forward, while he and Tim followed a few paces in the rear.

Hardly had they quitted the screen of jungle which protected their camp, than their retreat was observed by the party in ambush in the thicket some hundred yards on their right. In an instant a wild yell was raised by an invisible enemy, who almost at the same moment burst from the wood, and with savage screams and shouts came rushing across the open ground to intercept the route, and to cut off the canoes.

"Steady!" cried Ned; "keep together, my men!" which Tim interpreted immediately, and the party continued their course at a quick walk.

They were much nearer to the canoes than the enemy, and Ned, with cool judgment, calculated that they would reach them at a walk before the hostile party could gain them at full speed. They would accordingly have time to push off from the shore, provided that the

embarkation were conducted without confusion. They were within a hundred yards of the boats that were afloat in the little bay among the rushes, while the enemy was about three times that distance from them, advancing at full speed, in a confused mass of yelling, naked savages. Ned quickly gave the order that every man should run to his own boat in which he had arrived. In an instant his fifty blacks rushed forward, and dividing into tens, the individual crews of the five canoes leapt on board and took their places with the paddles in their hands by the time that Ned and Tim had reached the bank. A flight of arrows now fell around them as the enemy, already within eighty yards of their expected prey, shot wildly at full speed and happily missed all but the canoes, in the sides of which several arrows remained fixed. Ned and Tim now jumped on board two canoes, and as the paddles struck the water with the powerful stroke of ten men, both opened fire from the stern upon the crowd of savages at about fifty paces distant. Thirty buckshot rattled among them like hail, and five or six men fell, while others were wounded. This unexpected volley for the instant checked their advance, and before they could recover from their confusion, the left-hand barrels opened and scattered destruction among their ranks. Ned now loaded with ball as the canoes increased the distance between them, and two or three shots fired into the baffled crowd sent them scampering off in all directions, leaving several dead and wounded upon the ground. A loud cheer was now raised by the crews of the canoes, who ceased paddling, and waved their paddles in the air in defiance of their beaten enemy. So excited had they become, and so thoroughly confident in their leader, that they besought Ned to allow them to return to shore for the purpose of attacking their crestfallen antagonists.

Ned was unwilling to shed blood except in self-defence, therefore he restrained their exuberant valor, and desired them to pull steadily along the coast towards their own home, where they would be received with a hearty welcome, as they were heavily laden with hunting spoils. For some hours, they paddled in silence, as the night was dark and they were obliged to keep a good lookout ahead; but when at length the moon rose and shone brilliantly over the calm

surface of the lake, they burst out into songs that lasted until sunrise. The substance of their minstrelsy was a description of all that had taken place during their expedition; this was generally improvised by one man, who sang in a kind of recitative, and at the end of each verse a wild chorus was joined in by the whole crew. Thus were Ned's praises sung; neither was Tim nor even Nero omitted from the ode, but all the principal performers were introduced, and the various scenes described, even to the yells and shouts of the attacking enemy, and the reports of the fire-arms in the defence.

In spite of the savagery of the music, there was an indescribable enthusiasm and an energy in the chorus that was contagious, and in the pale moonlight, with the regular splash of the paddles, that kept an even accompaniment, Ned found himself joining with the wild voices around him; while Tim, not content with forming one of the chorus, improvised several verses in his native tongue in honor of "Massa Ned" that produced roars of applause.

The rowers had worked well during the night, and at about ten o'clock the canoes were within sight of the village to which they belonged. Their approach was quickly observed, and crowds of people assembled on the shore to welcome them on landing. Hardly had the canoes touched the sandy beach than they were dragged in triumph to the land, while the women yelled in honor of their arrival. The cargo was discharged with great rapidity by a numerous band, and was transported to the village, where Ned was quickly brought into the presence of the king. Drums were beaten, horns blown, and great rejoicing accompanied their return. The king was seated upon his leopard-skins, and he received Ned with great courtesy, while the principal man of the hunting party recounted the incidents of the expedition. Loud shouts of applause were raised at various portions of the narrative when Ned's hunting exploits were described; but when the attack and defeat of their old enemies were told with extreme energy, the crowd could no longer restrain their enthusiasm, but broke out into wild yells of approbation, and crowded around Ned to kiss his hands after their peculiar fashion, by touching the palms with the tip of their tongues.



WE USED TO MAKE REGULAR EXPEDITIONS . . .  
EVERY NIGHT

### CONSTERNATION IN CRANFORD

[This selection is from *Cranford*, Mrs. Gaskell's delightful study of life in a sleepy old English town where the ladies are in a large majority. Like *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Cranford* is the kind of book that one is often glad to turn back to. It is one of the gentlest, best-natured books in the English language.]

ALL at once all sorts of uncomfortable rumors got afloat in the town. There were one or two robberies—real *bona fide* robberies; men had up before the magistrates and committed for trial—and that seemed to make us all afraid of being robbed; and for a long time, at Miss Matty's, I know, we used to make a regular expedition all round the kitchens and cellars every night, Miss Matty leading the way, armed with the poker, I following with the hearth-brush, and Martha carrying the shovel and fire-irons with which to sound the alarm; and by the accidental hitting together of them she often frightened us so much that we bolted ourselves up, all three together, in the back-kitchen, or storeroom, or wherever we happened to be, till, when our affright was over, we recollected ourselves and set out afresh with double valiance. By day we heard

strange stories from the shopkeepers and cottagers, of carts that went about in the dead of night, drawn by horses shod with felt, and guarded by men in dark clothes, going round the town, no doubt in search of some unwatched house or some unfastened door.

Miss Pole, who affected great bravery herself, was the principal person to collect and arrange these reports so as to make them assume their most fearful aspect. But we discovered that she had begged one of Mr. Hoggins's worn-out hats to hang up in her lobby, and we (at least I) had doubts as to whether she really would enjoy the little adventure of having her house broken into, as she protested she should. Miss Matty made no secret of being an arrant coward, but she went regularly through her house-keeper's duty of inspection—only the hour for this became earlier and earlier, till at last we went the rounds at half-past six, and Miss Matty adjourned to bed soon after seven, "in order to get the night over the sooner."

Cranford had so long piqued itself on being an honest and moral town that it had grown to fancy itself too genteel and well-bred to be otherwise, and felt the stain upon its character at this time doubly. But we comforted ourselves with the assurance which we gave to each other that the robberies could never have been committed by any Cranford person; it must have been a stranger or strangers who brought this disgrace upon the town, and occasioned as many precautions as if we were living among the Red Indians or the French.

This last comparison of our nightly state of defence and fortification was made by Mrs. Forrester, whose father had served under General Burgoyne in the American war, and whose husband had fought the French in Spain. She indeed inclined to the idea that, in some way, the French were connected with the small thefts, which were ascertained facts, and the burglaries and highway robberies, which were rumors. She had been deeply impressed with the idea of French spies at some time in her life; and the notion could never be fairly eradicated, but sprang up again from time to time. And now her theory was this: The Cranford people respected themselves too much, and were too grateful to the aristocracy who were so kind as to live near the town, ever to disgrace their

bringing up by being dishonest or immoral; therefore, we must believe that the robbers were strangers, — if strangers, why not foreigners? — if foreigners, who so likely as the French? Signor Brunoni spoke broken English like a Frenchman; and, though he wore a turban like a Turk, Mrs. Forrester had seen a print of Madame de Staël with a turban on, and another of Mr. Denon in just such a dress as that in which the conjuror had made his appearance, showing clearly that the French, as well as the Turks, wore turbans. There could be no doubt Signor Brunoni was a Frenchman — a French spy come to discover the weak and undefended places of England, and doubtless he had his accomplices. For her part, she, Mrs. Forrester, had always had her own opinion of Miss Pole's adventure at the "George Inn" — seeing two men where only one was believed to be.

French people had ways and means which, she was thankful to say, the English people knew nothing about; and she had never felt quite easy in her mind about going to see that conjuror — it was rather too much like a forbidden thing, though the rector was there. In short, Mrs. Forrester grew more excited than we had ever known her before, and, being an officer's daughter and widow, we looked up to her opinion, of course.

Really I do not know how much was true or false in the reports which flew about like wildfire just at this time; but it seemed to me then that there was every reason to believe that at Mardon (a small town about eight miles from Cranford) houses and shops were entered by holes made in the walls, the bricks being silently carried away in the dead of the night, and all done so quietly that no sound was heard either in or out of the house. Miss Matty gave it up in despair when she heard of this. "What was the use," said she, "of locks and bolts, and bells to the windows, and going round the house every night? That last trick was fit for a conjuror. Now she did believe that Signor Brunoni was at the bottom of it."

One afternoon, about five o'clock, we were startled by a hasty knock at the door. Miss Matty bade me run and tell Martha on no account to open the door till she (Miss Matty) had reconnoitred through the window; and she

armed herself with a footstool to drop down on the head of the visitor, in case he should show a face covered with black crape, as he looked up in answer to her inquiry of who was there. But it was nobody but Miss Pole and Betty. The former came upstairs, carrying a little handbasket, and she was evidently in a state of great agitation.

"Take care of that!" said she to me, as I offered to relieve her of her basket. "It's my plate. I am sure there is a plan to rob my house to-night. I am come to throw myself on your hospitality, Miss Matty. Betty is going to sleep with her cousin at the 'George.' I can sit up here all night if you will allow me; but my house is so far from any neighbors, and I don't believe we could be heard if we screamed ever so!"

"But," said Miss Matty, "what has alarmed you so much? Have you seen any men lurking about the house?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Miss Pole. "Two very bad-looking men have gone three times past the house, very slowly; and an Irish beggar-woman came not half-an-hour ago, and all but forced herself in past Betty, saying her children were starving, and she must speak to the mistress. You see, she said 'mistress,' though there was a hat hanging up in the hall, and it would have been more natural to have said 'master.' But Betty shut the door in her face, and came up to me, and we got the spoons together, and sat in the parlor-window watching till we saw Thomas Jones going from his work, when we called to him and asked him to take care of us into the town."

We might have triumphed over Miss Pole, who had professed such bravery until she was frightened; but we were too glad to perceive that she shared in the weaknesses of humanity to exult over her; and I gave up my room to her very willingly, and shared Miss Matty's bed for the night. But before we retired, the two ladies rummaged up, out of the recesses of their memory, such horrid stories of robbery and murder that I quite quaked in my shoes. Miss Pole was evidently anxious to prove that such terrible events had occurred within her experience that she was justified in her sudden panic; and Miss Matty did not like to be outdone, and capped every story with one yet more

terrible, till it reminded me, oddly enough, of an old story I had read somewhere, of a singingale and a musician, who strove one against the other which could produce the most admirable music, till poor Philomel dropped down dead.

One of the stories that haunted me for a long time afterwards was of a girl who was left in charge of a great house in Cumberland on some particular fair-day, when the other servants all went off to the gaities. The family were away in London, and a pedlar came by, and asked to leave his large and heavy pack in the kitchen, saying he would call for it again at night; and the girl (a gamekeeper's daughter), roaming about in search of amusement, happened to hit upon a gun hanging up in the hall, and took it down to look at the chasing; and it went off through the open kitchen door, and the pack, and a slow dark thread of blood came oozing out. (How Miss Pole enjoyed this part of the story, dwelling on each word as she loved it!) She rather hurried over the further account of the girl's bravery, and I have but a confused idea that, somehow, she afflicted the robbers with Italian irons, heated red-hot, and then restored to blackness by being dipped in grease.

We parted for the night with an awe-stricken wonder as to what we should hear of in the morning — and, on my part, with a vehement desire for the night to be over and gone: I was so afraid lest the robbers should have seen, from some dark lurking-place, that Miss Pole had carried off her plate, and thus have a double motive for attacking our house.

But until Lady Glenmire came to call next day we heard of nothing unusual. The kitchen fire-irons were in exactly the same position against the back door as when Martha and I had skilfully piled them up, like spillikins, ready to fall with an awful clatter if only a cat had touched the outside panels. I had wondered what we should all do if thus awakened and alarmed, and had proposed to Miss Matty that we should cover up our faces under the bed-clothes, so that there should be no danger of the robbers thinking that we could identify them; but Miss Matty, who was trembling very much, scouted this idea, and said we owed it to society to apprehend them, and that she should cer-

tainly do her best to lay hold of them and lock them up in the garret till morning.

When Lady Glenmire came, we almost felt jealous of her. Mrs. Jamieson's house had really been attacked; at least there were men's footsteps to be seen on the flower borders, underneath the kitchen windows, "where nae men should be"; and Carlo had barked all through the night as if strangers were abroad. Mrs. Jamieson had been awakened by Lady Glenmire, and they had rung the bell which communicated with Mr. Mulliner's room in the third story, and when his night-capped head had appeared over the bannisters, in answer to the summons, they had told him of their alarm, and the reasons for it; whereupon he retreated into his bedroom, and locked the door (for fear of draughts, as he informed them in the morning), and opened the window, and called out valiantly to say, if the supposed robbers would come to him he would fight them; but, as Lady Glenmire observed, that was but poor comfort, since they would have to pass by Mrs. Jamieson's room and her own before they could reach him, and must be of a very pugnacious disposition indeed if they neglected the opportunities of robbery presented by the unguarded lower storeys, to go up to a garret, and there force a door in order to get at the champion of the house. Lady Glenmire, after waiting and listening for some time in the drawing-room, had proposed to Mrs. Jamieson that they should go to bed; but that lady said she should not feel comfortable unless she sat up and watched; and, accordingly, she packed herself warmly up on the sofa, where she was found by the housemaid, when she came into the room at six o'clock, fast asleep; but Lady Glenmire went to bed, and kept awake all night.

When Miss Pole heard of this, she nodded her head in great satisfaction. She had been sure we should hear of something happening in Cranford that night; and we had heard. It was clear enough they had first proposed to attack her house; but when they saw that she and Betty were on their guard, and had carried off the plate, they had changed their tactics and gone to Mrs. Jamieson's, and no one knew what might have happened if Carlo had not barked, like a good dog as he was!

Poor Carlo! his barking days were nearly

over. Whether the gang who infested the neighborhood were afraid of him, or whether they were revengeful enough, for the way in which he had baffled them on the night in question, to poison him; or whether, as some among the more uneducated people thought, he died of apoplexy, brought on by too much feeding and too little exercise; at any rate, it is certain that, two days after this eventful night, Carlo was found dead, with his poor legs stretched out stiff in the attitude of running, as if by such unusual exertion he could escape the sure pursuer, Death.

We were all sorry for Carlo, the old familiar friend who had snapped at us for so many years; and the mysterious mode of his death made us very uncomfortable. Could Signor Brunoni be at the bottom of this? He had apparently killed a canary with only a word of command; his will seemed of deadly force; who knew but what he might yet be lingering in the neighborhood willing all sorts of awful things!

We whispered these fancies among ourselves in the evenings; but in the mornings our courage came back with the daylight, and in a week's time we had got over the shock of Carlo's death; all but Mrs. Jamieson. She, poor thing, felt it as she had felt no event since her husband's death; indeed, Miss Pole said, that as the Honorable Mr. Jamieson drank a good deal, and occasioned her much uneasiness, it was possible that Carlo's death might be the greater affliction. But there was always a tinge of cynicism in Miss Pole's remarks. However, one thing was clear and certain — it was necessary for Mrs. Jamieson to have some change of scene; and Mr. Mulliner was very impressive on this point, shaking his head whenever we inquired after his mistress, and speaking of her loss of appetite and bad nights very ominously; and with justice too, for if she had two characteristics in her natural state of health they were a facility of eating and sleeping. If she could neither eat nor sleep, she must be indeed out of spirits and out of health.

Lady Glenmire (who had evidently taken very kindly to Cranford) did not like the idea of Mrs. Jamieson's going to Cheltenham, and more than once insinuated pretty plainly that it was Mr. Mulliner's doing, who had been much

alarmed on the occasion of the house being attacked, and since had said, more than once, that he felt it a very responsible charge to have to defend so many women. Be that as it might, Mrs. Jamieson went to Cheltenham, escorted by Mr. Mulliner; and Lady Glenmire remained in possession of the house, her ostensible office being to take care that the maid-servants did not pick up followers. She made a very pleasant looking dragon; and, as soon as it was arranged for her stay in Cranford, she found out that Mrs. Jamieson's visit to Cheltenham was just the best thing in the world. She had let her house in Edinburgh, and was for the time houseless, so the charge of her sister-in-law's comfortable abode was very convenient and acceptable.

Miss Pole was very much inclined to instal herself as a heroine, because of the decided steps she had taken in flying from the two men and one woman, whom she entitled "that murderous gang." She described their appearance in glowing colors, and I noticed that every time she went over the story some fresh trait of villainy was added to their appearance. One was tall — he grew to be gigantic in height before we had done with him; he of course had black hair — and by-and-by it hung in elf-locks over his forehead and down his back. The other was short and broad — and a hump sprouted out on his shoulder before we heard the last of him; he had red hair — which deepened into carrot; and she was almost sure he had a cast in the eye — a decided squint. As for the woman, her eyes glared, and she was masculine-looking — a perfect virago; most probably a man dressed in woman's clothes; afterwards, we heard of a beard on her chin, and a manly voice and a stride.

If Miss Pole was delighted to recount the events of that afternoon to all inquirers, others were not so proud of their adventures in the robbery line. Mr. Hoggins, the surgeon, had been attacked at his own door by two ruffians, who were concealed in the shadow of the porch, and so effectually silenced him that he was robbed in the interval between ringing his bell and the servant's answering it. Miss Pole was sure it would turn out that this robbery had been committed by "her men," and went the very day she heard the report to have her teeth examined, and to question Mr. Hoggins.

he came to us afterwards; so we heard what he had heard, straight and direct from the source, while we were yet in the excitement and utter of the agitation caused by the first intelligence; for the event had only occurred he night before.

"Well!" said Miss Pole, sitting down with her decision of a person who has made up her mind as to the nature of life and the world and such people never tread lightly, or seat themselves without a bump), "well, Miss Matty! men will be men. Every mother's son of them wishes to be considered Samson and Solomon rolled into one — too strong ever to be beaten or discomfited — too wise ever to be outwitted. If you will notice, they have always foreseen events, though they never tell one for one's warning before the events happen. My father was a man, and I know the sex pretty well."

She had talked herself out of breath, and we should have been very glad to fill up the necessary pause as chorus, but we did not exactly know what to say, or which man had suggested his diatribe against the sex; so we only joined in generally, with a grave shake of the head, and a soft murmur of "They are very incomprehensible, certainly!"

"Now, only think," said she. "There, I have undergone the risk of having one of my remaining teeth drawn (for one is terribly at the mercy of any surgeon-dentist; and I, for one, always speak them fair till I have got my mouth out of their clutches), and, after all, Mr. Hoggins is too much of a man to own that he was robbed last night."

"Not robbed!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Don't tell me!" Miss Pole exclaimed, angry that we could be for a moment imposed upon. "I believe he was robbed, just as Betty told me, and he is ashamed to own it; and, to be sure, it was very silly of him to be robbed just at his own door; I daresay he feels that such a thing won't raise him in the eyes of Cranford society, and is anxious to conceal it — but he need not have tried to impose upon me, by saying I must have heard an exaggerated account of some petty theft of a neck of mutton, which, it seems, was stolen out of the safe in his yard last week; he had the impertinence to add, he believed that that was taken by the

cat. I have no doubt, if I could get at the bottom of it, it was that Irishman dressed up in woman's clothes, who came spying about my house, with the story about the starving children."

After we had duly condemned the want of candor which Mr. Hoggins had evinced, and abused men in general, taking him for the representative and type, we got round to the subject about which we had been talking when Miss Pole came in; namely, how far, in the present disturbed state of the country, we could venture



SHE BORROWED A BOY FROM ONE OF THE NEIGHBORING COTTAGES

to accept an invitation which Miss Matty had just received from Mrs. Forrester, to come as usual and keep the anniversary of her wedding-day by drinking tea with her at five o'clock, and playing a quiet pool afterwards. Mrs. Forrester had said that she asked us with some diffidence, because the roads were, she feared, very unsafe. But she suggested that perhaps one of us would not object to take the sedan, and that the others, by walking briskly, might keep up with the long trot of the chairmen, and so we might all arrive safely at Over Place, a suburb of the town. (No; that is too large an expression: a small cluster of houses separated from Cranford by about two hundred



yards of a dark and lonely lane.) There was no doubt but that a similar note was awaiting Miss Pole at home; so her call was a very fortunate affair, as it enabled us to consult together. . . . We would all much rather have declined this invitation; but we felt that it would not be quite kind to Mrs. Forrester, who would otherwise be left to a solitary retrospect of her not very happy or fortunate life. Miss Matty and Miss Pole had been visitors on this occasion for many years, and now they gallantly determined to nail their colors to the mast, and to go through Darkness Lane rather than fail in loyalty to their friend.

But when the evening came, Miss Matty (for it was she who was voted into the chair, as she had a cold), before being shut down in the sedan, like jack-in-a-box, implored the chairmen, whatever might befall, not to run away and leave her fastened up there, to be murdered; and even after they had promised, I saw her tighten her features into the stern determination of a martyr, and she gave me a melancholy and ominous shake of the head through the glass. However, we got there safely, only rather out of breath, for it was who could trot hardest through Darkness Lane, and I am afraid poor Miss Matty was sadly jolted.

Mrs. Forrester had made extra preparations, in acknowledgment of our exertion in coming to see her through such dangers. The usual forms of genteel ignorance as to what her servants might send up were all gone through; and Harmony and Preference seemed likely to be the order of the evening, but for an interesting conversation that began I don't know how, but which had relation, of course, to the robbers who infested the neighborhood of Cranford.

Having braved the dangers of Darkness Lane, and thus having a little stock of reputation for courage to fall back upon; and also, I daresay, desirous of proving ourselves superior to men (*videlicet* Mr. Hoggins) in the article of candor, we began to relate our individual fears and the private precautions we each of us took. I owned that my pet apprehension was eyes — eyes looking at me, and watching me, glittering out from some dull, flat, wooden surface; and that if I dared to go up to my looking-glass when I was panic-stricken, I should certainly

turn it round, with its back towards me, for fear of seeing eyes behind me looking out of the darkness. I saw Miss Matty nerving herself up for a confession; and at last out it came. She owned that, ever since she had been a girl, she had dreaded being caught by her last leg, just as she was getting into bed, by some one concealed under it. She said, when she was younger and more active, she used to take a flying leap from a distance, and so bring both her legs up safely into bed at once; but that this had always annoyed Deborah, who piqued herself upon getting into bed gracefully, and she had given it up in consequence. But now the old terror would often come over her, especially since Miss Pole's house had been attacked (we had got quite to believe in the fact of the attack having taken place), and yet it was very unpleasant to think of looking under a bed, and seeing a man concealed, with a great, fierce face staring out at you; so she had be-thought herself of something — perhaps I had noticed that she had told Martha to buy her a penny ball, such as children play with — and now she rolled this ball under the bed every night: if it came out on the other side, well and good; if not, she always took care to have her hand on the bell-rope, and meant to call out John and Harry, just as if she expected men-servants to answer her ring.

We all applauded this ingenious contrivance, and Miss Matty sank back into satisfied silence, with a look at Mrs. Forrester as if to ask for *her* private weakness.

Mrs. Forrester looked askance at Miss Pole, and tried to change the subject a little by telling us that she had borrowed a boy from one of the neighboring cottages and promised his parents a hundredweight of coals at Christmas, and his supper every evening, for the loan of him at nights. She had instructed him in his possible duties when he first came; and, finding him sensible, she had given him the Major's sword (the Major was her late husband), and desired him to put it very carefully behind his pillow at night, turning the edge towards the head of the pillow. He was a sharp lad, she was sure; for, spying out the Major's cocked hat, he had said, if he might have that to wear, he was sure he could frighten two Englishmen, or four Frenchmen, any day. But she had impressed



pon him anew that he was to lose no time in putting on hats or anything else; but, if he heard any noise, he was to run at it with his drawn sword. On my suggesting that some accident might occur from such slaughterous and indiscriminate directions, and that he might perish on Jenny getting up to wash, and have omitted her before he had discovered that she was not a Frenchman, Mrs. Forrester said she did not think that that was likely, for he was a very sound sleeper, and generally had to be well shaken or cold-pigged in a morning before they could rouse him. She sometimes thought such dead sleep must be owing to the hearty suppers the poor lad ate, for he was half-starved at home, and she told Jenny to see that he got a good meal at night.

Still this was no confession of Mrs. Forrester's peculiar timidity, and we urged her to tell us what she thought would frighten her more than anything. She paused, and stirred the fire, and snuffed the candles, and then she said, in a sounding whisper —

“Ghosts!”

She looked at Miss Pole, as much as to say, he had declared it, and would stand by it. Such a look was a challenge in itself. Miss Pole came down upon her with indigestion, spectral illusions, optical delusions, and a great deal out of Dr. Ferrier and Dr. Hibbert besides. Miss Matty had rather a leaning to ghosts, as I have mentioned before, and what little she did say was all on Mrs. Forrester's side, who, emboldened by sympathy, protested that ghosts were a part of her religion; that surely she, the widow of a major in the army, knew what to be frightened at, and what not; in short, I never saw Mrs. Forrester so warm either before or since, for she was a gentle, meek, enduring old lady in most things. Not all the elder-wine that ever was mulled could this night wash out the remembrance of this difference between Miss Pole and her hostess. Indeed, when the elder-wine was brought in, it gave rise to a new burst of discussion; for Jenny, the little maiden who staggered under the tray, had to give evidence of having seen a ghost with her own eyes, not so many nights ago, in Darkness Lane, the very lane we were to go through on our way home.

In spite of the uncomfortable feeling which

this last consideration gave me, I could not help being amused at Jenny's position, which was exceedingly like that of a witness being examined and cross-examined by two counsel who are not at all scrupulous about asking leading questions. The conclusion I arrived at was, that Jenny had certainly seen something beyond what a fit of indigestion would have caused. A lady all in white, and without her head, was what she deposed and adhered to, supported by a consciousness of the secret sympathy of her mistress under the withering



A SMOTHERED VOICE WAS HEARD FROM THE INSIDE OF THE CHAIR

scorn with which Miss Pole regarded her. And not only she, but many others, had seen this headless lady, who sat by the roadside wringing her hands as in deep grief. Mrs. Forrester looked at us from time to time with an air of conscious triumph; but then she had not to pass through Darkness Lane before she could bury herself beneath her own familiar bed-clothes.

We preserved a discreet silence as to the headless lady while we were putting on our things to go home, for there was no knowing how near the ghostly head and ears might be, or what spiritual connection they might be keeping up with the unhappy body in Darkness Lane; and, therefore, even Miss Pole felt that

it was as well not to speak lightly on such subjects, for fear of vexing or insulting that weebegone trunk. At least, so I conjecture; for, instead of the busy clatter usual in the operation, we tried on our cloaks as sadly as mutes at a funeral. Miss Matty drew the curtains round the windows of the chair to shut out disagreeable sights, and the men (either because they were in spirits that their labors were so nearly ended, or because they were going down hill), set off at such a round and merry pace, that it was all Miss Pole and I could do to keep up with them. She had breath for nothing beyond an imploring "Don't leave me!" uttered as she clutched my arm so tightly that I could not have quitted her, ghost or no ghost.

What a relief it was when the men, weary of their burden and their quick trot, stopped just where Headingley Causeway

pence more to go on very fast; pray don't stop here."

"And I'll give you a shilling," said Miss Pole, with tremulous dignity, "if you'll go by Headingley Causeway."

The two men grunted acquiescence and took up the chair, and went along the causeway, which certainly answered Miss Pole's kind purpose of saving Miss Matty's bones; for it was covered with soft, thick mud, and even a fall there would have been easy till the getting-up came, when there might have been some difficulty in extrication.



#### AN ADVENTURE BEFORE BREAKFAST

[This story is taken from *The Boy Hunters of the Mississippi*, by Captain Mayne Reid. It tells one the adventures that befell three brothers who were on a hunting trip together away back in the days before the Civil War, when game was common in the lands west of the Mississippi River. The list of Captain Reid's books for young people is a long one. They are full of interesting incidents and exciting adventures.]

THEY had plenty of meat for their breakfast, though — such as it was — and came nigh paying dearly enough for it.

The three brothers slept lying along the ground within a few feet of one another. Their tent was gone, and, of course, they were in the open air. They were under a large spreading tree, and, wrapped in their blankets, had been sleeping soundly through the night. Day was just beginning to break, when something touched François on the forehead. It was a cold, clammy object; and, pressing upon his hot skin, woke him at once. He started as if a pin had been thrust into him; and the cry which he uttered awoke also his companions. Was it a snake that had touched him? François thought so at the moment, and continued to think so while he was rubbing his eyes open. When



IT WAS ALL MISS POLE AND I COULD DO TO KEEP UP

branches off from Darkness Lane! Miss Pole unloosed me and caught at one of the men —

"Could not you — could not you take Miss Matty round by Headingley Causeway? — the pavement in Darkness Lane jolts so, and she is not very strong."

A smothered voice was heard from the inside of the chair —

"Oh! pray go on! What is the matter? What is the matter? I will give you six-

this feat was accomplished, however, he caught a glimpse of some object running off, that could not be a snake.

"What do you think it was?" inquired Basil and Lucien, in the same breath.

"A wolf, I think," replied François. "It was his cold nose I felt. See! yonder it goes. See — see — there are two of them!"

François pointed in the direction in which the two animals were seen to run. Basil and Lucien looked, and saw them as well. They were about the size of wolves, but appeared to be quite black, and not like wolves at all. What could they be? They had suddenly passed into a darker aisle among the trees, and the boys had only caught a glimpse of them as they went in. They could still distinguish their two bodies in the shade, but nothing more. What could they be? Perhaps javalies? This thought, no doubt, occurred to the brothers, because of their late adventure with these animals.

"They are too large, and run too clumsily, for javalies," said Lucien.

"Bears?" suggested François.

"No, no; they are not large enough for bears."

All three were puzzled.

They had risen upon their hands and knees, disencumbered themselves of their blankets, and each had grasped his gun, which they always kept close by them when asleep.

They remained in this position, straining their eyes up the gloomy alley after the two black objects that had stopped about fifty yards distant. All at once the form of a man rose up before them, and directly in front of the animals. Instead of retreating from the latter, as the boys expected, the upright figure stood still. To their further astonishment, the two animals ran up to it, and appeared to leap against it, as if making an attack upon it! But this could not be — since the figure did not move from its place, as one would have done who had been attacked. On the contrary, after a while, it stooped down, and appeared to be caressing them!

"A man and two dogs," whispered François; "perhaps an Indian!"

"It may be a man," returned Lucien, also speaking in a whisper. "I know not what

else it could be; but those *are no dogs*, or *I never saw such*."

This Lucien uttered with emphasis and in a serious tone, that caused the brothers to draw closer to each other.

During all this time Marengo stood by, restrained by them from rushing forward. The dog had not awaked until the first cry of François roused him. He was wearied with the long gallop of the preceding days; and, like his masters, had been sleeping soundly. As all started almost simultaneously, a word from Basil had kept him in — for to this he had been well trained — and without a signal from him he was not used to attack any creature, not even his natural enemies. He therefore stood still, looking steadily in the same direction as they, and at intervals uttering a low growl that was almost inaudible. There was a fierceness about it, however, that showed he did not regard the strange objects as friends. Perhaps he knew what they were better than any of the party.

The three mysterious creatures still remained near the same spot, and about fifty yards from the boys. They did not remain motionless, though. The two smaller ones ran over the ground — now separating from the upright figure and then returning again, and appearing to caress it as before. The latter now and then stooped, as if to receive their caresses, and — when they were not by — as though it was gathering something from the ground. It would then rise into an upright position, and remain motionless as before. All their manœuvres were performed in perfect silence.

There was something mysterious — awe-inspiring in these movements; and our young hunters observed them, not without feelings of terror. They were both puzzled and awed. They scarcely knew what course to adopt. They talked in whispers, giving their counsels to each other. Should they creep to their horses, mount, and ride off? That would be of no use; for if what they saw was an Indian, there were, no doubt, others near; and they could easily track and overtake them. They felt certain that the strange creatures knew they were there — for indeed their horses, some thirty yards off, could be plainly heard stamping the ground and cropping the grass. Moreover,

one of the two animals had touched and smelt François; so there could be no mistake about *it* being aware of their presence. It would be idle, therefore, to attempt getting off unawares. What then? Should they climb into a tree? That, thought they, would be of just as little use; and they gave up the idea. They resolved, at length, to remain where they were, until they should either be assailed by their mysterious neighbors, or the clearer light might enable them to make out who and what these were.

As it grew clearer, however, their awe was not diminished; for they now saw that the upright figure had two thick strong-looking arms, which it held out horizontally, manœuvring with them in a singular manner. Its color, too, appeared reddish, while that of the small animals was deep black! Had they been in the forests of Africa, or *South* instead of *North* America, they would have taken the larger figure for that of a gigantic ape. As it was, they knew it could not be that.

The light suddenly became brighter — a cloud having passed off the eastern sky. Objects could be seen more distinctly, and then the mystery, that had so long held the young hunters in torturing suspense, was solved. The large animal reared up and stood with its side towards them; and its long-pointed snout, its short erect ears, its thick body and shaggy coat of hair, showed that it was no Indian nor human creature of any sort, but a *huge bear standing upright on its hams*.

"A she-bear and her cubs!" exclaimed François; "but see!" he continued, "*she* is red, while the cubs are jet-black!"

Basil did not stop for any observation of that kind. He had sprung to his feet and levelled his rifle, the moment he saw what the animal was.

"For your life do not fire!" cried Lucien. "*It may be a grizzly bear!*"

His advice came too late. The crack of Basil's rifle was heard; and the bear, dropping upon all fours, danced over the ground shaking her head and snorting furiously. The light had deceived Basil; and instead of hitting her in the head as he had intended, his bullet glanced from her snout, doing her but little harm. Now, the snout of a bear is its most precious and tender organ, and a blow upon that will rouse even the most timid species of them to fury.

So it was with this one. She saw whence the shot came; and, as soon as she had given her head a few shakes, she came in a shuffling gallop towards the boys.

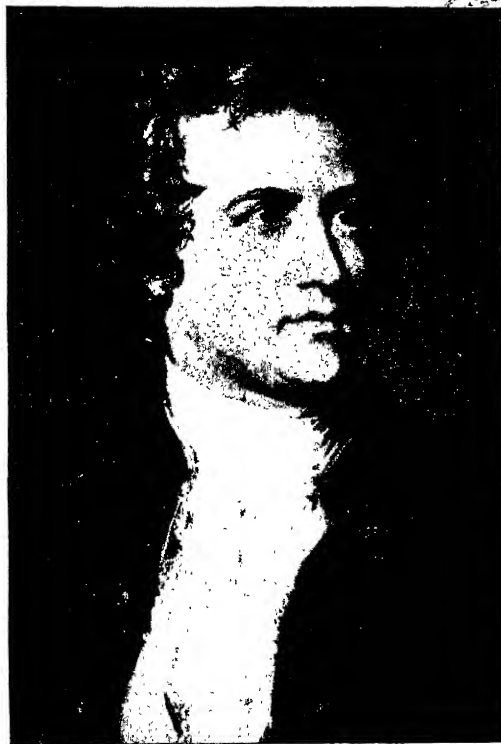
Basil now saw how rashly he had acted, but there was no time for expressing regrets. There was not even time for them to get to their horses. Before they could reach these and draw the pickets, the bear would overtake them. Some one of them would become a victim.

"Take to the trees!" shouted Lucien; "if it be a grizzly bear, she cannot climb."

As Lucien said this, he levelled his short rifle and fired at the advancing animal. The bullet seemed to strike her on the flank, as she turned with a growl and bit the part. This delayed her for a moment, and allowed Lucien time to swing himself to a tree. Basil had thrown away his rifle, not having time to reload. François, when he saw the great monster so near, dropped his gun without firing.

All three in their haste climbed separate trees. It was a grove of white oaks, as we have already stated; and these trees, unlike the pines, or magnolias, or cypress trees, have usually great limbs growing low down and spreading out horizontally. These limbs are often as many feet in length as the tree itself is in height.

It was upon these that they had climbed — Basil having taken to that one under which they had slept, and which was much larger than the others around. At the foot of this tree the bear stopped. The robes and blankets drew her attention for the moment. She tossed them over with her great paws, and then left them, and walked round the trunk, looking upward, at intervals uttering loud "sniffs," that sounded like the "scape" of a steam-pipe. By this time Basil had reached the third or fourth branch from the ground. He might have gone much higher; but, from what Lucien had suggested, he believed the animal to be a grizzly bear. Her color, which was of a fern or fulvous brown, confirmed him in that belief — as he knew that grizzly bears are met with of a great variety of colors. He had nothing to fear, then, even on the lowest branch, and he thought it was no use going higher. So he stopped and looked down. He had a good view of the animal below; and to his consternation he saw at a glance that it was *not* a grizzly, but a



MOLIERE, FRENCH DRAMATIST; CERVANTES, AUTHOR OF "DON QUIXOTE"; GOETHE AND SCHILLER, GERMANY'S GREATEST POETS

different species. Her shape, as well as general appearance, convinced him it was the "cinnamon" bear — a variety of the black, and one of the best tree-climbers of the kind. This was soon put beyond dispute, as Basil saw the animal throw her great paws around the trunk, and commence crawling upward!

It was a fearful moment. Lucien and François both leaped back to the ground, uttering shouts of warning and despair. François picked up his gun, and without hesitating a moment ran to the foot of the tree, and fired both barrels into the hips of the bear. The small shot hardly could have penetrated her thick shaggy hide. It only served to irritate her afresh, causing her to growl fiercely; and she paused for some moments, as if considering whether she would descend and punish the "enemy in the rear," or keep on after Basil. The rattling of the latter among the branches above decided her, and on she crawled upward.

Basil was almost as active among the branches of a tree as a squirrel or a monkey. When about sixty feet from the ground, he crawled out upon a long limb that grew horizontally. He chose this one, because he saw another growing above it, which he thought he might reach as soon as the bear followed him out upon the first; and by this means get back to the main trunk before the bear, and down to the ground again. After getting out upon the limb, however, he saw that he had miscalculated. The branch upon which he was, bending down under his weight, so widened the distance between it and the one above, that he could not reach the latter, even with the tips of his fingers. He turned to go back. To his horror, the bear was at the other end in the fork, and *preparing to follow him along the limb!*

He could not go back without meeting the fierce brute in the teeth. There was no branch below within his reach, and none above, and he was fifty feet from the ground. To leap down appeared the only alternative to escape the clutches of the bear, and that alternative was certain death!

The bear advanced along the limb. François and Lucien screamed below, loading their pieces as rapidly as they could; but they feared they would be too late.

It was a terrible situation; but it was in such

emergencies that the strong mind of Basil best displayed itself; and, instead of yielding to despair, he appeared cool and collected. His mind was busy examining every chance that offered.

All at once a thought struck him; and, obedient to its impulse, he called to his brothers below —

"A rope! a rope! Fling me a rope! Haste! for heaven's sake haste! a rope, or I am lost!"

Fortunately, there lay a rope under the tree. It was a rawhide lasso, used in packing Jeanette. It lay by the spot where they had slept.

Lucien dropped his half-loaded rifle, and sprang towards it, coiling it as he took it up. Lucien could throw a lasso almost as well as Basil himself; and that was equal to a Mexican "vaquero" or a "gaucho" of the Pampas. He ran nearly under the limb, twirled the lasso around his head, and launched it upwards.

Basil, to gain time, had crept out upon the limb as far as it would bear him, while his fierce pursuer followed after. The branch, under their united weight, bent downward like a bow. Fortunately, it was oak, and did not break.

Basil was astride, his face turned to the tree and towards his pursuer. The long snout of the latter was within three feet of his head, and he could feel her warm breath, as with open jaws she stretched forward, snorting fiercely.

At this moment the ring-end of the lasso struck the branch directly between them, passing a few feet over it. Before it could slip back again, and fall off, the young hunter had grasped it; and with the dexterity of a packer, double-knotted it around the limb. The next moment, and just as the great claws of the bear were stretched forth to clutch him, he slipped off the branch, and glided down the lasso.

The rope did not reach the ground by at least twenty feet! It was a short one, and part of it had been taken up in the hasty knotting. Lucien and François, in consternation, had observed this from below, as soon as it first hung down. They had observed it, and prepared themselves accordingly; so that, when Basil reached the end of the rope, he saw his brothers standing below, and holding a large buffalo-skin stretched out between them. Into this he dropped; and the next moment stood upon the ground unhurt.

And now came the moment of triumph.  
The tough limb, that had been held retent by  
Basil's weight, becoming so suddenly released,  
went upward with a jerk.

The unexpected violence of that jerk was too  
much for the bear. Her hold gave way; she  
was shot into the air several feet upwards, and  
falling with a dull heavy sound to the earth,  
lay for a moment motionless! She was only  
unwounded, however, and would soon have  
rugged up again to renew the attack; but,  
before she could regain her feet Basil had laid  
hold of François' half-loaded gun; and, hurriedly  
pouring down a handful of bullets,  
went forward and fired them into her head, killing  
her upon the spot!



## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!  
Take heed that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse;  
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the gerfalcon;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grizzly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail  
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning yet tender;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,

Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight?  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me, —  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen! —  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armèd hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
When the wind failed us;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,

'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,  
'Death without quarter!'  
Midships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to leeward:  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower  
Which to this very hour  
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes;  
Under that tower she lies;  
No'er shall the sun arise  
On such another.

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sunlight hateful!  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland! *skaal!*"  
Thus the tale ended.



## LIFE ON A WHALER

[Peter Lefroy, the hero of the story, and his two companions, Terence and Andrew, were shipwrecked on an iceberg, from which they were rescued by the captain of a whaling vessel. The following selection tells something of their life on board her. It is taken from *Peter the Whaler*, a famous old sea story written by J. H. G. Kingston, who was also the author of *From Powder Monkey to Admiral* and *Dick Diverly*.]

THE vessel, on board which we so happily found ourselves, was called "The Shetland Maid," her master, Captain John Rendall. She measured three hundred and fifty tons, was barque-rigged, and perfectly fitted as a whaler, being also strengthened by every means which science could devise, to enable her to resist the pressure of the ice to which such vessels must inevitably be exposed in their progress through the Arctic seas. She had forty-two souls on board, including officers, being some few short of her complement, as two fell sick in Orkney before leaving, and two were unhappily lost overboard in a furious gale she encountered soon after sailing.

Andrew, Terence, and I remained two days ashore under the doctor's care, and by the third had completely recovered our usual strength. Tom Stokes, who had suffered most, and was not naturally so strong, took a week before he came round.

As soon as we appeared on deck, the captain called us aft, and desired to know our adventures. Andrew was the spokesman; and the captain expressed himself much pleased with our messmate's mode of narrating them.

"Well, my men," he said, "I have lost some of my crew; and I suppose you'll have no objection to entering regularly for the voyage in their place. You'll share with the other able seamen eighteen pence for each ton of oil, you know, besides monthly wages."

We told him that we should be glad to enter, and would sign articles when he pleased; and that we would answer for Tom Stokes, that he would do the same.

Behold me at last, then, as I have styled myself, Peter the Whaler. We were now stand-

ing to the northward, and rapidly approaching the ice. Before, however, I proceed with an account of my adventures, I will describe the ship, and the peculiar arrangements made to fit her for the special service in which she was employed.

A whaler, in order to withstand the shock of the ice, is strengthened inside, both at the stem and stern, by stout timbers placed in various directions, and fastened securely together; while on the outside she is in parts covered with a double, and even a treble planking, besides other thick pieces, which serve to ward off the blows from the parts most likely to receive them. How little all the strengthening which the art and ingenuity of man can devise is of avail against the mighty power of the ice, I shall have hereafter to describe. The masts of a whaler are lower than in a common merchantman, and her sails are smaller, and cut in a different shape, the courses, or lower sails, decreasing towards the foot, so as to be worked with slight strength. Sometimes this is of importance, as when all the boats are away together in chase of whales, three or four men alone remain on board to take care of the ship.

A whale-ship, therefore, though she has great care and expense bestowed on her, has not, in port, the graceful and elegant appearance possessed by some other ships, bound to more genial climes. The crew do not sleep in hammocks, as on board men-of-war; but in berths, or standing bed-places, erected on the half-deck, forward. It is a dark retreat; and not scented with sweet odors, especially after a ship has begun to take in her cargo; but the weary seaman cares little where he lays his head, provided it is in a dry and warm place.

We next come to the boats; a very important part of the outfit. The bow and stern of a whale-boat are both sharp, rise considerably, and are nearly alike. It has great beam, or breadth, to prevent its being dragged, when towed by a whale, completely under the water. The keel is convex in the center to enable it to be turned more easily; and, for the same reason, it is steered by an oar instead of a rudder. The oar can also turn a boat, when she is at rest; and can scull her, in calm weather, up to a whale, without noise. A large-size boat is pulled by five oars, and one to steer; and a small

one, by four oars; the first being from twenty-six to twenty-eight feet long, and the last from twenty-three to twenty-four. A large one is five feet five inches in breadth; and a small one, five feet three inches.

The rowers include the harpooner and the line-manager. They are carver-built — that is, the planks are placed as in a ship. Boats, in general, are clinker-built — that is, the planks overlap each other; but, as they are difficult to repair, the other simpler method is employed. A ship generally carries seven boats — two or more large, and the rest small. They are suspended by cranes, or davits, in a row, outside the rigging, on either side of the ship, and another astern, so that they can be directly lowered into the water. A smart crew will man and lower a boat in the space of a minute, and be away in chase of a whale.

When we got on board, the boats' crews were busily employed in getting their respective boats and gear ready for action. Each boat had a harpooner, who pulled the bow oar — a steersman, next to him in rank, who steered — and a line-manager, who pulled the after, or stroke-oar; and, besides them, were two or three seamen, who pulled the other oars.

The first operation, after cleaning the boats, was, to get the lines spliced and coiled away; and when it is remembered, that each whale may be worth from five hundred to eight hundred pounds, and that, if the lines are in any way damaged, the fish may be lost, it will be acknowledged, that they have good reason to be careful. Each line is about one hundred and twenty fathoms long; so that, when the six lines, with which each boat is supplied, are spliced together, the united length is seven hundred and twenty fathoms, or four thousand three hundred and twenty feet.

A few fathoms of the line is left uncovered, with an eye at the end, in order to connect the lines of another boat to it; for sometimes, when a whale swims far, or dives deep, the lines of several boats are joined together. The rest of the line is neatly and carefully coiled away, in the stern of the boat.

As the crew of each boat accomplished the work of coiling away their lines, they gave three cheers, to which we all responded; so we had as much cheering as at a sailing match.

I must try to describe a harpoon, for the benefit of those who have never seen one. It is the whaler's especial weapon — the important instrument of his success. It consists of a "socket," "shank," and "mouth." The shank, which is made of the most pliable iron, is about two feet long; the socket is about six inches long, and swells from the shank to nearly two inches in diameter; and the mouth is of a barbed shape, each barb or wither being eight inches long and six broad, with a smaller barb reversed in the inside. The object of the barb, of course, is to prevent the harpoon being drawn out of the whale after it has been fixed.

The hand harpoon is projected by aid of a stock or handle of wood, seven feet in length, fixed in the socket. After the whale is struck, this handle falls out; but it is not lost, as it is secured to the line by a loop. The line, it must be remembered, is fastened to the iron part of the harpoon.

Each boat is furnished with two harpoons, eight lances, and some spare oars; a flag, with its staff, to serve as a signal; a "mik," as a rest for the harpoon, when ready for instant service; an axe, ready for cutting the line when necessary; a "pigging," a small bucket, for bailing out the boat; two boat-hooks, and many other things which I need scarcely name.

A most important contrivance belonging to a whaler is the crow's-nest, which I may describe as a sentry-box at the masthead. It is, perhaps, more like a deep tub, formed of laths and canvas, with a seat in it, and a movable screen, which traverses on an iron rod, so that it can instantly be brought round on the weather side. In the bottom is a trap-door, by which it is entered. Here the master takes up his post, to pilot his ship among the ice; and here, also, a look-out is kept when whales are expected to appear in the distance.

I must not forget to mention the means taken for preserving the cargo of blubber. This is done in casks, in which the blubber is placed after it has been cut up into very small portions. The casks are stowed in the hold, and some are placed between decks; and when there has been unusual success, so that there are not casks enough, the blubber is stowed away in bulk among them.

The mode of fishing, and the remainder of the

erations, will be described in the course of my narrative. In three more days we were all ready. The crow's-nest had been got up to the maintop-gallant-masthead; and in the afternoon we were ready, and eager to attack the first whale which should appear. In the evening the harpooners were invited down into the bin to receive their instructions for the season; and afterwards the steward served out a glass of grog to all hands, to drink, "a good voyage and a full ship."

I had fully expected to see whales in such numbers, that we should have nothing to do but chase and capture them; but in this I was disappointed, for not a whale did we meet; indeed, with the heavy sea then running, had we got hold of one, we could not have secured

It was, I ought to say, towards the end of April, and we were in hourly expectation of being passing along the ice through which, at that time of the year, it was expected a passage would easily be found to the northward.

It was night, and blowing very hard from the northwest. It was my watch on deck, and Mr. Todd, the first mate, was officer of the watch. We were standing on a bowline under our topsails, a sharp look-out being kept ahead for danger. O'Connor and I were together, leaning against the bulwarks and talking. Well, Terence," I said, "I would rather find myself homeward bound after all that has occurred, than to be running into a sea in which we shall all the time be obliged to be cruising among ice."

"Oh, I don't consider much of that," he answered; "it's only a summer cruise, you know; and when we get back, we shall have our pockets stuffed with gold, and be able to talk of all the wonders we have seen."

"I hope we may get back. I have no fancy to spend a winter on the ice," I said.

"There are pleasanter places to live in, no doubt, Peter; but people have lived not only one year, but several years running, in those regions, and have not been the worse for it," replied Terence.

Just then we were startled by the loud cry of breakers ahead." Mr. Todd in a moment saw what was to be done. "Wear ship," he exclaimed. "Up with the helm. Gafftopsail-

sheets let fly. Drop the peak. Square away the after yards."

While these and other orders were given and executed, in order to take the pressure of the wind off the after part of the ship, and to make her head turn from it, I glanced in the direction towards which we were running. A pale light seemed to be playing over it; and I could distinguish amid the foaming breakers huge masses of ice, dashing about and heaving one upon another, any one of which I thought would be sufficient to stove in the sides of the ship, if not to overwhelm her completely.

At the same time a loud, crashing, grinding noise was heard, sufficient to strike terror into



SHIP ALMOST STOPPED BY WHALES

the stoutest hearts. But it must be remembered, that we were all so busily engaged in flying here and there in the performance of our duty, that we had no time for fear. This is a great secret to enable men to go through dangers unappalled. Had we been compelled to stand inactive, our feelings might have been very different.

The ship wore slowly round; but still she seemed approaching the threatening mass. She plunged more violently than before amid the raging sea, and in another moment I felt certain, we must be among the upheaving masses. Just then her head seemed to turn from them; but a sea struck her on the quarter and came rolling on board; a tremendous blow was felt forward, another followed. Cries arose from some of the men that all was lost, and I expected to find the ship instantly dashed to pieces.

Our good captain rushed on deck. He cast one glance aloft and another at the ice. "She's clear, my lads," he shouted. The ship came round, and in another instant we were on the eastern or lee side of the floe, and gliding smoothly on in calm water through a broad passage, leading amid the main body of the polar ice.

Our ship made good progress, considering the impediments in her way, towards the fishing-grounds in the North, to which she was bound. Sometimes we had a clear sea; at other times we were sailing among patches of ice and icebergs, or through lanes penetrating into packs of many miles in extent, and from which it seemed impossible we should ever again be extricated. Our captain, or one of his mates, was always at this time in the crow's-nest, directing the course of the ship amid the dangers which surrounded her.

I shall not soon forget the first day of May, which I spent in the icy sea. It was as unlike May-day at home, as any day could well be, as far as the temperature went, though we were sailing through a sea tolerably free from ice.

"All play to-day, and no work, my boy; for we are going to have a visit from a king and queen," said an old whaler, David M'Gee, by name, as he gave me a slap on the shoulder, which would have warmed up my blood not a little, if anything could in that biting weather.

"He must be King Frost, then," I answered, laughing; "for we have plenty of his subjects around us, already."

"No; I mean a regular built king," said old M'Gee, winking at some of his chums standing around, who had made many a voyage before. "He boards every ship as comes into these parts, to ask them for tribute; and then he makes them

free of the country, and welcome to come back as often as they like."

"Thank him for nothing, for that same," I answered, determined not to be quizzed by them. "But don't suppose, David, I'm so jolly green as to believe what you're telling me; no offence to you, though."

"You'll see, youngster, that what I say is true, so look out for him," was old M'Gee's answer, as he turned on his heel.

I had observed, that, for a few days past, the old hands were busy about some work, which they kept concealed from the youngsters, or the green hands, to which class I belonged. Everything went on as usual till eight bells had been struck at noon; when an immense garland, formed of ribbons of all colors, bits of calico, bunting, and artificial flowers, or what were intended for them, was run up at the mizen-peak. On the top of the garlands was the model of a ship, full rigged, with sails set and colors flying. Scarcely had it gone aloft, when I was startled with a loud bellowing sound, which seemed to come from a piece of ice floating ahead of the ship.

"What's that?" I asked of old David, who persevered in keeping close to me all the morning. "Is that a walrus, blowing?" I thought it might be; for I could not make it out.

"A walrus! no; I should think not," he answered, in an indignant tone. "My lad, that's King Neptune's trumpeter, come to give notice, that the old boy's coming aboard us directly. I've heard him scores of times; so I'm not likely to be wrong."

The answer I gave my shipmates was not very polite. One never likes to be quizzed; and I, of course, thought he was quizzing me.

"You'll see, lad," he answered, giving me no gentle tap on the head, in return for my remark. "I'm not one to impose on a bright green youth like you."

Again the bellow was heard. "That's not a bit like the sound of a trumpet," I remarked.

"Not like your shore-going trumpets, may be," said old David, with a grin. "But, don't you know, youngster, the water gets into these trumpets, and makes them sound different."

A third bellow was followed by a loud hail, in a gruff voice, "What ship is that, ahoy?"

Old David ran forward, and answered,

The Shetland Maid, Captain Rendall, of ill."

"Heave to, while I come aboard, then; you've got some green hands among you, n pretty sure by the way your gafftop-sail unds."

"Aye, aye, your majesty. Down with the lm — back the maintop-sail," sang out old ived, with as much authority as if he was ptain of the ship.

His orders were not obeyed; for the gruff ice sung out, "Hold fast!" and a very rious group made their appearance over the ws, and stepped down on deck.

I was not left long in doubt as to whether or t there was anything supernatural about em. "There," exclaimed David, pointing th great satisfaction at them, "that big one, th the thing on his head which looks for all e world like a tin kettle, is King Neptune, d the thing is his helmet. T' other with the own and the necklace of spikes under her in, is Mrs. Neptune, his lawful wife, and the tle chap with the big razor, and shaving sh, is his wally de sham and trumpeter extra- dinary. He's plenty more people belong- g to him, but they have n't come aboard this ne."

Neptune's costume was certainly not what y father's school-books had taught me to pect his majesty to wear, and I had always posed his wife to be Amphitrite; but I ncluded that in those cold regions he found convenient to alter his dress, while it might e expected the seamen should make some ight mistake about names.

Neptune himself had very large whiskers; d a red nightcap showed under his helmet. n one hand he held a speaking trumpet, the other a trident surmounted by a red rring. A piece of canvas covered with bits colored cloth made him a superb cloak, d a flag wound round his waist served him as scarf. A huge pair of sea-boots encased his et, and a pair of sealskin trousers the upper art of his legs. Mrs. Neptune, to show her minine nature, had a frill round her face, canvas petticoat, what looked very much like pair of Flushing trousers round her neck, ith the legs brought in front to serve as a ppet. The valet had on a paper cocked hat,

a long pig-tail, and a pair of spectacles on a nose of unusual proportions.

"Come here, youngster, and make your bow to King Neptune," exclaimed David, seizing me; and with a number of other green hands I was dragged forward and obliged to bob my head several times to the deck before his marine majesty.

"Take 'em below. I'll speak to 'em when I wants 'em," said the king in his gruff voice. And forthwith we were hauled off together, and shut down in the cable tier.

One by one we were picked out, just as the Ogre "Fi, fo, fum" in the story book picked out his prisoners to eat them. There was a considerable noise of shouting, and laughing, and thumping on the decks, all of which I understood when it came to my turn.

After three others had disappeared, I was dragged out of our dark prison and brought into the presence of Neptune, who was seated on a throne composed of a coil of ropes, with his court, a very motley assemblage, arranged round him. In front of him his valet sat on a bucket with two assistants on either side, who, the moment that I appeared, jumped up and pinioned my arms, and made me sit down on another bucket in front of their chief.

"Now, young un, you have n't got a beard, but you may have one some day or other, so it's as well to begin to shave in time," exclaimed Neptune, nodding his head significantly to his valet.

The valet on this, jumping up, seized my head between his knees, and began in spite of my struggles, covering my face with tar. If I attempted to cry out, the tar-brush was instantly shoved into my mouth to the great amusement of all hands. When he had done what he called lathering my face, he began to scrape it unmercifully with his notched iron-hoop; and if I struggled, he would saw it backwards and forwards over my face.

When this process had continued for some time, Neptune offered me a box of his infallible ointment, to cure all the diseases of life. It was a lump of grease, and his valet seizing it rubbed my face all over with it. He then scrubbed me with a handful of oakum, which effectually took off the tar. Being now pronounced shaved and clean, to my great horror

Mrs. Neptune cried out in a voice so gruff, that one might have supposed she had attempted to swallow the best bower anchor, and that it had stuck in her throat, "Now, my pretty Master Green, let me give you a kiss, to welcome you to the Polar Seas. Don't be coy now, and run off."

This I was attempting to do, and with good reason, for Mrs. Neptune's cap-frill was stuck so full of iron spikes, that I should have had a good chance of having my eyes put out if she had succeeded in her intentions, so off I set, running round the deck, to the great amusement of the crew, with Mrs. Neptune after me. Luckily for me, she tripped up, and I was declared duly initiated as a North-sea whaler. The rest of my young shipmates had to undergo the same process; and as it was now my turn to look on and laugh, I thought it very good fun, and heartily joined in the shouts, to which the rest gave way.

I need scarcely say, that the representative of his marine majesty was no less a person than the red-whiskered cooper's mate, that his spouse was our boatswain, and the valet his mate. I had often heard of a similar ceremony being practised on crossing the line, but I had no idea that it was general on board all whale ships.

The fourth day of the month was a memorable one for me and the other green hands on board. The wind was from the westward, and we were sailing along to the eastward of a field of ice, about two miles distant, the water as smooth as in a harbor. Daylight had just broke, but the watch below were still in their berths. The sky was cloudy, though the lower atmosphere was clear; and Andrew, who was walking the deck with me, observed it was first-rate weather for fishing, if fish would but show themselves.

Not ten minutes after this, the first mate, who had gone aloft into the crow's-nest to take a lookout around, eagerly shouted, "A fish — a fish! See, she spouts!" and down on the deck he hurried with all dispatch.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the crews of two boats had jumped into them, and were lowering them down, with their harpoons, lances, and everything else ready, not forgetting some provisions, for it was im-

possible to say how long they might be away. The chief mate jumped into one, and the second harpooner into the other, in which my friend, Andrew, went as a line-manager.

Away they pulled. I looked over the side and saw the whale, a mile off, floating, thoughtless of danger, on the surface of the ocean, and spouting out a fountain of water high into the air. I fancied that I could even hear the deep "roust" he made as he respired the air, without which he cannot exist any more than animals of the land or air. Every one on deck follows the boats with eager eyes. The boat makes a circuit, so as to approach the monster in the rear; for if he sees them, he will be off far down into the ocean, and may not rise for a long distance away. With rapid strokes they pull on, but as noiselessly as possible. The headmost boat is within ten fathoms of the fish — I am sure it will be ours. The harpooner stands up in the bows with harpoon in hand. Suddenly, with tail in air, down dives the monster; and the faces of all around me assume an expression of black disappointment. It must be remembered, that as all on board benefit by every fish which is caught, all are interested in the capture of one.

"It's a loose fall, after all," said old David who was near. "I thought so. I should n't be surprised if we went home with a clean ship, after all."

However, the boats did not return. Mr. Todd was not a man to lose a chance. Far too experienced ever to take his eye off a fish, while it is in sight, he marks the way she headed, and is off after her to the eastward. With his strong arm he bends to the oar, and urges his men to put forth all their strength, till the boat seems truly to fly over the water. On they steadily pull, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left, for nearly half an hour. Were it not for the ice, their toil would be useless; but the boat-steerer looks out, and points eagerly ahead.

On they pull. Then, on a sudden, appears the mighty monster. She has risen to the surface to breathe, a "fair start" from the boat. The harpooner stands up, with his unerring weapon in his hand: when was it ever known to miss its aim? A few strong and steady strokes, and the boat is close to the whale. The harpoon

is launched from his hand, and sinks deep into the oily flesh.

The boat is enveloped in a cloud of spray — the whole sea around is one mass of foam. Has the monster struck her, and hurled her gallant crew to destruction? No: drawn rapidly along, her broad bow plowing up the sea, the boat is seen to emerge from the mist, with a jack flying, as a signal that she is fast; while the mighty fish is diving far below it, in a vain effort to escape.

Now arose, from the mouth of every seaman on deck, the joyful cry of "A fall, a fall!" at the same time that every one jumped and stamped on deck, to arouse the sleepers below to hasten to the assistance of their comrades. We all then rushed to the boat-falls. Never, apparently, were a set of men in such a desperate hurry. Had the ship been sinking, or even about to blow up, we could scarcely have made more haste.

The moment the fast boat displayed her jack, up went the jack on board the ship, at the nizen-peak, to show that assistance was coming. Away pulled the five boats, as fast as we could lay back to our oars. The whale had lived to an immense depth, and the second boat had fastened her line to that of the first, and had, consequently, now become the fast-boat; but her progress was not so rapid but that we had every prospect of overtaking her. To retard the progress of the whale, and to weary it as much as possible, the line had been passed round the "bollard," a piece of timber near the stern of the boat. We knew that the first boat wanted more line, by seeing an oar elevated and then a second, when the second boat pulled rapidly up to her. The language of signs, for such work, is very necessary, and every whaler comprehends them.

We now came up, and arranged ourselves on either side of the fast-boat, a little ahead, and at some distance, so as to be ready to pull in directly the whale should reappear at the surface. Away we all went, every nerve strained to the utmost — excitement and eagerness on every countenance — the water bubbling and hissing round the bows of the boats, as we clove our way onward.

"Hurrah, boys! see, she rises!" was the general shout. Up came the whale, more suddenly

than we expected. A general dash was made at her by all the boats. "Stern, for your lives; 'stern all," cried some of the most experienced harpooners. "See, she 's in a flurry."

First, the monster flapped the water violently with its fins; then its tail was elevated aloft, lashing the ocean around into a mass of foam. This was not its death-flurry; for, gaining strength before any more harpoons or lances could be struck into it, away it went again, heading towards the ice. Its course was now clearly discerned, by a small whirling eddy, which showed that it was at no great distance under the surface; while, in its wake, was seen a thin line of oil and blood, which had exuded from its wound.

Wearied, however, by its exertions, and its former deep dive, it was again obliged to come to the surface, to breathe. Again the eager boats dashed in, almost running on its back; and from every side it was plied with lances, while another harpoon was dashed deeply into it, to make it doubly secure. Our boat was the most incautious; for we were right over the tail of the whale. The chief harpooner warned us — "Back, my lads; back of all," he shouted out, his own boat pulling away. "Now she 's in her death-flurry truly."

The words were not out of his mouth, when I saw our harpooner leap from the boat, and swim, as fast as he could, towards one of the others. I was thinking of following his example, knowing he had good reasons for it; for I had seen the fins of the animal flap furiously, and which had warned him, when a violent blow, which I fancied must have not only dashed the boat to pieces, but have broken every bone in our bodies, was struck on the keel of the boat.

Up flew the boat in the air, some six or eight feet at least, with the remaining crew in her. Then, down we came, one flying on one side, one on the other, but none of us hurt even, all spluttering and striking out together; while the boat came down keel uppermost, not much the worse either. Fortunately, we all got clear of the furious blows the monster continued dealing with its tail.

"Never saw a whale in such a flurry," said old David, into whose boat I was taken. For upwards of two minutes the flurry continued, we all the while looking on, and no one daring



to approach it; at the same time, a spout of blood and mucus and oil ascended into the air from its blow-holes, and sprinkled us all over.

"Hurrah! my lads; she spouts blood," we shouted out to each other, though we all saw and felt it plain enough. There was a last lash of that tail, now faint, and scarce rising above the water, but which, a few minutes ago, would have sent every boat round it flying into splinters. Then all was quiet. The mighty mass, now almost inanimate, turned slowly round upon its side and then it floated belly-up, and dead.

Our triumph was complete. Loud shouts rent the air. "Hurrah, my lads, hurrah; we've killed our first fish well," shouted the excited chief mate, who had likewise had the honor of being the first to strike the first fish. "She's above eleven feet if she's an inch (speaking of the length of the longest lamina of whale-bone); she'll prove a good prize, that she will." He was right; I believe that one fish filled forty-seven butts with blubber: enough, in days of yore, I have heard, to have repaid the whole expense of the voyage.

Our ship was some way to leeward; and as the wind was light, she could not work up to us, so we had to tow the prize down to her. Our first operation was to free it from the lines. This was done by first lashing the tail, by means of holes cut through it, to the bows of a boat; and then two boats swept round it, each with the end of a line, the centre of which was allowed to sink under the fish. As the lines hung down perpendicularly, they were thus brought up and cut as close as possible down to the harpoons, which were left sticking in the back of the fish. Meantime the men of the other boats were engaged in lashing the fins together across the belly of the whale. This being done, we all formed in line, towing the fish by the tail; and never have I heard, or given, a more joyous shout than ours as we pulled cheerily away, at the rate of a mile an hour, towards the ship with our first fish.



## A SKATING RACE IN HOLLAND

[This account of a skating race is taken from *Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates*, by Mary Mapes Dodge, who was known to boys and girls all over the United States as the editor of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. *Hans Brinker* is an excellent book, for it not only tells an interesting story but gives a very good idea of the way boys and girls live in Holland, which is such a different country from ours. Mrs. Dodge wrote some other books, too, which are worth reading, such as *The Irvington Stories*, *A Few Friends and How They Amused Themselves*, *Theophilus and Others*, and *Donald and Dorothy*.]

THE Twentieth of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal, and river; but the ice flashed defiance and showed no sign of melting. The very weather-cocks stood still to enjoy the sight. This gave the windmills a holiday. Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly; now, being rather out of breath, they rocked lazily in the clear, still air. Catch a windmill working when the weathercocks have nothing to do!

There was an end to grinding, crushing, and sawing for that day. It was a good thing for the millers near Broek. Long before noon they concluded to take in their sails, and go to the race. Everybody would be there — already the north side of the frozen Y was bordered with eager spectators; the news of the great skating match had travelled far and wide. Men, women, and children in holiday attire were flocking toward the spot. Some wore furs, and wintry cloaks or shawls; but many, consulting their feelings rather than the almanac, were dressed as for an October day.

The site selected for the race was a faultless plain of ice near Amsterdam, on that great arm of the Zuider Zee which Dutchmen of course must call — the Eye. The townspeople turned out in large numbers. Strangers in the city deemed it a fine chance to see what was to be seen. Many a peasant from the northward had wisely chosen the Twentieth as the day for the next city-trading. It seemed that



everybody, young and old, who had wheels, skates, or feet at command, had hastened to the scene.

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians, fresh from the Boulevards; Amsterdam children in charity uniforms; girls from the Roman Catholic orphan house, in sable gowns and white headbands; boys from the Burgher Asylum, with their black tights and short-skirted, harlequin coats.<sup>1</sup> There were old-fashioned gentlemen in cocked hats and velvet knee breeches; old-fashioned ladies, too, in stiff, quilted skirts and bodices of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot-stoves and cloaks. There were the peasant folk arrayed in every possible Dutch costume. Shy young rustics in brazen buckles; simple village maidens concealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold; women whose long, narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery; women with short, corkscrew curls hanging over their foreheads; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps, and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets. Men in leather, in homespun, in velvet and broadcloth; burghers in model European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers, and steeple-crowned hats.

There were beautiful Friesland girls in wooden shoes and coarse petticoats, with solid gold crescents encircling their heads, finished at each temple with a golden rosette, and hung with lace a century old. Some wore necklaces, pendants, and ear-rings of the purest gold. Many were content with gilt or even with brass, but it is not an uncommon thing for a Friesland woman to have all the family treasure in her headgear. More than one rustic lass displayed the value of two thousand guilders upon her head that day.

Scattered throughout the crowd were peasants from the Island of Marken, with sabots, black stockings, and the widest of breeches; also women from Marken with short blue petticoats, and black jackets, gaily figured in front. They wore red sleeves, white aprons, and a cap like a bishop's mitre over their golden hair.

The children often were as quaint and odd-

looking as their elders. In short, one-third of the crowd seemed to have stepped bodily from a collection of Dutch paintings.

Everywhere could be seen tall women, and stumpy men, lively-faced girls, and youths whose expression never changed from sunrise to sunset.

There seemed to be at least one specimen from every known town in Holland. There were Utrecht water-bearers, Gouda cheese-makers, Delft pottery-men, Schiedam distillers, Amsterdam diamond-cutters, Rotterdam merchants, dried-up herring-packers, and two sleepy-eyed shepherds from Texel. Every man of them had his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Some carried what might be called the smoker's complete outfit — a pipe, tobacco, a pricker with which to clean the tube, a silver net for protecting the bowl, and a box of the strongest of brimstone matches.

A true Dutchman, you must remember, is rarely without his pipe on any possible occasion. He may for a moment neglect to breathe, but when the pipe is forgotten, he must be dying indeed. There were no such sad cases here. Wreaths of smoke were rising from every possible quarter. The more fantastic the smoke wreath, the more placid and solemn the smoker.

Look at those boys and girls on stilts! That is a good idea. They can see over the heads of the tallest. It is strange to see those little bodies high in the air, carried about on mysterious legs. They have such a resolute look on their round faces, what wonder that nervous old gentlemen, with tender feet, wince and tremble while the long-legged little monsters stride past them.

You will read in certain books that the Dutch are a quiet people — so they are generally — but listen; did ever you hear such a din? All made up of human voices — no, the horses are helping somewhat, and the fiddles are squeaking pitifully (how it must pain fiddles to be tuned!), but the mass of the sound comes from the great *vox humana* that belongs to a crowd.

That queer little dwarf going about with a heavy basket, winding in and out among the people, helps not a little. You can hear his

<sup>1</sup> This is not said in derision. Both the girls and boys of this institution wear garments quartered in red and black alternately. By making the dress thus conspicuous, the children are, in a measure, deterred from wrong-doing while going about the city. The Burgher Orphan Asylum affords a comfortable home to several hundred boys and girls. Holland is famous for its charitable institutions.

shrill cry above all the other sounds, "Pypen en tabac! Pypen en tabac!"

Another, his big brother, though evidently some years younger, is selling doughnuts and bonbons. He is calling on all pretty children far and near to come quickly or the cakes will be gone.

You know quite a number among the spectators. High up in yonder pavilion, erected upon the border of the ice, are some persons whom you have seen very lately. In the centre is Madame van Gleck. It is her birthday, you remember; she has the post of honor. There is Mynheer van Gleck, whose meerschau has not really grown fast to his lips — it only appears so. There are grandfather and grandmother whom you met at the St. Nicholas *fête*. All the children are with them. It is so mild they have brought even the baby. The poor little creature is swaddled very much after the manner of an Egyptian mummy, but it can crow with delight, and when the band is playing, open and shut its animated mittens in perfect time to the music.

Grandfather, with his pipe and spectacles and fur cap, makes quite a picture as he holds baby upon his knee. Perched high upon their canopied platforms, the party can see all that is going on. No wonder the ladies look complacently at the glassy ice; with a stove for a footstool one might sit cozily beside the North Pole.

There is a gentleman with them who somewhat resembles St. Nicholas as he appeared to the young Van Glecks on the fifth of December. But the saint had a flowing white beard; and this face is as smooth as a pipkin. His saintship was larger around the body, too, and (between ourselves) he had a pair of thimbles in his mouth, which this gentleman certainly has not. It cannot be St. Nicholas after all.

Near by, in the next pavilion, sit the Van Holps with their son and daughter (the Van Gends) from the Hague. Peter's sister is not one to forget her promises. She has brought bouquets of exquisite hot-house flowers for the winners.

These pavilions, and there are others beside, have all been erected since daylight. That semicircular one, containing Mynheer Korbes' family, is very pretty, and proves that the

Hollanders are quite skilled at tent-making, but I like the Van Glecks' best — the centre one — striped red and white, and hung with evergreens.

The one with the blue flags contains the musicians. Those pagoda-like affairs, decked with sea-shells and streamers of every possible hue, are the judges' stands, and those columns and flag-staffs upon the ice mark the limit of the race-course. The two white columns twined with green, connected at the top by that long, floating strip of drapery, form the starting-point. Those flag-staffs, half a mile off, stand at each end of the boundary line, cut sufficiently deep to be distinct to the skaters, though not enough so to trip them when they turn to come back to the starting-point.

The air is so clear it seems scarcely possible that the columns and flag-staffs are so far apart. Of course the judges' stands are but little nearer together.

Half a mile on the ice, when the atmosphere is like this, is but a short distance after all, especially when fenced with a living chain of spectators.

The music has commenced. How melody seems to enjoy itself in the open air! The fiddles have forgotten their agony, and everything is harmonious. Until you look at the blue tent it seems that the music springs from the sunshine, it is so boundless, so joyous. Only when you see the staid-faced musicians you realize the truth.

Where are the racers? All assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight. Forty boys and girls in picturesque attire darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering in the fullness of youthful glee.

A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps; others halting on one leg, with flushed, eager faces, suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, give it an examining shake, and dart off again. One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them, and every runner seems bewitched.

Holland is the place for skaters after all. Where else can nearly every boy and girl perform feats on the ice that would attract a



#### THE SKI RUNNER

The ski runner has reached the limit of his morning run on the ridges of the Wetterstein Range. Miles of sport lie between him and home.

crowd if seen in any park? Look at Ben! I did not see him before. He is really astonishing the natives; no easy thing to do in the Netherlands. Save your strength, Ben, you will need it soon. Now other boys are trying! Ben is surpassed already. Such jumping, such poising, such spinning, such india-rubber exploits generally! That boy with a red cap is the lion now; his back is a watchspring, his body is cork — no, it is iron, or it would snap at that! He's a bird, a top, a rabbit, a corkscrew, a sprite, a flesh-ball, all in an instant. When you think he's erect he is down; and when you think he is down he is up. He drops his glove on the ice and turns a somersault as he picks it up. Without stopping, he snatches the cap from Jacob Poot's astonished head and claps it back again, "hind side before." Lookers-on hurrah and laugh. Foolish boy! It is Arctic weather under your feet, but more than temperate overhead. Big drops already are rolling down your forehead. Superb skater as you are, you may lose the race.

A French traveller standing with a note-book in his hand, sees our English friend, Ben, buy a doughnut of the dwarf's brother, and eat it. Thereupon he writes in his note-book that the Dutch take enormous mouthfuls, and universally are fond of potatoes boiled in molasses.

There are some familiar faces near the white columns. Lambert, Ludwig, Peter, and Carl are all there, cool and in good skating order. Hans is not far off. Evidently he is going to join in the race, for his skates are on — the very pair that he sold for seven guilders! He had soon suspected that his fairy godmother was the mysterious "friend" who bought them. This settled, he had boldly charged her with the deed, and she, knowing well that all her little savings had been spent in the purchase, had not had the face to deny it. Through the fairy godmother, too, he had been rendered amply able to buy them back again. Therefore Hans is to be in the race. Carl is more indignant than ever about it, but as three other peasant boys have entered, Hans is not alone.

Twenty boys and twenty girls. The latter by this time are standing in front, braced for the start, for they are to have the first "run." Hilda, Rychie, and Katrinka are among them

— two or three bend hastily to give a last pull at their skate-straps. It is pretty to see the stamp, to be sure that all is firm. Hilda speaking pleasantly to a graceful little creature in a red jacket and a new brown petticoat. Why, it is Gretel! What a difference those pretty shoes make, and the skirt, and the new cap. Annie Bouman is there too. Even Janzoo Kolp's sister has been admitted — but Janzoo himself has been voted out by the directors because he killed the stork, and only last summer was caught in the act of robbing a bird's nest, a legal offence in Holland.

This Janzoo Kolp, you see, was — there I cannot tell the story just now. The race is about to commence.

Twenty girls are formed in a line. The music has ceased.

A man, whom we shall call the crier, stands between the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice:

"The girls and boys are to race in turn until one girl and one boy has beaten twice. They are to start in a line from the united columns — skate to the flag-staff line, turn, and then come back to the starting-point, thus making a mile at each run."

A flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame van Gleck rises in her pavilion. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark! They are off!

No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand.

The signal is repeated.

Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go!

The multitude is quiet for an instant, absorbed in eager, breathless watching.

Cheers spring up along the line of spectators. Huzza! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot fitting near it, and a dash of yellow nearer still. Spectators at this end of the line strain their eyes and wish they had taken their post nearer the flag-staff.



THE LITTLE DUTCH GIRL



The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see! Katrinka is ahead!

She passes the Van Holp pavilion. The next is Madame van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She too waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion. The crowd is cheering, but she hears only her father's voice, "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick merry laugh, shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is gaining now. She passes them all, all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air; the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"Gretel Brinker — one mile!" shouts the crier.

The judges nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand.

While the girls are resting — some crowding eagerly around our frightened little Gretel, some standing aside in high disdain — the boys form in a line.

Mynheer van Gleck drops the handkerchief this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast!

The boys have started.

Half-way already! Did ever you see the like!

Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys. No matter, there were hundreds of legs I am sure! Where are they now? There is such a noise one gets bewildered. What are the people laughing at? Oh, at that fat boy in the rear. See him go! See him! He'll be down in an instant — no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone; the other boys are nearly at the boundary line. Yes, he knows it. He stops! He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap and looks about him. Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty, astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot!

The fine fellow is already among the spectators gazing as eagerly as the rest.

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to" and turn at the flag-staffs.

Something black is coming now, one of the boys — it is all we know. He has touched the *vox humana* stop of the crowd, it fairly roars. Now they come nearer — we can see the red cap. There's Ben — there's Peter — there's Hans!

Hans is ahead! Young Madame van Gend almost crushes the flowers in her hand; she had been quite sure that Peter would be first. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap, he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans. Madame van Gend catches her breath.

It is Peter! He is ahead! Hans shoots past him. Hilda's eyes fill with tears, Peter *must* beat. Annie's eyes flash proudly. Gretel gazes with clasped hands — four strokes more will take her brother to the columns.

He is there! Yes, but so was young Schummel just a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them and passed the goal.

"Carl Schummel! one mile!" shouts the crier.

Soon Madame van Gleck rises again. The falling handkerchief starts the bugle; and the bugle, using its voice as a bow-string, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight, but one has not long to look; before we can fairly distinguish them they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another; it is hard to say as they come speeding back from the flag-staff which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost — eager, glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there, and Hilda, but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering, but when Rychie passes her, she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance, she is almost "home." She has not faltered since that bugle note sent her flying; like an arrow still she is speeding toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the air. Peter is silent but his eyes shine like stars. "Huzza! Huzza!"

The crier's voice is heard again.

"Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"

A loud murmur of approval runs through the

crowd, catching the music in its course, till all seems one sound, with a glad rhythmic throbbing in its depths. When the flag waves all is still.

Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind — dark chaff I admit, and in big pieces.

It is whisked around at the flag-staff, driven faster yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance this time, and all abreast. Hans, Peter, and Lambert. Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff!

Fly Hans, fly Peter, don't let Carl beat again. Carl the bitter, Carl the insolent. Van Mounen is flagging, but you are strong as ever. Hans and Peter, Peter and Hans; which is foremost? We love them both. We scarcely care which is the fleetest.

Hilda, Annie, and Gretel, seated upon the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet — so different, and yet one in eagerness. Hilda instantly reseats herself; none shall know how interested she is, none shall know how anxious, how filled with one hope. Shut your eyes then, Hilda — hide your face rippling with joy. Peter has beaten.

"Peter van Holp, one mile!" calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object near the column. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt, though somewhat stunned. If he were less sullen he would find more sympathy in these warm young hearts. As it is they forget him as soon as he is fairly on his feet again.

The girls are to skate their third mile.

How resolute the little maidens look as they stand in a line! Some are solemn with a sense of responsibility, some wear a smile half bashful, half provoked, but one air of determination pervades them all.

This third mile may decide the race. Still if neither Gretel nor Hilda win, there is yet a chance among the rest for the Silver Skates.

Each girl feels sure that this time she will accomplish the distance in one half the time. How they stamp to try their runners, how nervously they examine each strap — how

erect they stand at last, every eye upon Madame van Gleck!

The bugle thrills through them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last.

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the eager straining of eyes — again the shouts and cheering, again the thrill of excitement as, after a few moments, four or five, in advance of the rest, come speeding back, nearer, nearer to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrinka, Annie, nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow — but Gretel — Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the earlier race, *now* she is in earnest, or rather something within her has determined to win. That lithe little form makes no effort; but it cannot stop — not until the goal is passed!

In vain the crier lifts his voice — he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell — it is already ringing through the crowd. *Gretel has won the Silver Skates!*

Like a bird she has flown over the ice, like a bird she looks about her in a timid, startled way. She longs to dart to the sheltered nook where her father and mother stand. But Hans is beside her — the girls are crowding round. Hilda's kind, joyous voice breathes in her ear. From that hour, none will despise her. Goose-girl or not, Gretel stands acknowledged Queen of the Skaters!

With natural pride Hans turns to see if Peter van Holp is witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter is not looking toward them at all. He is kneeling, bending his troubled face low, and working hastily at his skate-strap. Hans is beside him at once.

"Are you in trouble, mynheer?"

"Ah, Hans! that you? Yes, my fun is over. I tried to tighten my strap — to make a new hole — and this botheration of a knife has cut it nearly in two."

"Mynheer," said Hans, at the same time pulling off one of his skates — "you must use my strap!"

"Not I, indeed, Hans Brinker," cried Peter, looking up, "though I thank you warmly. Go to your post, my friend, the bugle will sound in a minute."



"Mynheer," pleaded Hans in a husky voice. "You have called me your friend. Take this trap — quick! There is not an instant to lose. I shall not skate this time — indeed I am out of practice. Mynheer, you *must* take it," — and Hans, blind and deaf to any remonstrance, slipped his strap into Peter's skate and implored him to put it on.

"Come, Peter!" cried Lambert, from the line, "we are waiting for you."

"For madame's sake," pleaded Hans, "be quick. She is motioning to you to join the racers. There, the skate is almost on; quick, mynheer, fasten it. I could not possibly win. The race lies between Master Schummel and yourself."

"You are a noble fellow, Hans!" cried Peter, yielding at last. He sprang to his post just as the white handkerchief fell to the ground. The bugle sends forth its blast, loud, clear, and ringing.

Off go the boys!

"See them!" cries a tough old fellow from Delft. "They beat everything, these Amsterdam youngsters."

See them, indeed! They are winged Mercuries every one of them. What mad errand are they on? Ah, I know; they are hunting Peter van Holp. He is some fleet-footed runaway from Olympus. Mercury and his troop of winged cousins are in full chase. They will catch him! Now Carl is the runaway — the pursuit grows furious — Ben is foremost!

The chase turns in a cloud of mist. It is coming this way. Who is hunted now? Mercury himself. It is Peter, Peter van Holp; fly Peter — Hans is watching you. He is sending all his fleetness, all his strength into your feet. Your mother and sister are pale with eagerness. Hilda is trembling and dare not look up. Fly, Peter! the crowd has not gone deranged, it is only cheering. The pursuers are close upon you! Touch the white column! It beckons — it is reeling before you — it —

Huzza! Huzza! Peter has won the Silver Skates!

"Peter van Holp!" shouted the crier. But who heard him? "Peter van Holp!" shouted a hundred voices, for he was the favorite boy of the place. Huzza! Huzza!

Now the music was resolved to be heard.

It struck up a lively air, then a tremendous march. The spectators, thinking something new was about to happen, deigned to listen and to look.

The racers formed in single file. Peter, being tallest, stood first. Gretel, the smallest of all, took her place at the end. Hans, who had borrowed a strap from the cake-boy, was near the head.

Three gaily twined arches were placed at intervals upon the river facing the Van Gleck pavilion.

Skating slowly, and in perfect time to the music, the boys and girls moved forward, led on by Peter. It was a beautiful sight to see the bright procession glide along like a living creature. It curved and doubled, and drew its graceful length in and out among the arches — whichever way Peter the head went, the body was sure to follow. Sometimes it steered direct for the centre arch, then, as if seized with a new impulse, turned away and curled itself about the first one; then unwound slowly and bending low, with quick, snakelike curvings, crossed the river, passing at length through the furthest arch.

When the music was slow, the procession seemed to crawl like a thing afraid; it grew livelier, and the creature darted forward with a spring, gliding rapidly among the arches, in and out, curling, twisting, turning, never losing form until, at the shrill call of the bugle rising above the music, it suddenly resolved itself into boys and girls standing in double semicircle before Madame van Gleck's pavilion.

Peter and Gretel stand in the centre in advance of the others. Madame van Gleck rises majestically. Gretel trembles, but feels that she must look at the beautiful lady. She cannot hear what is said, there is such a buzzing all around her. She is thinking that she ought to try and make a courtesy, such as her mother makes to the meester, when suddenly something so dazzling is placed in her hand that she gives a cry of joy.

Then she ventures to look about her. Peter, too, has something in his hands — "Oh! oh! how splendid!" she cries, and "Oh! how splendid!" is echoed as far as people can see.

Meantime the silver skates flash in the sun-

shine, throwing dashes of light upon those two happy faces.

Mevrouw van Gend sends a little messenger with her bouquets. One for Hilda, one for Carl, and others for Peter and Gretel.

At sight of the flowers the Queen of the Skaters becomes uncontrollable. With a bright stare of gratitude she gathers skates and bouquet in her apron — hugs them to her bosom, and darts off to search for her father and mother in the scattering crowd.



### THE RESCUE OF LORNA DOONE

[Lorna Doone is the orphan daughter of a robber chieftain in the time of King James II. After the death of her grandfather, who had taken care of her, she is left in the robbers' stronghold quite unprotected and at the mercy of Carver Doone, her cousin, who is bound to marry her against her will. This selection tells how her lover, John Ridd, the strongest man in the county of Devonshire, rescues her from what would have been a wretched fate.

*Lorna Doone*, the story, written by R. D. Blackmore, is one of those books that young folks read with pleasure and then re-read with equal pleasure when they have grown up into men and women.]

WHEN I started on my road across the hills and valleys (which now were pretty much alike), the utmost I could hope to do was to gain the crest of hills, and look into the Doone Glen. Hence I might at least descry whether Lorna still was safe, by the six nests still remaining, and the view of the Captain's house. When I was come to the open country, far beyond the sheltered homestead, and in the full brunt of the wind, the keen blast of the cold broke on me, and the mighty breadth of snow. Moor and highland, field and common, cliff and vale, and watercourse, over all the rolling folds of misty white were hovering. There was nothing square or jagged left, there was nothing perpendicular; all the rugged

lines were eased, and all the breaches smoothly filled. Curves, and mounds, and rounded heavings took the place of rock and stump; and all the country looked as if a woman's hand had been on it.

Through the sparkling breadth of white, which seemed to glance my eyes away, and past the humps of laden trees, bowing their backs like a woodman, I contrived to get along, half sliding and half walking, in places where a plain-shodden man must have sunk, and waited freezing, till the thaw should come to him. For although there had been such violent frost, every night, upon the snow, the snow itself, having never thawed, even for an hour, had never coated over. Hence it was as soft and light, as if all had fallen yesterday. In places where no drift had been, but rather off than on to them, three feet was the least of depth: but where the wind had chased it round, or any draught led like a funnel, or anything opposed it, there you might very safely say that it ran up to twenty feet, or thirty, or even fifty, and I believe sometimes a hundred.

At last I got to my spy-hill (as I had begun to call it), although I never should have known it, but for what it looked on. And even to know this last again required all the eyes of love, soever sharp and vigilant. For all the beautiful Glen Doone (shaped from out the mountains, as if on purpose for the Doones, and looking in the summer-time like a sharp-cut vase of green) now was besnowed half up the sides, and at either end so, that it was more like the white basins wherein we boil plum-pudding. Not a patch of grass was there, not a black branch of a tree; all was white; and the little river flowed beneath an arch of snow; if it managed to flow at all.

Now this was a great surprise to me; not only because I believed Glen Doone to be a place outside all frost, but also because I thought perhaps that it was quite impossible to be cold near Lorna. And now it struck me all at once that perhaps her ewer was frozen (as mine had been for the last three weeks, requiring embers around it), and perhaps her window would not shut, any more than mine would; and perhaps she wanted blankets. This idea worked me up to such a chill of sympathy, and seeing no Doones now about, and doubting if any guns

uld go off, in this state of the weather, and owing that no man could catch me up (except in shoes like mine), I even resolved to slide down the cliffs, and bravely go to Lorna.

It helped me much in this resolve, that the snow came on again, thick enough to blind a man who had not spent his time among it, as I had done now for days and days. Therefore I took my neatsfoot oil, which now was clogged with the honey, and rubbed it hard into my leg-irons, so far as I could reach them. And then I set my back and elbows well against a snow-drift, hanging far down the cliff, and saying to myself the Lord's Prayer, threw myself on my face. Before there was time to think or dream, I landed very beautifully upon a ridge of run-up snow in a quiet corner. My good boots, or boots, preserved me from going far beneath it; though one of them was sadly ruined, where a grub had gnawed the ash, in the early summer-time. Having set myself right, and being in good spirits, I made boldly across the valley (where the snow was furrowed and hard), being now afraid of nobody.

If Lorna had looked out of the window, she could not have known me, with those boots upon my feet, and a well-cleaned sheepskin over me, bearing my own (J. R.) in red, just between my shoulders, but covered now in snow-flakes. The house was partly drifted up, though not so much as ours was; and I crossed the little stream almost without knowing that there was under me. At first, being pretty safe against interference from the other huts, by virtue of the blinding snow, and the difficulty of walking, I examined all the windows; but these were coated so with ice, like ferns and flowers and dazzling stars, that no one could so much as guess what might be inside of them. Moreover I was afraid of prying narrowly into them, as it was not a proper thing where a maiden might be: only I wanted to know just this, whether she were there, or not.

Taking nothing by this movement, I was forced, much against my will, to venture to the door and knock, in a hesitating manner, not being sure but what my answer might be the mouth of a carbine. However it was not so, for I heard a pattering of feet and a whispering going on, and then a thrill voice through the keyhole, asking, "Who's there?"

"Only me, John Ridd," I answered; upon which I heard a little laughter, and a little sobbing, or something that was like it; and then the door was opened about a couple of inches, with a bar behind it still; and then the little voice went on, —

"Put thy finger in, young man, with the old ring on it. But mind thee, if it be the wrong one, thou shalt never draw it back again."

Laughing at Gwenny's mighty threat, I showed my finger in the opening: upon which she let me in, and barred the door again like lightning.

"What is the meaning of all this, Gwenny?" I asked, as I slipped about on the floor, for I could not stand there firmly with my great snow-shoes on.

"Maning enough, and bad maning too," the Cornish girl made answer. "Us be shut in here, and starving, and durst n't let anybody in upon us. I wish thou wer't good to ate, young man: I could manage most of thee."

I was so frightened by her eyes, full of wolfish hunger, that I could only say, "Good God!" having never seen the like before. Then drew I forth a large piece of bread, which I had brought in case of accidents, and placed it in her hands. She leaped at it, as a starving dog leaps at sight of his supper, and she set her teeth in it, and then withheld it from her lips, with something very like an oath at her own vile greediness; and then away round the corner with it, no doubt for her young mistress. I meanwhile was occupied, to the best of my ability, in taking my snow-shoes off, yet wondering much within myself, why Lorna did not come to me.

But presently I knew the cause; for Gwenny called me, and I ran, and found my darling quite unable to say so much as, "John, how are you?" Between the hunger, and the cold, and the excitement of my coming, she had fainted away, and lay back on a chair, as white as the snow around us. In betwixt her delicate lips, Gwenny was thrusting with all her strength the hard brown crust of the rye-bread, which she had snatched from me so.

"Get water, or get snow," I said; "don't you know what fainting is, you very stupid child?"

"Never heered on it, in Carnwall," she an-

swered, trusting still to the bread: "be un the same as bleeding?"

"It will be directly, if you go on squeezing away with that crust so. Eat a piece: I have got some more. Leave my darling now to me."

Hearing that I had some more, the starving girl could resist no longer, but tore it in two, and had swallowed half, before I had coaxed my Lorna back to sense. and hope, and joy, and love.

"I never expected to see you again. I had made up my mind to die, John; and to die without your knowing it."

As I repelled this fearful thought in a manner highly fortifying, the tender hue flowed back again into her famished cheeks and lips, and a softer brilliance glistened from the depth of her dark eyes. She gave me one little shrunken hand, and I could not help a tear for it.

"After all, Mistress Lorna," I said, pretending to be gay, for a smile might do her good; "you do not love me as Gwenny does; for she even wanted to eat me."

"And shall, afore I have done, young man," Gwenny answered laughing; "you come in here with they red chakes, and make us think o' sirloin."

"Eat up your bit of brown bread, Gwenny. It is not good enough for your mistress. Bless her heart, I have something here such as she never tasted the like of, being in such appetite. Look here, Lorna; smell it first. I have had it ever since Twelfth-day, and kept it all the time for you. Annie made it. That is enough to warrant it good cooking."

And then I showed my great mince-pie in a bag of tissue paper, and I told them how the mince-meat was made of golden pippins finely shred, with the undercut of the sirloin, and spice and fruit accordingly and far beyond my knowledge. But Lorna would not touch a morsel, until she had thanked God for it, and given me the kindest kiss, and put a piece in Gwenny's mouth.

I have eaten many things myself, with very great enjoyment, and keen perception of their merits, and some thanks to God for them. But I never did enjoy a thing, that had found its way between my own lips, half or even a quarter as much as I now enjoyed beholding Lorna, sitting proudly upwards (to show that

she was faint no more) entering into that mince-pie, and moving all her pearls of teeth (inside her little mouth-place) exactly as I told her. For I was afraid lest she should be too fast in going through it, and cause herself more damage so, than she got of nourishment. But I had no need to fear at all, and Lorna could not help laughing at me, for thinking that she had no self-control.

Some creatures require a deal of food (I myself among the number), and some can do with a very little; making, no doubt, the best of it. And I have often noticed, that the plump-est and most perfect women never eat so hard, and fast, as the skinny and three-cornered ones. These last be often ashamed of it, and eat most when the men be absent. Hence it came to pass that Lorna, being the loveliest of all maidens, had as much as she could do to finish her own half of pie; whereas Gwenny Carfax (though generous more than greedy) ate up hers without winking, after finishing the brown loaf; and then I begged to know the meaning of this state of things.

"The meaning is sad enough," said Lorna; "and I see no way out of it. We are both to be starved until I let them do what they like with me."

"That is to say, until you choose to marry Carver Doone, and be slowly killed by him."

"Slowly! No, John, quickly. I hate him with such bitterness, that less than a week would kill me."

"Not a doubt of that," said Gwenny: "oh, she hates him nicely, then: but not half so much as I do."

I told them both that this state of things could be endured no longer; on which point they agreed with me, but saw no means to help it. For if even Lorna could make up her mind to come away with me, and live at Plover's Barrows farm, under my good mother's care, as I had urged so often, behold the snow was all around us, heaped as high as mountains, and how could any delicate maiden ever get across it?

Then I spoke, with a strange tingle upon both sides of my heart, knowing that this undertaking was a serious one for all, and might burn our farm down, —

"If I warrant to take you safe and without

much fright or hardship, Lorna, will you come with me?"

"To be sure I will, dear," said my beauty with a smile, and a glance to follow it; "I have small alternative, to starve, or go with you, John."

"Gweny, have you courage for it? Will you come with your young mistress?"

"Will I stay behind?" cried Gweny, in a voice that settled it. And so we began to arrange about it; and I was much excited. It was useless now to leave it longer: if it could be done at all, it could not be too quickly done. It was the Counsellor who had ordered, after all other schemes had failed, that his niece should have no food until she would obey him. He had strictly watched the house, taking turns with Carver, to insure that none came nigh it bearing food or comfort. But this evening, they had thought it needless to remain on guard; and it would have been impossible, because themselves were busy, offering high festival to all the valley, in right of their own commandership. And Gweny said that nothing made her so nearly mad with appetite as the account she received, from a woman, of all the dishes preparing. Nevertheless she had answered bravely, —

"Go and tell the Counsellor, and go and tell the Carver, who sent you to spy upon us, that we shall have a finer dish than any set before them." And so in truth they did, although so little dreaming it; for no Doone that was ever born, however much of a Carver, might vie with our Annie for mince-meat.

Now while we sat, reflecting much, and talking a good deal more, in spite of all the cold, — for I never was in a hurry to go, when I had Lorna with me, — she said, in her silvery voice, which always led me so along, as if I were slave to a beautiful bell, —

"Now, John, we are wasting time, dear. You have praised my hair, till it curls with pride, and my eyes till you cannot see them, even if they are brown diamonds, which I have heard for the fiftieth time at least; though I never saw such a jewel. Don't you think that it is high time to put on your snow-shoes, John?"

"Certainly not," I answered, "till we have settled something more. I was so cold when I

came in; and now I am as warm as a cricket. And so are you, you lively soul; though you are not upon my hearth yet."

"Remember, John," said Lorna, nestling for a moment to me; "the severity of the weather makes a great difference between us. And you must never take advantage."

"I quite understand all that, dear. And the harder it freezes the better, while that understanding continues. Now do try to be serious."

"I try to be serious! And I have been trying fifty times, and could not bring you to it, John! Although I am sure the situation, as the Counsellor always says, at the beginning of a speech, the situation, to say the least, is serious enough for anything. Come, Gweny, imitate him."

Gweny was famed for her imitation of the Counsellor making a speech; and she began to shake her hair, and mount upon a footstool; but I really could not have this, though ever Lorna ordered it. The truth was that my darling maiden was in such wild spirits, at seeing me so unexpected, and at the prospect of release, and of what she had never known, quiet life, and happiness, that like all warm and loving natures, she could scarce control herself.

"Come to this frozen window, John, and see them light the stack-fire. They will little know who looks at them. Now be very good, John. You stay in that corner, dear, and I will stand on this side; and try to breathe yourself a peep-hole through the lovely spears and banners. Oh, you don't know how to do it. I must do it for you. Breathe three times, like that, and that; and then you rub it with your fingers, before it has time to freeze again."

All this she did so beautifully, with her lips put up like cherries, and her fingers bent half back, as only girls can bend them, and her little waist thrown out against the white of the snowed-up window, that I made her do it three times over; and I stopped her every time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer. Now I knew that all her love was mine, every bit as much as mine was hers; yet I must have her to show it, dwelling upon every proof, lengthening out all certainty. Perhaps the jealous heart is loth to own a life worth twice its own. Be that as it may, I know that we thawed the window nicely.

And then I saw, far down the stream (or rather down the bed of it, for there was no stream visible), a little form of fire rising, red, and dark, and flickering. Presently it caught on something, and went upward boldly; and then it struck into many forks, and then it fell, and rose again.

"Do you know what all that is, John?" asked Lorna, smiling cleverly at the manner of my staring.

"How on earth should I know? Papists burn Protestants in the flesh; and Protestants burn Papists in effigy, as we mock them. Lorna, are they going to burn anyone to-night?"

"No, you dear. I must rid you of these things. I see that you are bigoted. The Doones are firing Dunkery beacon, to celebrate their new captain."

"But how could they bring it here, through the snow? If they have sledges, I can do nothing."

"They brought it before the snow began. The moment poor grandfather was gone, even before his funeral, the young men, having none to check them, began at once upon it. They had always borne a grudge against it: not that it ever did them harm; but because it seemed so insolent. 'Can't a gentleman go home, without a smoke behind him?' I have often heard them saying. And though they have done it no great harm, since they threw the firemen on the fire, many, many years ago, they have often promised to bring it here for their candle; and now they have done it. Ah, now look! The tar is kindled."

Though Lorna took it so in joke, I looked upon it very gravely, knowing that this heavy outrage to the feelings of the neighborhood would cause more stir than a hundred sheep stolen, or a score of houses sacked. Not of course that the beacon was of the smallest use to any one, neither stopped anybody from stealing: nay, rather it was like the parish-knell, which begins when all is over, and depresses all the survivors; yet I knew that we valued it, and were proud, and spoke of it as a mighty institution; and even more than that, our vestry had voted, within the last two years, seven shillings and sixpence to pay for it, in proportion with other parishes. And one of the men who attended to it, or at least who was

paid for doing so, was our Jem Slocombe's grandfather.

However, in spite of all my regrets, the fire went up very merrily, blazing red and white and yellow, as it leaped on different things. And the light danced on the snowdrifts with a misty lilac hue. I was astonished at its burning in such mighty depths of snow; but Gwenny said that the wicked men had been three days hard at work, clearing, as it were, a cock-pit for their fire to have its way. And now they had a mighty pile, which must have covered five landyards square, heaped up to a goodly height, and eager to take fire.

In this I saw great obstacle to what I wished to manage. For when this pyramid should be kindled thoroughly, and pouring light and blazes round, would not all the valley be like a white room full of candles? Thinking thus, I was half inclined to abide my time for another night; and then my second thoughts convinced me that I would be a fool in this. For lo, what an opportunity! All the Doones would be drunk of course, in about three hours' time, and getting more and more in drink, as the night went on. As for the fire, it must sink in about three hours or more, and only cast uncertain shadows friendly to my purpose. And then the outlaws must cower round it, as the cold increased on them, helping the weight of the liquor; and in their jollity any noise would be cheered as a false alarm. Most of all, and which decided once for all my action, — when these wild and reckless villains should be hot with ardent spirits, what was door, or wall, to stand betwixt them and my Lorna?

This thought quickened me so much that I touched my darling reverently, and told her in a few short words how I hoped to manage it.

"Sweetest, in two hours' time, I shall be again with you. Keep the bar up, and have Gwenny ready to answer any one. You are safe while they are dining, dear, and drinking healths, and all that stuff! and before they have done with that, I shall be again with you. Have everything you care to take in a very little compass; and Gwenny must have no baggage. I shall knock loud, and then wait a little; and then knock twice, very softly."

With this, I folded her in my arms; and she looked frightened at me; not having perceived

: danger: and then I told Gwenny over again at I had told her mistress: but she only added her head and said, "Young man, go and teach thy grandmother."

To my great delight, I found that the weather, though often friendly to lovers, and lately seeming hostile, had in the most important matter promised me a signal service. For when I had promised to take my love from the power of those wretches, the only way of escape apparent to me through the main Doonee-gate. For though I might climb the cliffs myself, especially with the snow to aid me, I durst not try to fetch Lorna up them, even if she were not half-paralyzed, as well as partly frozen; and as for Gwenny's door, as we called it (that is to say, the little entrance from the wooded hollow), it was snowed up long ago to the level of the hills around. Therefore I was at my wit's end, how to get them out; the passage by the Doonee-gate being long, and dark, and difficult, and leading to such a weary circuit among the lowly moors and hills.

But now, being homeward-bound by the nearest possible track, I slipped along between the bonfire and the boundary cliffs, where I found a caved way of snow behind a sort of valanche: so that if the Doones had been keeping watch (which they were not doing, but sleeping) they could scarcely have discovered me. And when I came to my old ascent, where I had often scaled the cliff and made across the mountains, it struck me that I would just have a look at my first and painful entrance, from wit, the water-side. I never for a moment imagined that this could help me now; for I never had dared to descend it, even in the finest weather; still I had a curiosity to know what my old friend was like, with so much snow upon him. But, to my very great surprise, there was scarcely any snow there at all, though plenty curling high overhead from the cliff, like bolsters over it. Probably the sweeping of the north-east wind up the narrow chasm had kept the showers from locking it, although the water had no power under the bitter grip of frost. All my water-slide was now less a slide than a path of ice; furrowed where the waters ran over fluted ridges; seamed where wind had tossed and combed them, even while congealing; and crossed with little steps wherever the freez-

ing torrent lingered. And here and there the ice was fibred with the trail of sludgeweed, slanting from the side, and matted, so as to make resting-place.

Lo, it was easy track and channel, as if for the very purpose made, down which I could guide my sledge, with Lorna sitting in it. There were only two things to be feared; one lest the rolls of snow above should fall in and bury us; the other lest we should rush too fast, and so be carried headlong into the black whirlpool at the bottom, the middle of which was still unfrozen, and looking more horrible by the contrast. Against this danger I made provision, by fixing a stout bar across; but of the other we must take our chance, and trust ourselves to Providence.

I hastened home at my utmost speed, and told my mother for God's sake to keep the house up till my return, and to have plenty of fire blazing, and plenty of water boiling, and food enough hot for a dozen people, and the best bed aired with the warming-pan. Dear mother smiled softly at my excitement, though her own was not much less, I am sure, and enhanced by sore anxiety. Then I gave very strict directions to Annie, and praised her a little, and kissed her; and I even endeavored to flatter Eliza, lest she should be disagreeable.

After this I took some brandy, both within and about me; the former, because I had sharp work to do; and the latter in fear of whatever might happen, in such great cold, to my comrades. Also I carried some other provisions, grieving much at their coldness; and then I went to the upper linnhay, and took our new light pony-sledd, which had been made almost as much for pleasure as for business; though God only knows how our girls could have found any pleasure in bumping along so. On the snow, however, it ran as sweetly as if it had been made for it; yet I durst not take the pony with it; in the first place, because his hoofs would break through the ever-shifting surface of the light and piling snow; and secondly, because those ponies, coming from the forest, have a dreadful trick of neighing, and most of all in frosty weather.

Therefore I girded my own body with a dozen turns of hayrope, twisting both the ends in under at the bottom of my breast, and winding

the hay on the skew a little, that the hempen thong might not slip between, and so cut me in the drawing. I put a good piece of spare rope in the sledd, and the cross-seat with the back to it, which was stuffed with our own wool, as well as two or three fur coats: and then just as I was starting, out came Annie, in spite of the cold, panting for fear of missing me, and with nothing on her head, but a lanthorn in one hand.

"Oh, John, here is the most wonderful thing! Mother has never shown it before; and I can't think how she could make up her mind. She had gotten it in a great well of a cupboard, with camphor, and spirits, and lavender. Lizzie says it is a most magnificent sealskin cloak, worth fifty pounds, or a farthing."

"At any rate it is soft and warm," said I, very calmly flinging it into the bottom of the sledd. "Tell mother I will put it over Lorna's feet."

"Lorna's feet! Oh, you great fool," cried Annie, for the first time reviling me: "over her shoulders; and be proud, you very stupid John."

"It is not good enough for her feet," I answered, with strong emphasis; "but don't tell mother I said so, Annie. Only thank her very kindly."

With that I drew my traces hard, and set my ashen staff into the snow, and struck out with my best foot foremost (the best one at snow-shoes, I mean), and the sledd came after me as lightly as a dob might follow; and Annie with the lanthorn seemed to be left behind and waiting, like a pretty lamp-post.

The full moon rose as bright behind me as a patin of pure silver, casting on the snow long shadows of the few things left above, burdened rock, and shaggy foreland, and the laboring trees.

In the great white desolation, distance was a mocking vision; hills looked nigh, and valleys far; when hills were far and valleys nigh. And the misty breath of frost, piercing through the ribs of rock, striking to the pith of trees, creeping to the heart of man, lay along the hollow places, like a serpent sloughing. Even as my own gaunt shadow (travestied as if I were the moonlight's daddy-longlegs) went before me down the slope; even I, the shadow's master, who had tried in vain to cough, when

coughing brought good liquorice, felt a pressure on my bosom, and a husking in my throat.

However, I went on quietly, and at a very tidy speed; being only too thankful that the snow had ceased, and no wind as yet arisen. And from the ring of low white vapor girding all the verge of sky, and from the rosy blue above, and the shafts of starlight set upon a quivering bow, as well as from the moon itself and the light behind it, having learned the signs of frost from its bitter twinges, I knew that we should have a night as keen as ever England felt. Nevertheless, I had work enough to keep me warm if I managed it. The question was, could I contrive to save my darling from it?

Daring not to risk my sledd by any fall from the valley-cliffs, I dragged it very carefully up the steep incline of ice, through the narrow chasm, and so to the very brink and verge where first I had seen my Lorna, in the fishing-days of boyhood. As then I had a trident fork, for sticking of the loaches, so now I had a strong ash stake, to lay across from rock to rock, and break the speed of descending. With this I moored the sledd quite safe, at the very lip of the chasm, where all was now substantial ice, green and black in the moonlight; and then I set off up the valley, skirting along one side of it.

The stack-fire still was burning strongly, but with more of heat than blaze; and many of the younger Doones were playing on the verge of it, the children making rings of fire, and their mothers watching them. All the grave and reverend warriors, having heard of rheumatism, were inside of log and stone, in the two lowest houses, with enough of candles burning to make our list of sheep come short.

All these I passed, without the smallest risk or difficulty, walking up the channel of drift which I spoke of once before. And then I crossed, with more of care, and to the door of Lorna's house, and made the sign, and listened, after taking my snow-shoes off.

But no one came, as I expected, neither could I espy a light. And I seemed to hear a faint low sound, like the moaning of the snow-wind. Then I knocked again more loudly, with a knocking at my heart; and receiving no answer, set all my power at once against the door. In a moment it flew inwards, and I glided along



the passage with my feet still slippery. There in Lorna's room I saw, by the moonlight flowing in, a sight which drove me beyond sense.

Lorna was behind a chair, crouching in the corner, with her hands up, and a crucifix, or something that looked like it. In the middle of the room lay Gwenny Carfax, stupid, yet with one hand clutching the ankle of a struggling man. Another man stood above my Lorna, trying to draw the chair away. In a moment I had him round the waist, and he went out of the window with a mighty crash of glass; luckily for him that window had no bars like some of them. Then I took the other man by the neck; and he could not plead for mercy. I bore him out of the house as lightly as I would bear a baby, yet squeezing his throat a little more than I fain would do to an infant. By the bright moonlight I saw that I carried Marwood de Whichehalse. For his father's sake I spared him, and because he had been my school fellow: but with every muscle of my body strung with indignation, I cast him, like a skittle, from me into a snowdrift, which closed over him. Then I looked for the other fellow, tossed through Lorna's window; and found him lying stunned and bleeding, neither able to groan yet. Charleworth Doone, if his gushing blood did not much mislead me.

It was no time to linger now: I fastened my shoes in a moment, and caught up my own darling with her head upon my shoulder, where she whispered faintly; and telling Gwenny to follow me, or else I would come back for her, if she could not walk the snow, I ran the whole distance to my sledd, caring not who might follow me. Then by the time I had set up Lorna, beautiful and smiling, with the sealskin cloak all over her, sturdy Gwenny came along, having trudged in the track of my snow-shoes, although with two bags on her back. I set her in beside her mistress, to support her, and keep warm; and then with one look back at the glen, which had been so long my home of heart, I hung behind the sledd, and launched it down the steep and dangerous way.

Though the cliffs were black above us, and the road unseen in front, and a great white grave of snow might at a single word come down, Lorna was as calm and happy as an infant in its bed. She knew that I was with her;

and when I told her not to speak, she touched my hand in silence. Gwenny was in a much greater fright, having never seen such a thing before, neither knowing what it is to yield to pure love's confidence. I could hardly keep her quiet, without making a noise myself. With my staff from rock to rock, and my weight thrown backward, I broke the sledd's too rapid way, and brought my grown love safely out, by the self-same road which first had led me to her girlish fancy, and my boyish slavery.

Unpursued, yet looking back as if some one must be after us, we skirted round the black whirling pool, and gained the meadows beyond it. Here there was hard collar work, the track being all uphill and rough; and Gwenny wanted to jump out, to lighten the sledd and to push behind. But I would not hear of it; because it was now so deadly cold, and I feared that Lorna might get frozen, without having Gwenny to keep her warm. And after all, it was the sweetest labor I had ever known in all my life, to be sure that I was pulling Lorna, and pulling her to our own farm-house.

Gwenny's nose was touched with frost, before we had gone much further, because she would not keep it quiet and snug beneath the sealskin. And here I had to stop in the moonlight (which was very dangerous) and rub it with a clove of snow, as Eliza had taught me; and Gwenny scolding all the time, as if myself had frozen it. Lorna was now so far oppressed with all the troubles of the evening, and the joy that followed them, as well as by the piercing cold and difficulty of breathing, that she lay quite motionless, like fairest wax in the moonlight—when we stole a glance at her, beneath the dark folds of the cloak; and I thought that she was falling into the heavy snow-sleep, whence there is no awaking.

Therefore I drew my traces tight, and set my whole strength to the business; and we slipped along at a merry pace, although with many joltings, which must have sent my darling out into the cold snow-drifts, but for the short strong arm of Gwenny. And so in about an hour's time, in spite of many hindrances, we came home to the old courtyard, and all the dogs saluted us. My heart was quivering, and my cheeks as hot as the Doones' bonfire, with wondering both what Lorna would think

of our farm-yard, and what my mother would think of her. Upon the former subject my anxiety was wasted, for Lorna neither saw a thing, nor even opened her heavy eyes. And as to what mother would think of her, she was certain not to think at all, until she had cried over her.

And so indeed it came to pass. Even at this length of time, I can hardly tell it, although so bright before my mind, because it moves my heart so. The sledd was at the open door, with only Lorna in it; for Gwenny Carfax had jumped out, and hung back in the clearing, giving any reason rather than the only true one — that she would not be intruding. At the door were all our people; first of course Betty Muxworthy, teaching me how to draw the sledd, as if she had been born in it, and flourishing with a great broom, wherever a speck of snow lay. Then dear Annie, and old Molly (who was very quiet, and counted almost for nobody), and behind them mother, looking as if she wanted to come first, but doubted how the manners lay. In the distance Lizzie stood, fearful of encouraging, but unable to keep out of it.

Betty was going to poke her broom right in under the sealskin cloak, where Lorna lay unconscious, and where her precious breath hung frozen, like a silver cobweb; but I caught up Betty's broom, and flung it clean away over the corn chamber; and then I put the others by, and fetched my mother forward.

"You shall see her first," I said; "is she not your daughter? Hold the light there, Annie."

Dear mother's hands were quick and trembling, as she opened the shining folds; and there she saw my Lorna sleeping, with her black hair all dishevelled, and she bent and kissed her forehead, and only said, "God bless her, John!" And then she was taken with violent weeping, and I was forced to hold her.

"Us may tich of her now, I rackon," said Betty in her most jealous way: "Annie, tak her by the head, and I'll tak her by the toesen. No taim to stand here like girt gawks. Don'ee tak on zo, missus. There be vainer vish in the zea — Lor, but her be a booty!"

With this, they carried her into the house, Betty chattering all the while, and going on now about Lorna's hands, and the others crowding round her, so that I thought I was not

wanted among so many women, and should only get the worst of it, and perhaps do harm to my darling. Therefore I went and brought Gwenny in, and gave her a potful of bacon and peas, and an iron spoon to eat it with, which she did right heartily.

Then I asked her how she could have been such a fool as to let those two vile fellows enter the house where Lorna was; and she accounted for it so naturally, that I could only blame myself. For my agreement had been to give one loud knock (if you happen to remember) and after that two little knocks. Well, these two drunken rogues had come; and one, being very drunk indeed, had given a great thump; and then nothing more to do with it; and the other, being three-quarters drunk, had followed his leader (as one might say) but feebly, and making two of it. Whereupon up jumped Lorna, and declared that her John was there.

All this Gwenny told me shortly, between the whiles of eating, and even while she licked the spoon: and then there came a message for me, that my love was sensible, and was seeking all around for me. Then I told Gwenny to hold her tongue (whatever she did, among us), and not to trust to women's words; and she told me they all were liars, as she had found out long ago; and the only thing to believe in was an honest man, when found. Thereupon I could have kissed her, as a sort of tribute, liking to be appreciated; yet the peas upon her lips made me think about it; and thought is fatal to action. So I went to see my dear.

That sight I shall not forget; till my dying head falls back, and my breast can lift no more. I know not whether I were then more blessed or harrowed by it. For in the settle was my Lorna, propped with pillows round her, and her clear hands spread sometimes to the blazing fire-place. In her eyes no knowledge was of anything around her, neither in her neck the sense of leaning towards anything. Only both her lovely hands were entreating something, to spare her or to love her; and the lines of supplication quivered in her sad white face.

"All go away except my mother," I said very quietly, but so that I would be obeyed; and everybody knew it. Then mother came to me alone; and she said, "The frost is in her brain:

## DOBBIN OF OURS

I have heard of this before, John." "Mother, I will have it out," was all that I could answer her; "leave her to me altogether: only you sit there and watch." For I felt that Lorna knew me, and no other soul but me; and that if not interfered with she would soon come home to me. Therefore I sat gently by her, leaving nature, as it were, to her own good time and will. And presently the glance that watched me began to flutter and to brighten, and to deepen into kindness, then to beam with trust and love, and then with gathering tears to falter, and in shame to turn away. But the small entreating hands found their way to my great protecting palms; and trembled and rested there.

For a little while we lingered thus, neither wishing to move away, neither caring to look beyond the presence of the other; both alike so full of hope, and comfort, and true happiness; if only the world would let us be. And then a little sob disturbed us, and mother tried to make believe that she was only coughing. But Lorna, guessing who she was, jumped up so very rashly that she almost set her frock on fire from the great ash-log; and away she ran to the old oak chair, where mother was by the clock-case pretending to be knitting, and she took the work from mother's hands, and laid them both upon her head, kneeling humbly, and looking up.

"God bless you, my fair mistress!" said mother, bending nearer, and then as Lorna's gaze prevailed, "God bless you, my sweet child!"

And so she went to mother's heart, by the very nearest road, even as she had come to mine; I mean the road of pity, smoothed by grace, and youth, and gentleness.



DRAWING MADE BY THACKERAY IN HIS BOYHOOD

[This selection tells something about the boyhood of two of the leading characters in "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray. "Vanity Fair" is one of the greatest of English novels. Boys and girls of fifteen and over will enjoy reading "Vanity Fair" and "Henry Esmond."

Thackeray did not write many things for children, though his "The Rose and the Ring" is one of the most humorous and delightful fairy tales that ever was told. You will find the story of how he happened to write this book for a little American girl in Rome in Volume V, page 366, as well as one or two stories of his own childhood. One of the things he liked best to do was to draw pictures for his own books. Although he was not a trained artist, some of the pictures are very good. One which he drew in his boyhood is shown at the foot of this page. If you have never drawn pictures for your own stories, follow his example and do it some time. It will help you to see your characters more clearly.]

DUFF'S fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the City: and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called "mutual principles" — that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there — almost at the bottom of the school — in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting — as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poach-

ing excursion for hardbake and polonies, espied the cart of Dobbin and Rudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London, at the Doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful, and merciless against him. "Hullo, Dobbin," one wag would say, "here's good news in the paper. Sugar is ris', my boy." Another would set a sum—"If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?" and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, usher and all, who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

"Your father's only a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, "My father's a gentleman, and keeps his carriage"; and Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote outhouse in the playground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe. Who amongst us is there that does not recollect similar hours of bitter, bitter childish grief? Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude of kindness, as a generous boy? and how many of those gentle souls do you degrade, estrange, torture, for the sake of a little loose arithmetic and miserable dog-Latin?

Now, William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the above language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book, the Eton Latin Grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Dr. Swishtail's scholars, and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with downcast stupefied look, his dog's-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal

soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater: and took snuff like the Doctor.

He had been to the Opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else did n't he know, or could n't he do? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes: that toasted his bread, others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the school-room, was blundering over a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message, of which tarts were probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin; "I want to finish my letter."

"You *can't*!" says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labor, and tears; for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's wife and lived in a back parlor in Thames Street). "You *can't*?" says Mr. Cuff: "I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow?"

"Don't call names," Dobbin said, getting off the bench very nervous.

"Well, sir, will you go?" crowed the cock of the school.

"Put down the letter," Dobbin replied; "no gentleman readth letterth."

"Well, *now* will you go?" says the other.

"No, I won't. Don't strike, or I'll *thmash* you," roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked, that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that; though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighborhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favorite copy of the *Arabian Nights* which he had — apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports — quite lonely, and almost happy. If people would but leave children to themselves; if teachers would cease to bully them; if parents would not insist upon directing their thoughts, and dominating their feelings — those feelings and thoughts which are a mystery to all (for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbor, and how far more beautiful and sacred are the thoughts of the poor lad or girl whom you govern likely to be, than those of the dull and world-corrupted person who rules him?) — if, I say, parents and masters would leave their children alone a little more, — small harm would accrue, although a less quantity of *as in presenti* might be acquired.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sindbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belaboring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small. "How dare you, sir, break the bottle?" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick); to run a quarter of a mile; to purchase a pint of rumshrub on credit; to brave all the Doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the playground again; during the performance of which feat, his foot had slipt, and the bottle and the shrub had been spilt, and his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

"How dare you, sir, break it?" says Cuff; "you blundering little thief. You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Fairy Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed: the Roc had whisked away Sindbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds: and there was everyday life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

"Hold out your other hand, sir," roars Cuff to his little school-fellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

"Take that, you little devil!" cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand. — Don't be horrified, ladies, every boy at a public school has done it. Your children will do so and be done by, in all probability. — Down came the wicket again; and Dobbin started up.

I can't tell what his motive was. Torture in a public school is as much licensed as the knout in Russia. It would be ungentlemanlike (in a manner) to resist it. Perhaps Dobbin's foolish soul revolted against that exercise of tyranny; or perhaps he had a hankering feeling of revenge in his mind, and longed to measure himself against that splendid bully and tyrant, who had all the glory, pride, pomp, circumstance, banners flying, drums beating, guards saluting, in the place. Whatever may have been his incentive, however, up he sprang, and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff; don't bully that child any more; or I'll —"

"Or you'll what?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him: while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less. Fancy our late monarch George III. when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies: fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting; and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

"After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your last wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say, "Go it, Figs"; and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat, at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honor of offering the conqueror a knee.

"What a licking I shall get when it's over," young Osborne thought, picking up his man. "You'd best give in," he said to Dobbin; "it's only a thrashing, Figs, and you know I'm used to it." But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would

commence the engagement by a charge on his own part; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might — once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove," says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy."

Figs' left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round, there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs," as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuff." At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time.

If I had the pen of a Napier, or a Bell's Life, I should like to describe this combat properly. It was the last charge of the Guard — (that is, it *would* have been, only Waterloo had not yet taken place) — it was Ney's column breasting the hill of La Haye Sainte, bristling with ten thousand bayonets, and crowned with twenty eagles — it was the shout of the beef-eating British, as leaping down the hill they rushed to hug the enemy in the savage arms of battle — in other words, Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

"I think *that* will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail

out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, "It's my fault, sir — not Figs' — not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy; and he served me right." By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

Young Osborne wrote home to his parents an account of the transaction.

"SUGARCANE HOUSE, RICHMOND, *March 18*—.

"DEAR MAMA:

"I hope you are quite well. I should be much obliged to you to send me a cake and five shillings. There has been a fight here between Cuff & Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was the Cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds, and Dobbin Licked. So Cuff is now Only Second Cock. The fight was about me. Cuff was licking me for breaking a bottle of milk, and Figs wouldn't stand it. We call him Figs because his father is a Grocer — Figs & Rudge, Thames St., City — I think as he fought for me you ought to buy your Tea & Sugar at his father's. Cuff goes home every Saturday, but can't this, because he has 2 Black Eyes. He has a white Pony to come and fetch him, and a groom in livery on a bay mare. I wish my Papa would let me have a Pony, and I am

"Your dutiful Son,

"GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE.

"P. S. — Give my love to little Emmy. I am cutting her out a coach in cardboard. Please not a seed-cake, but a plum-cake."

In consequence of Dobbin's victory, his character rose prodigiously in the estimation of all his schoolfellows, and the name of Figs, which had been a byword of reproach, became as respectable and popular a nickname as any other in use in the school. "After all, it's not his fault that his father's a grocer," George Osborne said, who, though a little chap, had a very high popularity among the Swishtail youth; and his opinion was received with great applause. It was voted low to sneer at Dobbin about this accident of birth. "Old Figs" grew to be a name of kindness and endearment; and the sneak of an usher jeered at him no longer.

And Dobbin's spirit rose with his altered circumstances. He made wonderful advances in scholastic learning. The superb Cuff him-

self, at whose condescension Dobbin could only blush and wonder, helped him on with his Latin verses; "coached" him in play-hours: carried him triumphantly out of the little-boy class into the middle-sized form; and even there got a fair place for him. It was discovered, that although dull at classical learning, at mathematics he was uncommonly quick. To the contentment of all he passed third in algebra, and got a French prize-book at the public Midsummer examination. You should have seen his mother's face when *Télémaque* (that delicious romance) was presented to him by the Doctor in the face of the whole school and the parents and company, with an inscription to Gulielmo Dobbin. All the boys clapped hands in token of applause and sympathy. His blushes, his stumbles, his awkwardness, and the number of feet which he crushed as he went back to his place, who shall describe or calculate? Old Dobbin, his father, who now respected him for the first time, gave him two guineas publicly; most of which he spent in a general tuckout for the school: and he came back in a tail-coat after the holidays.



## THE POULPS

[This account of a battle with giant cuttlefish is taken from Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, written in 1873. The *Nautilus* is a submarine boat owned by Captain Nemo. On board are three prisoners, Professor Aronnax, his servant Conseil, and Ned Land, a Canadian harpooner. The following story is told by Professor Aronnax.]

APRIL 20th, we had risen to a mean height of 1500 yards. The land nearest us then was the archipelago of the Bahamas. There rose high submarine cliffs covered with large weeds, giant laminariæ and fuci, a perfect espalier of hydrophytes worthy of a Titan world. It was about eleven o'clock when Ned Land drew my attention to a formidable prick-



ing, like a sting of an ant, which was produced by means of large seaweeds.

"Well," I said, "these are proper caverns for poulps, and I should not be astonished to see some of these monsters."

"What!" said Conseil; "cuttle-fish, real cuttle-fish, of the cephalopod class?"

"No," I said; "poulps of huge dimensions."

"I will never believe that such animals exist," said Ned.

"Well," said Conseil, with the most serious air in the world; "I remember perfectly to have seen a large vessel drawn under the waves by a cephalopod's arm."

"You saw that?" said the Canadian.

"Yes, Ned."

"With your own eyes?"

"With my own eyes."

"Where, pray, might that be?"

"At St. Malo," answered Conseil.

"In the port?" said Ned, ironically.

"No; in a church," replied Conseil.

"In a church!" cried the Canadian.

"Yes; friend Ned. In a picture representing the poulp in question."

"Good!" said Ned Land, bursting out laughing.

"He is quite right," I said. "I have heard of this picture; but the subject represented is taken from a legend, and you know what to think of legends in the matter of natural history. Besides, when it is a question of monsters, the imagination is apt to run wild. Not only is it supposed that these poulps can draw down vessels, but a certain Olaus Magnus speaks of a cephalopod a mile long, that is more like an island than an animal. It is also said that the Bishop of Nidros was building an altar on an immense rock. Mass finished, the rock began to talk, and returned to the sea. The rock was a poulp. Another bishop, Pontoppidan, speaks also of a poulp on which a regiment of cavalry could manoeuvre. Lastly, the ancient naturalists speak of monsters whose mouths were like gulfs, and which were too large to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar."

"But how much is true of these stories?" asked Conseil.

"Nothing, my friends; at least of that which passes the limit of truth to get to fable or legend. Nevertheless, there must be some ground for

the imagination of the story-tellers. One cannot deny that poulps and cuttle-fish exist of a large species, inferior, however, to the cetaceans. Aristotle has stated the dimensions of a cuttle-fish as five cubits, or nine feet two inches. Our fishermen frequently see some that are more than four feet long. Some skeletons of poulps are preserved in the museums of Trieste and Montpelier, that measure two yards in length. Besides, according to the calculations of some naturalists, one of these animals, only six feet long, would have tentacles twenty-seven feet long. That would suffice to make a formidable monster."

"Do they fish for them in these days?" asked Ned.

"If they do not fish for them, sailors see them at least. One of my friends, Captain Paul Bos of Havre, has often affirmed that he met one of these monsters, of colossal dimensions, in the Indian seas. But the most astonishing fact, and which does not permit of the denial of the existence of these gigantic animals, happened some years ago, in 1861."

"What is the fact?" asked Ned Land.

"This is it. In 1861, to the north-east of Teneriffe, very nearly in the same latitude we are in now, the crew of the despatch-boat *Alector* perceived a monstrous cuttle-fish swimming in the waters. Captain Bouguer went near to the animal, and attacked it with harpoons and guns, without much success, for balls and harpoons glided over the soft flesh. After several fruitless attempts, the crew tried to pass a slip-knot round the body of the mollusc. The noose slipped as far as the caudal fins, and there stopped. They tried then to haul it on board, but its weight was so considerable that the tightness of the cord separated the tail from the body and, deprived of this ornament, he disappeared under the water."

"Indeed! is that a fact?"

"An indisputable fact, my good Ned. They proposed to name this poulp 'Bouguer's cuttle-fish.'"

"What length was it?" asked the Canadian.

"Did it not measure about six yards?" said Conseil, who, posted at the window, was examining again the irregular windings of the cliff.

"Precisely," I replied.



"Its head," rejoined Conseil, "was it not crowned with eight tentacles, that beat the water like a nest of serpents?"

"Precisely."

"Had not its eyes, placed at the back of its head, considerable development?"

"Yes, Conseil."

"And was not its mouth like a parrot's beak?"

"Exactly, Conseil."

"Very well! no offence to master," he replied, quietly; "if this is not Bouguer's cuttle-fish, it is, at least, one of its brothers."

I looked at Conseil. Ned Land hurried to the window.

"What a horrible beast!" he cried.

I looked in my turn, and could not repress a gesture of disgust. Before my eyes was a horrible monster, worthy to figure in the legends of the marvellous. It was an immense cuttle-fish, being eight yards long. It swam crossways in the direction of the *Nautilus* with great speed, watching us with its enormous staring green eyes. Its eight arms, or rather feet, fixed to its head, that have given the name of cephalopod to these animals, were twice as long as its body, and were twisted like the furies' hair. One could see the 250 air-holes on the inner side of the tentacles. The monster's mouth, a horned beak like a parrot's, opened and shut vertically. Its tongue, a horned substance, furnished with several rows of pointed teeth, came out quivering from this veritable pair of shears. What a freak of nature, a bird's beak on a mollusc! Its spindle-like body formed a fleshy mass that might weigh 4000 to 5000 pounds; the varying color changing with great rapidity, according to the irritation of the animal, passed successively from livid gray to reddish brown. What irritated this mollusc? No doubt the presence of the *Nautilus*, more formidable than itself, and on which its suckers or its jaws had no hold. Yet, what monsters these poulps are! what vitality the Creator has given them! what vigor in their movements! and they possess three hearts! Chance had brought us in presence of this cuttle-fish, and I did not wish to lose the opportunity of carefully studying this specimen of cephalopods. I overcame the horror that inspired me; and, taking a pencil, began to draw it.

"Perhaps this is the same which the *Alector* saw," said Conseil.

"No," replied the Canadian; "for this is whole, and the other had lost its tail."

"That is no reason," I replied. "The arms and tails of these animals are reformed by redintegration; and, in seven years, the tail of Bouguer's cuttle-fish has no doubt had time to grow."

By this time other poulps appeared at the port light. I counted seven. They formed a procession after the *Nautilus*, and I heard their beaks gnashing against the iron hull. I continued my work. These monsters kept in the water with such precision, that they seemed immovable. Suddenly the *Nautilus* stopped. A shock made it tremble in every plate.

"Have we struck anything?" I asked.

"In any case," replied the Canadian, "we shall be free, for we are floating."

The *Nautilus* was floating, no doubt, but it did not move. A minute passed. Captain Nemo, followed by his lieutenant, entered the drawing-room. I had not seen him for some time. He seemed dull. Without noticing us or speaking to us, he went to the panel, looked at the poulps, and said something to his lieutenant. The latter went out. Soon the panels were shut. The ceiling was lighted. I went towards the Captain.

"A curious collection of poulps?" I said.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Naturalist," he replied; "and we are going to fight them, man to beast."

I looked at him. I thought I had not heard aright.

"Man to beast?" I repeated.

"Yes, sir. The screw is stopped. I think that the horny jaws of one of the cuttle-fish is entangled in the blades. That is what prevents our moving."

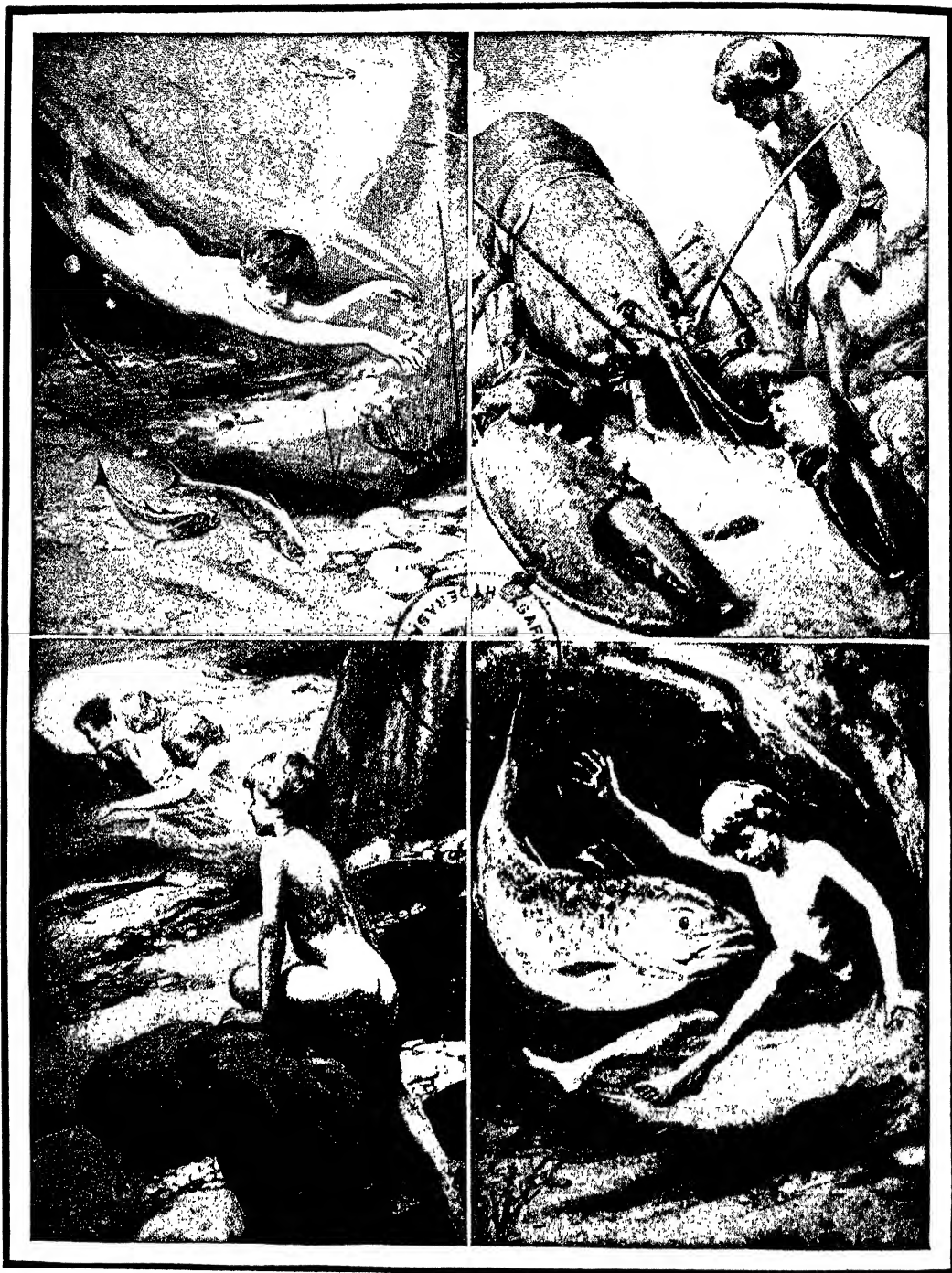
"What are you going to do?"

"Rise to the surface, and slaughter this vermin."

"A difficult enterprise."

"Yes, indeed. The electric bullets are powerless against the soft flesh, where they do not find resistance enough to go off. But we shall attack them with the hatchet."

"And the harpoon, sir," said the Canadian, "if you do not refuse my help."



TOP: THE FAIRIES HAD TURNED TOM INTO A WATER BABY. TOM HAD NEVER SEEN A LOBSTER BEFORE, AND THIS WAS A HUGE ONE. BOTTOM: TOM SAW THREE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRLS FLOATING DOWN THE TORRENT. SUDDENLY, OUT FLASHED A HUGE OLD BROWN TROUT!

"I will accept it, Master Land."

"We will follow you," I said, and following Captain Nemo, we went towards the central aircase.

There, about ten men with boarding hatchets were ready for the attack. Conseil and I took no hatchets; Ned Land seized a harpoon. The *Nautilus* had then risen to the surface. One of the sailors, posted on the top ladder-step, unscrewed the bolts of the panels. But hardly were the screws loosed, when the panel rose with great violence, evidently drawn by the suckers of a poulp's arm. Immediately one of these arms slid like a serpent down the opening, and twenty others were above. With one blow of the axe, Captain Nemo cut this formidable tentacle, that slid wriggling down the ladder. Just as we were pressing one on the other to reach the platform, two other arms, lashing the air, came down on the seaman placed before Captain Nemo, and lifted him up with irresistible power. Captain Nemo uttered a cry, and rushed out. We hurried after him.

What a scene! The unhappy man, seized by the tentacle, and fixed to the suckers, was balanced in the air at the caprice of this enormous trunk. He rattled in his throat, he was stifled, he cried, "Help! help!" That heartrending cry! I shall hear it all my life. The unfortunate man was lost. Who could rescue him from that powerful pressure? However, Captain Nemo had rushed to the poulp and with one blow of the axe had cut through the arm. His lieutenant struggled furiously against other monsters that crept on the flanks of the *Nautilus*. The crew fought with their axes. The Canadian, Conseil, and I buried our weapons in the fleshy masses; a strong smell of musk penetrated the atmosphere. It was horrible!

For one instant, I thought the unhappy man, entangled with the poulp, would be torn from its powerful suction. Seven of the eight arms had been cut off. One only wriggled in the air, brandishing the victim like a feather. But just as Captain Nemo and his lieutenant threw themselves on it, the animal ejected a stream of black liquid. We were blinded with it. When the cloud dispersed, the cuttle-fish had disappeared, and my unfortunate countryman was with it. Ten or twelve poulps now invaded the

platform and sides of the *Nautilus*. We rolled pell-mell into the midst of this nest of serpents, that wriggled on the platform in the waves of blood and ink. It seemed as though these slimy tentacles sprang up like the hydra's heads. Ned Land's harpoon, at each stroke, was plunged into the staring eyes of the cuttle-fish. But my bold companion was suddenly overturned by the tentacles of a monster he had not been able to avoid.

Ah! how my heart beat with emotion and horror! The formidable beak of a cuttle-fish was open over Ned Land. The unhappy man would be cut in two. I rushed to his succor. But Captain Nemo was before me; his axe disappeared between the two enormous jaws, and miraculously saved the Canadian, who, rising, plunged his harpoon deep into the triple heart of the poulp.

"I owed myself this revenge!" said the Captain to the Canadian.

Ned bowed without replying. The combat had lasted a quarter of an hour. The monsters, vanquished and mutilated, left us at last, and disappeared under the waves. Captain Nemo, covered with blood, nearly exhausted, gazed upon the sea that had swallowed up one of his companions, and great tears gathered in his eyes.



### TOM BECOMES A WATER-BABY

[This selection tells how Tom the Chimney-Sweep escaped from his cruel master and became a Water-baby. It is taken from *The Water-Babies*, by Charles Kingsley, which is a book no boy or girl can afford to miss.]

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn

and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God, or of Christ, except in words which you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week; and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing half-pennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by, which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide. As for chimney-sweeping, and being hungry, and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, as his old donkey did to a hail-storm; and then shook his ears and was as jolly as ever; and thought of the fine times coming, when he would be a man, and a master sweep, and sit in the public-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velvetens and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one gray ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man. And he would have apprentices, one, two, three, if he could. How he would bully them, and knock them about, just as his master did to him; and make them carry home the soot sacks, while he rode before them on his donkey, with a pipe in his mouth and a flower in his button-hole, like a king at the head of his army. Yes, there were good times coming; and, when his master let him have a pull at the leavings of his beer, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall, to heave half a brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw him, and

halloed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping. And so he rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for, which was a matter of interest to Tom, as he had been in prison once or twice himself. Moreover, the groom looked so very neat and clean, with his drab gaiters, drab breeches, drab jacket, snow-white tie with a smart pin in it, and clean round ruddy face, that Tom was offended and disgusted at his appearance, and considered him a stuck-up fellow, who gave himself airs because he wore smart clothes, and other people paid for them; and went behind the wall to fetch the half-brick after all: but did not, remembering that he had come in the way of business, and was, as it were, under a flag of truce.

His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night than he usually did in two, in order to be sure of getting up in time next morning; for the more a man's head aches when he wakes, the more glad he is to turn out, and have a breath of fresh air. And, when he did get up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again, in order to teach him (as young gentlemen used to be taught at public schools) that he must be an extra good boy that day, as they were going to a very great house, and might make a very good thing of it, if they could but give satisfaction.

And Tom thought so likewise, and, indeed, would have done and behaved his best, even without being knocked down. For, of all places upon earth, Harthover Place (which he had never seen) was the most wonderful; and, of all men on earth, Sir John (whom he had seen, having been sent to jail by him twice) was the most awful.

Harthover Place was really a grand place, even for the rich North country; with a house so large than in the frame-breaking riots,

hich Tom could just remember, the Duke of Wellington, with ten thousand soldiers and cannon to match, were easily housed therein; at least, so Tom believed; with a park full of deer, which Tom believed to be monsters who were in the habit of eating children; with miles of game-preserves, in which Mr. Grimes and the collier-lads poached at times, on which occasions Tom saw pheasants, and wondered what they tasted like; with a noble salmon-pond, in which Mr. Grimes and his friends could have liked to poach; but then they must have got into cold water, and that they did not like at all. In short, Harthover was a grand place, and Sir John a grand old man, whom even Mr. Grimes respected, for not only could he send Mr. Grimes to prison when he deserved it, as he did once or twice a week; not only did he own all the land about for miles; not only was he a jolly, honest, sensible squire who ever kept a pack of hounds, who would do what he thought right by his neighbors, as well as get what he thought right for himself, but, what was more, he weighed full fifteen stones, as nobody knew how many inches round the chest, and could have thrashed Mr. Grimes himself in fair fight, which very few folk round here could do, and which, my dear little boy, could not have been right for him to do, as a great many things are not which one both can do, and would like very much to do. So Mr. Grimes touched his hat to him when he rode through the town, and called him a "bairdly wad chap," and his young ladies "gradely asses," which are two high compliments in the North country; and thought that that made up for his poaching Sir John's pheasants; hereby you may perceive that Mr. Grimes had not been to a properly-inspected Government National School.

Now, I dare say, you never got up at three o'clock on a midsummer morning. Some people get up then because they want to catch salmon; and some, because they want to climb Alps; and a great many more, because they must, like Tom. But, I assure you, that three o'clock on a midsummer morning is the pleasantest time of all the twenty-four hours, and all the three hundred and sixty-five days; and why every one does not get up then, I never could tell, save that they are all determined to spoil

their nerves and their complexions, by doing all night, what they might just as well do all day. But Tom, instead of going out to dinner at half-past eight at night, and to a ball at ten, and finishing off somewhere between twelve and four, went to bed at seven, when his master went to the public-house, and slept like a dead pig: for which reason he was as piert as a game-cock (who always gets up early to wake the maids), and just ready to get up when the fine gentlemen and ladies were just ready to go to bed.

So he and his master set out; Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window-shutters, and the winking weary policemen, and the roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn.

They passed through the pitmen's village, all shut up and silent now; and through the turnpike; and then they were out in the real country, and plodding along the black dusty road, between black slag walls, with no sound but the groaning and thumping of the pit-engine in the next field. But soon the road grew white, and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and instead of the groaning of the pit-engine, they heard the skylark saying his matins high up in the air, and the pit-bird warbling in the sedges, as he had warbled all night long.

All else was silent. For old Mrs. Earth was still fast asleep; and, like many pretty people, she looked still prettier asleep than awake. The great elm trees in the gold-green meadows were fast asleep above, and the cows fast asleep beneath them; nay, the few clouds which were about were fast asleep likewise, and so tired that they had lain down on the earth to rest, in long white flakes and bars, among the stems of the elm trees, and along the tops of the alders by the stream, waiting for the sun to bid them rise and go about their day's business in the clear blue overhead.

On they went; and Tom looked, and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before; and longed to get over a gate, and pick buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a gray shawl over her head, and a crimson madder petticoat; so you may be sure she came from Galway. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore: but she was a very tall handsome woman, with bright gray eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks. And she took Mr. Grimes's fancy so much, that when he came alongside he called out to her:

"This is a hard road for a gradely foot like that. Will ye up, lass, and ride behind me?"

But, perhaps, she did not admire Mr. Grimes's look and voice; for she answered quietly:

"No, thank you; I'd sooner walk with your little lad here."

"You may please yourself," growled Grimes, and went on smoking.

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman. And she asked him, at last, whether he said his prayers; and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say.

Then he asked her where she lived; and she said far away by the sea. And Tom asked her about the sea; and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days, for the children to bathe and play in it; and many a story more, till Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it likewise.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring: not such a spring as you see here, which soaks up out of a white gravel in the bog, among red fly-catchers, and pink bottle-heath, and sweet white orchis; nor such a one as you may see, too, here, which bubbles up under the warm sand-bank in the hollow lane, by the great tuft of lady ferns, and makes the sand dance reels at the bottom, day and night, all the year round: not such a spring as either of those: but a real North country limestone fountain, like one of those in Sicily or Greece, where the old heathen fancied the nymphs sat cooling themselves the hot summer's day, while the shepherds peeped at them from behind the bushes.

Out of a low cave of rock, at the foot of a

limestone crag, the great fountain rose, quelling and bubbling, and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began; and ran away under the road, a stream large enough to turn a mill; among blue geranium, and golden globe-flower, and wild raspberry, and the bird-cherry with its tassels of snow.

And there Grimes stopped, and looked; and Tom looked too. Tom was wondering whether anything lived in that dark cave, and came out at night to fly in the meadows. But Grimes was not wondering at all. Without a word, he got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down, and began dipping his ugly head into the spring — and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irishwoman helped him, and showed him how to tie them up; and a very pretty nosegay they had made between them. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said:

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'T was n't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier-lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town-pump; and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away."

"Thou come along," said Grimes, "what dost want with washing thyself? Thou did not drink half a gallon of beer last night, like me."

"I don't care for you," said naughty Tom, and ran down to the stream, and began washing his face.

Grimes was very sulky, because the woman preferred Tom's company to his; so he dashed at him with horrid words, and tore him up from his knees, and began beating him. But Tom was accustomed to that, and got his head safe between Mr. Grimes's legs, and kicked his shins with all his might. . . .

And by this time they were come up to the great iron gates in front of the house; and Tom stared through them at the rhododendrons and azaleas, which were all in flower; and then at

the house itself, and wondered how many chimneys there were in it, and how long ago it was built, and what was the man's name that built it, and whether he got much money for his job?

These last were very difficult questions to answer. For Harthover had been built at many different times, and in nineteen different styles, and looked as if somebody had built a whole street of houses of every imaginable shape, and then stirred them together with a spoon.

But Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates, as if they had been Dukes or Bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back-door, where the ash-boy let them in, awning horribly; and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for My lady herself, and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he was going up the chimneys, and not Tom. And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar?" and Tom did mind, all at least that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and made them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice; and so after a whimper or two, and a sick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture; to whom Mr. Grimes paid many playful and chivalrous compliments, but met with very slight encouragement in return.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say: but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed, but such as you would find — if you would only get up them and look, which perhaps you would not like to do — in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran into one another, anastomosing (as Professor Owen would say) considerably. So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground;

but at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers; and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs among them, not even a terrier. But the two pictures which took his fancy most were, one a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Perhaps it was some kinsman of hers, who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

The next thing he saw, and that too puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes, and towels; and a large bath, full of clean water — what a heap of things all for washing! "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterwards, for I



don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

No. She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty, thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty; and burst into tears with shame and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a

policeman's hands many a time, and out of them too, what is more; and he would have been ashamed to face his friends forever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman: so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough. Nor even to let himself down a spout, which would have been an old game to him; for once he got up by a spout to the church roof, he said to take jack-daws' eggs, but the policemen said to steal lead; and when he was seen on high, sat there till the sun got too hot, and came down by another spout, leaving the policemen to go back to the station-house and eat their dinners.

But all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet white flowers, almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia, I suppose; but Tom knew nothing about that, and cared less; for down the tree he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron-railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

The under gardener, mowing, saw Tom, and threw down his scythe; caught his leg in it, and cut his shin open, whereby he kept his bed for a week: but in his hurry he never knew it, and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairymaid heard the noise, got the churn between her knees, and tumbled over it, spilling all the cream; and yet she jumped up, and gave chase to Tom. A groom cleaning Sir John's hack at the stables let him go loose, whereby he kicked himself lame in five minutes; but he ran out, and gave chase to Tom. Grimes upset the soot-sack in the new-gravelled yard, and spoilt it all utterly; but, he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The old steward opened the park gate in such a hurry, that he hung up his pony's chin upon the spikes, and for aught I know it hangs there still; but he jumped off, and gave chase to Tom. The ploughman left his horses at the headland, and one jumped over the fence, and pulled the other into the ditch, plough and all; but he ran on, and gave chase to Tom. The keeper, who was taking a stoat out of a trap, let the stoat go, and caught his own finger; but he jumped up and ran after



Tom, and considering what he said, and how he looked, I should have been sorry for Tom if he had caught him. Sir John looked out of his study window (for he was an early old gentleman), and up at the nurse, and a marten dropt mud in his eye, so that he had at last to send for the doctor; and yet he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The Irishwoman, too, was walking up to the house to beg — she must have got round by some byway: but she threw away her bundle, and gave chase to Tom likewise. Only my lady did not give chase; for when she had put her head out of the window, her night-wig fell into the garden, and she had to ring up her lady's-maid, and send her down for it privately; which quite put her out of the running, so that she came in nowhere, and is consequently not placed.

In a word, never was there heard at Hall Place, not even when the fox was killed in the conservatory, among acres of broken glass, and tons of smashed flower-pots, such a noise, row, hubbub, babel, shindy, hallabaloo, stramash, charivari, and total contempt of dignity, repose, and order, as that day, when Grimes, the gardener, the groom, the dairymaid, Sir John, the steward, the ploughman, the keeper, and the Irishwoman, all ran up the park, shouting "Stop thief," in the belief that Tom had at least a thousand pounds' worth of jewels in his empty pockets; and the very magpies and jays followed Tom up, screaming and screaming, as if he were a hunted fox, beginning to droop his brush.

And all the while poor Tom paddled up the park with his little bare feet, like a small black gorilla fleeing to the forest. Alas for him! there was no big father gorilla therein to take his part; to scratch out the gardener's inside with one paw, toss the dairymaid into a tree with another, and wrench off Sir John's head with a third, while he cracked the keeper's skull with his teeth, as easily as if it had been a cocoa-nut or a paving-stone.

However, Tom did not remember ever having had a father; so he did not look for one, and expected to have to take care of himself; while as for running, he could keep up for a couple of miles with any stage-coach, if there was the chance of a copper or a cigar end, and turn coach wheels on his hands and feet ten

times following, which is more than you can do. Wherefore his pursuers found it very difficult to catch him; and we will hope that they did not catch him at all.

Tom, of course, made for the woods. He had never been in a wood in his life: but he was sharp enough to know that he might hide in a bush, or swarm up a tree, and, altogether, had more chance there than in the open. If he had not known that, he would have been foolisher than a mouse or a minnow.

But when he got into the wood, he found it a very different sort of place from what he had fancied. He pushed into a thick cover of rhododendrons, and found himself at once caught in a trap. The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms, poked him in his face and his stomach, made him shut his eyes tight (though that was no great loss, for he could not see at best a yard before his nose); and when he got through the rhododendrons, the hassock-grass and sedges tumbled him over, and cut his poor little fingers afterwards most spitefully; the birches birched him as soundly as if he had been a nobleman at Eton, and over the face too (which is not fair swishing, as all brave boys will agree); and the lawyers tripped him up, and tore his shins as if they had shark's teeth — which lawyers are likely enough to have.

"I must get out of this," thought Tom, "or I shall stay here till somebody comes to help me — which is just what I don't want."

But how to get out was the difficult matter. And indeed I don't think he would ever have got out at all, but have staid there till the cockrobbins covered him with leaves, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall.

Now running your head against a wall is not pleasant, especially if it is a loose wall, with the stones all set on edge, and a sharp-cornered one hits you between the eyes, and makes you see all manner of beautiful stars. The stars are very beautiful, certainly: but unfortunately they go in the twenty-thousandth part of a split second, and the pain which comes after them does not. And so Tom hurt his head; but he was a brave boy, and did not mind that a penny. He guessed that over the wall the cover would end; and up it he went, and over like a squirrel.

And there he was, out on the great grouse-

moors, which the country folk called Harthover Fell — heather and bog and rock, stretching away and up, up to the very sky.

Now Tom was a cunning little fellow — as cunning as an old Exmoor stag. Why not? Though he was but ten years old, he had lived longer than most stags, and had more wits to start with into the bargain.

He knew as well as a stag, that if he backed he might throw the hounds out. So the first thing he did when he was over the wall, was to make the neatest double sharp to his right, and run along under the wall for nearly half a mile.

Whereby, Sir John, and the keeper, and the steward, and the gardener, and the ploughman, and the dairymaid, and all the hue-and-cry together, went on ahead half a mile in the very opposite direction, and inside the wall, leaving him a mile off on the outside, while Tom heard their shouts die away in the wood, and chuckled to himself merrily.

At last he came to a dip in the land, and went to the bottom of it, and then he turned bravely away from the wall, and up the moor; for he knew that he had put a hill between him and his enemies, and could go on without their seeing him.

But the Irishwoman, alone of them all, had seen which way Tom went. She had kept ahead of every one the whole time: and yet she neither walked nor ran. She went along quite smoothly and gracefully, while her feet twinkled past each other so fast, that you could not see which was foremost; till every one asked the other who the strange woman was? and all agreed, for want of anything better to say, that she must be in league with Tom.

But when she came to the plantation they lost sight of her; and they could do no less. For she went quietly over the wall after Tom, and followed him wherever he went. Sir John and the rest saw no more of her; and out of sight was out of mind.

And now Tom was right away in the heather, over just such a moor as those in which you have been bred, except that there were rocks and stones lying about everywhere; and that instead of the moor growing flat as he went upwards, it grew more and more broken and hilly: but not so rough but that little Tom could jog along well enough, and find time, too, to stare

about at the strange place, which was like a new world to him.

He saw great spiders there, with crowns and crosses marked on their backs, who sat in the middle of their webs, and when they saw Tom coming, shook them so fast that they became invisible. Then he saw lizards, brown, and gray, and green, and thought they were snakes, and would sting him: but they were as much frightened as he, and shot away into the heath. And then, under a rock, he saw a pretty sight — a great brown sharp-nosed creature, with a white tag to her brush, and round her, four or five smutty little cubs, the funniest fellows Tom ever saw. She lay on her back, rolling about, and stretching out her legs, and head, and tail in the bright sunshine; and the cubs jumped over her, and ran round her, and nibbled her paws, and lugged her about by the tail; and she seemed to enjoy it mightily. But one selfish little fellow stole away from the rest to a dead crow close by, and dragged it off to hide it, though it was nearly as big as he was. Whereat all his little brothers set off after him in full cry, and saw Tom; and then all ran back, and up jumped Mrs. Vixen, and caught one up in her mouth, and the rest toddled after her, and into a dark crack in the rocks; and there was an end of the show.

And next he had a fright; for as he scrambled up a sandy brow — whirr-pooof-pooof-cock-cock-kick — something went off in his face, with a most horrid noise. He thought the ground had blown up, and the end of the world come.

And when he opened his eyes (for he shut them very tight), it was only an old cock-grouse, who had been washing himself in sand, like an Arab for want of water; and who, when Tom had all but trodden on him, jumped up, with a noise like the express train, leaving his wife and children to shift for themselves, like an old coward, and went off, screaming "Cur-ru-u-uck, cur-ru-u-uck — murder, thieves, fire — cur-u-uck-cock-kick — the end of the world is come — kick-kick-cock-kick." He was always fancying that the end of the world was come, when anything happened which was farther off than the end of his own nose. But the end of the world was not come, any more than the twelfth of August was; though the old grouse-cock was quite certain of it.

So the old grouse came back to his wife and family an hour afterwards, and said solemnly, "Cock-cock-kick; my dears, the end of the world is not quite come; but I assure you it is coming the day after to-morrow — cock." But his wife had heard that so often, that she knew all about it, and a little more. And, beside, she was the mother of a family, and had seven little poults to wash and feed every day; and that made her very practical, and a little sharp-tempered; so all she answered was: "Kick-kick-kick — go and catch spiders, go and catch spiders — kick."

So Tom went on, and on, he hardly knew why: but he liked the great, wide, strange place, and the cool, fresh, bracing air. But he went more and more slowly as he got higher up the hill; for now the ground grew very bad indeed. Instead of soft turf and springy heather he met great patches of flat limestone rock, just like ill-made pavements, with deep cracks between the stones and ledges, filled with ferns; so he had to hop from stone to stone, and now and then he slipped in between, and hurt his little bare toes, though they were tolerably tough ones: but still he would go on and up, he could not tell why.

What would Tom have said, if he had seen, walking over the moor behind him, the very same Irishwoman who had taken his part upon the road? But whether it was that he looked too little behind him, or whether it was that she kept out of sight behind the rocks and knolls, he never saw her, though she saw him.

And now he began to get a little hungry, and very thirsty; for he had run a long way, and the sun had risen high in heaven, and the rock was as hot as an oven, and the air danced reels over it, as it does over a limekiln, till everything round seemed quivering and melting in the glare.

But he could see nothing to eat anywhere, and still less to drink.

The heath was full of bilberries and whimberreries: but they were only in flower yet, for it was June. And as for water, who can find that on the top of a limestone rock? Now and then he passed by a deep dark swallow-hole, going down into the earth, as if it was the chimney of some dwarf's house underground; and more than once, as he passed, he could hear

water falling, trickling, tinkling, many, many feet below. How he longed to get down to it, and cool his poor baked lips! But, brave little chimney-sweep as he was, he dared not climb down such chimneys as those.

So he went on, and on, till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church-bells ringing, a long way off.

"Ah!" he thought, "where there is a church, there will be houses and people; and, perhaps, some one will give me a bit and a sup." So he set off again, to look for the church; for he was sure that he heard the bells quite plain.

And in a minute more, when he looked round, he stopped again, and said, "Why, what a big place the world is!"

And so it was; for, from the top of the mountain, he could see — what could he not see?

Behind him, far below, was Harthover, and the dark woods, and the shining salmon river; and on his left, far below, was the town, and the smoking chimneys of the collieries; and far, far away, the river widened to the shining sea; and little white specks, which were ships, lay on its bosom. Before him lay spread out like a map, great plains, and farms, and villages, amid dark knots of trees. They all seemed at his very feet; but he had sense to see that they were long miles away.

And to his right rose moor after moor, hill after hill, till they faded away, blue into blue sky. But between him and those moors, and really at his very feet, lay something, to which, as soon as Tom saw it, he determined to go, for that was the place for him.

A deep, deep green and rocky valley, very narrow, and filled with wood: but through the wood, hundreds of feet below him, he could see a clear stream glance. Oh, if he could but get down to that stream! Then, by the stream, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and a little garden set out in squares and beds. And there was a tiny little red thing moving in the garden, no bigger than a fly. As Tom looked down, he saw that it was a woman in a red petticoat! Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat. And there were the church bells ringing again. Surely there must be a village down there. Well, nobody would know him, or what had happened at the Place. The news could not have got there yet, even if Sir John had set

all the policemen in the county after him; and he could get down there in five minutes.

Tom was quite right about the hue-and-cry not having got thither; for he had come, without knowing it, the best part of ten miles from Harthover: but he was wrong about getting down in five minutes, for the cottage was more than a mile off, and a good thousand feet below.

However, down he went, like a brave little man as he was, though he was very footsore, and tired, and hungry, and thirsty; while the church bells rang so loud, he began to think that they must be inside his own head, and the river chimed and tinkled far below. So Tom went down; and all the while he never saw the Irishwoman going down behind him.

A mile off, and a thousand feet down. So Tom found it; though it seemed as if he could have chucked a pebble on to the back of the woman in the red petticoat who was weeding in the garden, or even across the dale to the rocks beyond.

For the bottom of the valley was just one field broad, and on the other side ran the stream; and above it, gray crag, gray down, gray stair, gray moor, walled up to heaven.

So Tom went to go down; and first he went down three hundred feet of steep heather, mixed up with loose brown gritstone, as rough as a file; which was not pleasant to his poor little heels, as he came bump, stump, jump, down the steep. And still he thought he could throw a stone into the garden.

Then he went down three hundred feet of imestone terraces, one below the other, as straight as if Mr. George White had ruled them with his ruler and then cut them out with his chisel. There was no heath there, but —

First, a little grass slope, covered with the prettiest flowers, rockrose and saxifrage, and hyme and basil, and all sorts of sweet herbs.

Then bump down a two-foot step of limestone.

Then another bit of grass and flowers.

Then bump down a one-foot step.

Then another bit of grass and flowers for ifty yards, as steep as the house-roof, where he had to slide down on his dear little tail.

Then another step of stone, ten feet high; and there he had to stop himself, and crawl along the edge to find a crack; for if he had

rolled over, he would have rolled right into the old woman's garden, and frightened her out of her wits.

Then, when he had found a dark narrow crack, full of green-stalked fern, such as hangs in the basket in the drawing-room, and had crawled down through it, with knees and elbows, as he would down a chimney, there was another grass slope, and another step, and so on, till — oh, dear me! I wish it was all over; and so did he. And yet he thought he could throw a stone into the old woman's garden.

At last he came to a bank of beautiful shrubs; whitebeam with its great silver-backed leaves, and mountain-ash, and oak; and below them cliff and crag, cliff and crag, with great beds of crown-ferns and wood-sedge; while through the shrubs he could see the stream sparkling, and hear it murmur on the white pebbles. He did not know that it was three hundred feet below.

You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down; but Tom was not. He was a brave little chimney-sweep; and when he found himself on the top of a high cliff, instead of sitting down and crying for his baba (though he never had had any baba to cry for), he said, "Ah, this will just suit me!" though he was very tired; and down he went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape, with four hands instead of two.

And all the while, he never saw the Irishwoman coming down behind him.

But he was getting terribly tired now. The burning sun on the fells had sucked him up; but the damp heat of the woody crag sucked him up still more; and the perspiration ran out of the ends of his fingers and toes, and washed him cleaner than he had been for a whole year. But, of course, he dirtied everything terribly as he went. There has been a great black smudge all down the crag ever since. And there have been more black beetles in Vendale since than ever were known before; all, of course, owing to Tom's having blacked the original papa of them all, just as he was setting off to be married, with a sky-blue coat and scarlet leggings, as smart as a gardener's dog with a polyanthus in his mouth.

At last he got to the bottom. But, behold it was not the bottom — as people usually find



OP: THE LITTLE GIRL PUT HER FINGER IN HER MOUTH AND LOOKED AT TOM. TOM SAW THE FAIRIES CARRY BABY AND CRADLE GENTLY DOWN IN THEIR SOFT ARMS. BOTTOM: THE PROFESSOR CAUGHT POOR LITTLE TOM IN HIS NET. THE FAIRY TOOK OUT THE MOST WONDERFUL WATERPROOF BOOK

when they are coming down a mountain. For at the foot of the crag were heaps and heaps of fallen limestone of every size from that of your head to that of a stage-wagon, with holes between them full of sweet heath-fern; and before Tom got through them, he was out in the bright sunshine again; and then he felt, once for all and suddenly, as people generally do, that he was b-e-a-t, beat.

You must expect to be beat a few times in your life, little man, if you live such a life as a man ought to live, let you be as strong and healthy as you may: and when you are, you will find it a very ugly feeling. I hope that that day you may have a stout staunch friend by you who is not beat; for if you have not, you had best lie where you are, and wait for better times, as poor Tom did.

He could not get on. The sun was burning, and yet he felt chill all over. He was quite empty, and yet he felt quite sick. There was but two hundred yards of smooth pasture between him and the cottage, and yet he could not walk down it. He could hear the stream murmuring only one field beyond it, and yet it seemed to him as if it was a hundred miles off.

He lay down on the grass till the beetles ran over him, and the flies settled on his nose. I don't know when he would have got up again, if the gnats and the midges had not taken compassion on him. But the gnats blew their trumpets so loud in his ear, and the midges nibbled so at his hands and face wherever they could find a place free from soot, that at last he woke up, and stumbled away, down over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door.

And a neat pretty cottage it was, with clipt yew hedges all round the garden, and yews inside too, cut into peacocks and trumpets and teapots and all kinds of queer shapes. And out of the open door came a noise like that of the frogs on the Great-A, when they know that it is going to be scorching hot to-morrow—and how they know that I don't know, and you don't know, and nobody knows.

He came slowly up to the open door, which was all hung round with clematis and roses; and then peeped in, half afraid.

And there sat by the empty fire-place, which was filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nicest

old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat, and short dimity bedgown, and clean white cap, with a black silk handkerchief over it, tied under her chin. At her feet sat the grandfather of all the cats; and opposite her sat, on two benches, twelve or fourteen neat rosy chubby little children, learning their Chris-cross-row; and gabble enough they made about it.

Such a pleasant cottage it was, with a shiny clean stone floor, and curious old prints on the walls, and an old black oak sideboard full of bright pewter and brass dishes, and a cuckoo clock in the corner, which began shouting as soon as Tom appeared: not that it was frightened at Tom, but that it was just eleven o'clock.

All the children started at Tom's dirty black figure; the girls began to cry, and the boys began to laugh, and all pointed at him rudely enough: but Tom was too tired to care for that.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney-sweep! Away with thee. I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There's plenty i' the beck," she said, quite sharply.

"But I can't get there; I'm most clemmed with hunger and drought." And Tom sank down upon the door-step and laid his head against the post.

And the old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and two, and three; and then she said, "He's sick; and a bairn's a bairn, sweep or none."

"Water," said Tom.

"God forgive me!" and she put by her spectacles, and rose, and came to Tom. "Water's bad for thee; I'll give thee milk." And she toddled off into the next room, and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread.

Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up, revived.

"Where didst come from?" said the dame.

"Over Fell, there," said Tom, and pointed up into the sky.

"Over Harthover? and down Lewthwaite Crag? Art sure thou art not lying?"

"Why should I?" said Tom, and leant his head against the post.

"And how got ye up there?"

"I came over from the Place," and Tom was

so tired and desperate he had no heart or time to think of a story, so he told all the truth in a few words.

"Bless thy little heart! And thou hast not been stealing, then?"

"No."

"Bless thy little heart! and I'll warrant not. Why, God's guided the bairn, because he was innocent! Away from the Place, and over Harthover Fell, and down Lewthwaite Crag! Who ever heard the like, if God had n't led him? Why dost not eat thy bread?"

"I can't."

"It's good enough, for I made it myself."

"I can't," said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees, and then asked —

"Is it Sunday?"

"No, then; why should it be?"

"Because I hear the church bells ringing so."

"Bless thy pretty heart! The bairn's sick. Come wi' me, and I'll hap thee up somewhere. If thou wert a bit cleaner I'd put thee in my own bed, for the Lord's sake. But come along here."

But when Tom tried to get up, he was so tired and giddy that she had to help him and lead him.

She put him in an outhouse upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was over, in an hour's time.

And so she went in again, expecting Tom to fall fast asleep at once.

But Tom did not fall asleep.

Instead of it he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the river and cool himself; and then he fell half asleep, and dreamt that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed"; and then that he heard the Irishwoman saying, "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be." And then he heard the church bells ring so loud, close to him, too, that he was sure it must be Sunday, in spite of what the old dame had said; and he would go to church, and see what a church was like inside, for he had never been in one, poor little fellow, in all his life. But the people would never let him come in, all over soot and dirt like that. He must go to the river and wash first. And he said out aloud

again and again, though being half asleep he did not know it, "I must be clean, I must be clean."

And all of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, over the road, with a stream just before him, saying continually, "I must be clean, I must be clean." He had got there on his own legs, between sleep and awake, as children will often get out of bed, and go about the room, when they are not quite well. But he was not a bit surprised, and went on to the bank of the brook, and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear, clear limestone water, with every pebble at the bottom bright and clean, while the little silver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of his black face; and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said, "I will be a fish; I will swim in the water; I must be clean, I must be clean."

So he pulled off all his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. And he put his poor hot sore feet into the water; and then his legs; and the further he went in, the more the church bells rang in his head.

"Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself; the bells are ringing quite loud now; and they will stop soon, and then the door will be shut, and I shall never be able to get in at all."

Tom was mistaken: for in England the church doors are left open all service time, for everybody who likes to come in, Churchman or Dissenter; ay, even if he were a Turk or a Heathen; and if any man dared to turn him out, as long as he behaved quietly, the good old English law would punish that man, as he deserved, for ordering any peaceable person out of God's house, which belongs to all alike. But Tom did not know that any more than he knew a great deal more which people ought to know.

And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman: not behind him this time, but before.

For just before he came to the river side, she had stept down into the cool clear water; and her shawl and her petticoat floated off her, and the green water-weeds floated round her sides, and the white water-lilies floated round her head, and the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom, and bore her away and down



upon their arms; for she was the Queen of them all; and perhaps of more besides.

"Where have you been?" they asked her.

"I have been smoothing sick folk's pillows, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears; opening cottage casements, to let out the stifling air; coaxing little children away from gutters, and foul pools where fever breeds; turning women from the gin-shop door, and staying men's hands as they were going to strike their wives; doing all I can to help those who will not help themselves: and little enough that is, and weary work for me. But I have brought you a new little brother, and watched him safe all the way here."

Then all the fairies laughed for joy as they thought that they had a little brother coming.

"But mind, maidens, he must not see you, or know that you are here. He is but a savage now, and like the beasts which perish; and from the beasts which perish he must learn. So you must not play with him, or speak to him, or let him see you: but only keep him from being harmed."

Then the fairies were sad, because they could not play with their new brother, but they always did what they were told.

And their Queen floated away down the river; and whither she went, thither she came. But all this Tom, of course, never saw or heard: and perhaps if he had, it would have made little difference in the story; for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear cool stream.

And he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, cosiest sleep that ever he had in his life; and he dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning, and the tall elm trees, and the sleeping cows; and after that he dreamt of nothing at all.

The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple; and yet hardly anyone has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

## THE CHILDREN OF BLENTARN GHYLL

[This story of the courage and devotion of a nine-year-old girl is taken from *A Book of Golden Deeds*, by Charlotte M. Yonge. Miss Yonge wrote a large number of excellent books for young people. The most popular of these are *The Chaplet of Pearls*, *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* (which everyone ought to read), and *The Lances of Lynwood*.]

**B**LENTARN GHYLL is the name of a little narrow gorge in those Westmoreland mountains, called Langdale Pikes, at whose feet lie the lovely green vale and lake of Grasmere. The lake is fed by mountain streamlets, called in the north becks. One of these becks comes down another beautiful valley called Easedale, sheltered by mountains and green with grass, as smooth and soft as on a lawn, from being cropped short by the sheep, which can be turned out here earlier in the spring than on the other mountain-sides. At one end, Easedale opens on the village of Grasmere, at the other is a steep ascent, leading to a bare stony ravine, shut in on all sides by high mountains, and with no outlet except the rough descent into Easedale, and likewise a dangerous winding path about six miles over the mountains to Langdale Head. This lonely ravine is called Far Easedale, and at the upper end there formerly stood a cottage named Blentarn Ghyll. Ghyll means a cleft worn in the rock by water; and just above the cottage there is such a cleft, opening from a basin in the rock that must once have been a tarn, or mountain lakelet, but the pool is now dry, and for want of the living eye of sparkling water, it is termed Blentarn or Blind pool.

The cottage was the dwelling of an honest old soldier named George Green, who had taken the little mountain farm, and married an active, bustling woman, who kept her home in great order, and regularly sent her children, tidily dressed, to school at Grasmere whenever the weather did not make the long wild mountain walk impossible for them.

It was in the winter of the year 1807 that there was an auction of furniture at a farmhouse at Langdale Head. These sales are great occasions





among the people of these hills; everyone attends them for a considerable distance round, and there is much friendly hospitality, much business of all sorts transacted, and many meetings of old friends, who scarcely ever see each other at other times. To this gathering George and Sarah Green set off early in the forenoon of a bright winter day, leaving their cottage and six little ones in the charge of the eldest sister, a girl of nine years old, named Agnes, for they had neither indoor nor outdoor servant, and no neighbor nearer than Grasmere.

Little Agnes was, however, a remarkably steady and careful child, and all went well through the day, but towards night the mist settled down heavily upon the hills, and the heavy sighing in the air told that a storm was working up; the children watched anxiously for their parents, but the fog cut off their view, flakes of snow began to fall, and darkness closed in early on them.

Agnes gave the others their supper of milk and oatmeal porridge, and they sat down waiting and watching, and fancying they heard sounds in the hills; but the clock struck one hour after another, and no step was on the threshold, no hand at the latch, no voice at the door, only the white silent flakes fell thicker and thicker, and began to close up the door, and come in white clinging wreaths through the crevices of the windows. Agnes tried to cheer the others up, but there was a dread on them all, and they could not bear to move away from the peat fire on the hearth, round which they were nestled. She put the two youngest, who were twins, to bed in their cradle, and sat on with the others, two boys and another girl, named Catherine, till the clock struck twelve, when she heard them one by one say their prayers, and doing the same herself, lay down to rest, trusting to her Heavenly Father's care.

The morning came, and no father and mother; only the snow falling thicker than ever, and almost blocking them in; but still Agnes did not lose hope; she thought her father and mother might have taken shelter at night in some *bield*, as she would have termed a sheep-fold, or that the snow might have prevented them from setting out at all, and they might come home by Grasmere in the morning. She cheered herself up, and dressed the others,

made them say their prayers, and gave them their breakfast, recollecting as she saw the lessening stores that her mother must know how little was provided for them, and be as anxious to get home as they were to see her there. She longed to go down to Grasmere to inquire; but the communication was entirely cut off by the snow, for the beck was, in the winter, too wide for a child to leap, and too rapid to be waded, and the crazy wooden bridge that crossed it had so large a hole in it, that, when concealed with snow, it was not safe to attempt the passage. She said afterwards that she could not help being terrified at the loneliness and desolateness, but that she recollected that at least if she could not get out, no bad men could get in to hurt them; and she set herself resolutely to comfort and help the lesser creatures who depended on her. She thought over all that could be done for the present, and first wound up the clock, a friend that she could not allow to be silent; next she took all the remaining milk and scalded it, to prevent it turning sour; then she looked into the meal chest, and made some porridge for breakfast, but the store was so low that she was forced to put all except the babies upon short allowance; but to reconcile the others to this, she made cakes of a small hoard of flour, and baked them on the hearth. It was snowing so fast that she feared that the way to the peat stack would be blocked up, and therefore her next work was, with the help of the two boys, to pull down as much fuel as would last for a week, and carry it in-doors; and she examined the potatoes laid up in bracken leaves, but fancying that if she brought them in, the warmth of the cottage would spoil them, she only took enough for a single meal. Milking the cow was the next office performed by this orderly little maid, but the poor thing was half starved and had little to give. Agnes saw that more hay must be given to her, and calling the boys, scrambled with them into the loft, and began to pull down the hay; but this was severe work for such young children, and darkness came on in the midst, frightening the two little fellows, so that it required all the sister's steady resolution and perseverance to finish supplying the poor cow with even that night's supper and bed. Supper-time came, and after it the motherly child undressed the twins and found

voice to sing them to sleep, after which she joined the huddle of the other three, nestled on the hearth, and hour after hour they listened for the dear voices, till they fancied they heard sounds on the howling blast, held their breath, and then, as it died away, were conscious of the silence of the lull. So fierce was the snow-drift that Agnes had to guard the door and window from admitting long wreaths of it, and protect the fire from being put out as it came hissing down the chimney. Again her watch lasted till midnight, and no parents, no help came; again she went to bed, and awoke to find the snow falling thicker than ever, and hope failing within her. Her fond, active mother, her strong, brave father, a noted climber, would surely long ago have found the way home to their children had all been well with them. Agnes described herself as getting through this third lonely day by keeping her little flock together on the hearth, and making them say their prayers aloud by turns.

By the following morning the snow was over, and the wind had changed, so sweeping away the drifts, that though the treacherous bridge might not be attempted, a low stone wall had been exposed, which these little mountaineers knew would serve as a guide into Grasmere, by a circuit, which would avoid crossing the brook. It would be needful to force some gaps, that is, to push down the loose stones of the uncemented stone walls that divided the fields, and the little boys came with Agnes to help her in this as far as the ridge of the hill; but the way was long and unsafe for small children, and Agnes sent them back, while she made her way alone, a frail little being in the vast slopes of snow, to the house nearest in Grasmere.

She knocked at the door and was made kindly welcome, but no sooner did she ask for her father and mother than smiles turned to looks of pity and dismay. In half-an-hour the news that George and Sarah Green were missing had spread through the valley, and sixty strong men had met at Kirktown, the hamlet close to the parish church, to seek for them. The last that was known of them was, that after the auction, some of their friends had advised them not to try the dangerous path so late; but when they had gone no one knew. Some of

the people of Langdale likewise had heard wild shrieks at midnight on the night after the sale, but had fancied them merely the moans of the wind.

One day after another the search continued, but still in vain. The neighbors patiently gave up their work day after day to turn over the deep snow around the path from Langdale, but for three—or some say five—days no trace of them was found. At last dogs were used, and guided the seekers far away from the path, until a loud shout from the top of a steep precipice told that the lost was found. There lay Sarah Green, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, of course quite dead, and at the foot of the rock his body was found, in a posture that seemed to show that he had been killed by the fall without a struggle. The neighbors thought that the mist and snow must have bewildered them till they had wandered thus far in the darkness, and that George had been making a few steps forward to make out the road when the fall took place, but that his wife had very possibly been unconscious of his fall, and stood still where he had left her, uttering those sad cries that had been so little regarded at Langdale, until she was unable to move and was benumbed by the sleep of cold. Those who knew them best, thought that the poor woman's grief and terror for her lonely little ones had probably so overpowered her as to disturb her husband's coolness and presence of mind, and that if he had been alone, he would probably have easily saved himself. The brave little girl keeping her patient watch and guard over the five younger ones, and setting out on her lonely way through the snow, must have had more of the spirit of her soldier-father than of her mother. It was to Dorothy Wordsworth, the sister of the poet, that little Agnes was persuaded to tell the history of this calm, resolute, trustful waiting time, which, simple as it is, we think our readers will own as truly worthy to be counted among Golden Deeds. The father and mother were buried on a lovely spring day at St. Oswald's Churchyard at Kirktown, and Wordsworth wrote—

"Now do these sternly featured hills  
Look gently on this grave,  
And quiet now the depths of air  
As sea without a wave.

"But deeper lies the heart of peace,  
In quiet more profound;  
The heart of quietness is here,  
Within this church-yard bound.

"And from all agony of mind  
It keeps them safe and far  
From fear and grief, and from all need  
Of sun or guiding star."

After the funeral, the farm folk of the neighborhood were all pressing forward to beg to adopt one or other of the little orphans. The wins were kept together, Catherine was taken by the Wordsworth family, Agnes and her brothers found separate but comfortable homes among their parents' friends. Help came pouring in. Queen Charlotte and her daughters were greatly touched by the mountain child's tender motherliness, and sent a handsome donation for the benefit of the orphans, and so many subscriptions were offered, that at last Miss Wordsworth declined receiving any more, lest the children should be injured by having too much wealth for the station to which they were growing up.



## THE COBRA'S TREASURE

BY ALICE F. JACKSON

ALL round the compound grew a hedge of prickly pear. It had curious thick leaves, and out of the leaves grew curious little knots of thorns. If you got one into your finger — well — you knew it!

It bore a pink fruit too, which the natives used for dyeing clothes — a pretty pink dye it was, and very fast colored. It made a splendid edge.

Nothing could come through it, which was a comfort, because wild beasts used to prowl round at night. Not tigers — they lived in the jungle beyond — but cheetahs, and, of course, jackals.

Our little Bertie used to go screaming to bed at night because of the cheetahs, for

Gerald told him they ate little boys at night. One had really eaten up the ayah's baby; but that was a long time ago. It made mother very angry.

Not about the ayah's baby — she was grieved at that, of course — but because Gerald had frightened Bertie.

Gerald said, "He's such a cowardly kid."

"I know somebody who was just as cowardly," said mother.

In my opinion — and I'm a girl — boys are greater cowards when they are little than girls. Afterwards boys grow braver, of course. It would never do for a man to be a coward.

It had come out of the scrub. There were lots of cheetahs in the scrub. They lived there. The scrub was three feet high (low underwood it is called in the dictionary), in some places it was four, and in other places nearly six feet high.

We lived on the plains. You rode a long, long way before you got to the scrub; and cheetahs came to the plains to look for food only when pressed from hunger.

It was a cheetah, too, that ate up one of Major Savage's fawns, and badly mauled another. The major sat up with his soldier servant next night, and Gerald begged father to let him sit up with them.

It came (the cheetah, I mean), and the major fired.

O'Connell, the soldier servant, said he fired too soon, and only frightened the cheetah. Whatever he did, he didn't hit it; and the cheetah ran back to the scrub.

The major was mad. We called him, "Savage by name, and savage by nature," for a week after. But only to ourselves. He was a man with a bad temper.

"Bedad! if the meejor had let *me* shoot!" said the soldier servant. But he said it to us. He didn't say it to the major.

Gerald was mad, too; for he hadn't even seen the cheetah. However, to make up for it, O'Connell gave him some shooting lessons instead.

"And the next toime a wild baste comes," said the soldier, with a wink, "you and me will take a pot at him without the meejor."

The next wild "baste" that came happened to be a jackal — not that he came alone, for

jackals always hunt in packs. But they are not so dangerous as the cheetahs.

One — the leader of the pack — always goes in front; and he's generally the biggest of them all. The soldier servant used to tell the queerest things about them. He had been a long time in India, and he said he ought to know, and so I suppose he did.

They — the jackals — came snuffing after fowls, and they're very, very fond of chicken. They are horrid scavengers, too, and eat up every dead thing they can find.

"Things," said O'Connell, "that the other bastes just lave. And bedad! a tasty mhorsel to them is a Hindoo!"

"The leader goes in front, snuffing for dainty mhorsels in the air. Then all at wance he cries, 'Here's a dead Hindoo-oo-oo-oo-oo.' And, 'Where, where, where, where, where?' barks the pack in chorus just behind. 'Here, here, here, here, here!' says the joyful leader of the band. And the whole lot sets upon the thing he's found, and tears it to pieces in a jiffy."

And when they barked in the distance — I often heard them in the dead of night — it did, indeed, sound just like that, especially, if you say it very fast and rather indistinctly.

O'Connell shot the leader of the pack one night, for, as he said, Gerald was "too long making up his moind."

When shooting you must evidently take a middle course, for the major, unfortunately, fired too soon; and Gerald, unhappily, too late.

However, O'Connell comforted Gerald with, "Next toime," and dragged the jackal into our compound just for us to see.

He was a tawny-colored beast, with a very sharp snout, and long cruel-looking teeth; about the size of a large terrier dog, and he had a beautiful bushy tail.

People who kill jackals generally keep their tails, just as in England a huntsman prizes a fox's brush.

O'Connell magnanimously gave Gerald the tail. And Gerald has it now in his bedroom.

I said before that it was a comfort wild beasts could n't come through our hedge; but it turned out afterwards that something quite as terrible had its home there. It was a cobra.

Cobra da Capello is its real name, and it is one of the most deadly snakes we have in India.

India is a dreadful place for snakes. They are everywhere. And the curious thing I want to tell you is about this cobra.

Gerald saw it first. "There's a snake in the compound," he said. He did n't know it was a cobra. But he burst into the bungalow with a rather scared face. "And it's curled up at the foot of the peepul."

Father said, "Nonsense!" But he got out his rifle at once, and went on tip-toe to the big peepul.

We called it the big peepul to distinguish it from the other peepuls in the compound. It was a beautiful shape, and its silvery leaves glistened always in the sun.

There was no snake there, and father said, "You must have imagined it."

But Gerald insisted that he had seen a snake, and that it was curled up under the big peepul.

Father laughed. We all thought Gerald had imagined it. And Gerald got very vexed. But the next day Ram Singh — he was the butler — declared that he had seen a snake, and that it was crawling away from the peepul tree.

"It seems to have a fancy for the peepul," father said. But he looked a little disturbed.

And mother said we children were not to play near the peepul tree at all, and told ayah to take special care of little Bertie.

After that somebody was always seeing the snake, and it was always under the peepul. And when Govind Rao came into the veranda one day and said, with a low salaam, "Sometimes seeing snake, sometimes finding big cobra!" all the other servants put their hands on their mouths and said, "*Wahl wahl*" in a low mysterious chorus.

"Why should n't it be a cobra, Govind Rao?" Gerald asked. Because it was the fact of the snake's being a cobra that made the other servants say, "*Wahl wahl*!" And *Wah, wah* in Hindustanee means, "Wonderful! wonderful!" or, "Strange!"

"Cobra curled up under peepul tree," said Govind Rao. "Sometimes watching."

"Watching what?" cried Gerald and I.

"Watching treasure," said Govind Rao.

And "*Wahl wahl*" cried the natives with their hands upon their mouths.

"Treasure!" cried Gerald, with a pair of sparkling eyes.

And I added breathlessly, "What sort of treasure, Govind Rao?"

"Sometimes gold," said Govind Rao. "Sometimes watching jewels. Burying jewels sometimes," he added. "Cobra sometimes guarding."

And the other servants nodded their heads, and murmured, "Being sometimes right, Govind Rao."

It turned out — and it was O'Connell who explained the matter to us, though father, too, said he had heard of the legend before — that he native believes that wherever treasure is buried — and in India wonderful jewels are buried everywhere — a cobra generally watches over the spot, and jealously guards the secret.

And when Govind Rao came in to say that he snake under the peepul tree was a cobra, the natives jumped to the conclusion at once that some treasure was buried there.

Father laughed. But we were dreadfully excited. And O'Connell, I think, was the most excited of all.

"Bedad!" he said, "it's making your fortunes ere'll be now, Master Gerald!" And he was ere going to dig up at the foot of the peepul tree there and then.

But the natives were horrified.

Govind Rao talked mysteriously of the cobra's crawling up "sometimes" to find them at their work, and — he snapped his finger and thumb!

And O'Connell was a superstitious man.

The cobra was supposed to be the spirit of the man who had buried the treasure, or of the man from whom the treasure had been stolen — forget which — and "Howly Saints preserve us!" O'Connell exclaimed.

Father said the cobra must be killed; and both he and O'Connell watched for it often with their rifles. But it never came. Not when they were watching, at least. Though they did sometimes see its tail disappearing to the prickly pear.

And the natives wagged their heads.

"Sometimes charming," said Govind Rao.

And, "Not killing spirit," said Ram Singh.

"The haythen naygurs is right," said O'Connell. "It's a snake-charmer, we must fetch, or, if you please."

Somehow, nobody had even thought of a snake-charmer. In the excitement we had forgotten that there was such a person, indeed. Mother was quite relieved that Govind Rao had mentioned him. And father sent off Narrain to call a charmer directly.

Gerald hugged himself at the thought of its being Saturday — half holiday; and I was so excited that I could n't eat any luncheon.

He came — the charmer, I mean — directly luncheon was over, and we all ran out into the compound to watch what he would do.

We knew that they charmed snakes with music; but we had never seen a charmer charm a snake before. It seems so strange to me that a *snake* should be fond of music! And the first thing he did was to blow through his little pipe.

The servants told him how fond the snake was of the peepul tree; and that its hiding-place was somewhere in the hedge of the prickly pear. So he started at one corner of the hedge, walking slowly along, and "Too, too, tooing!" on his little instrument.

It was a very monotonous air, and the sound was not unlike the sound a bag-pipe makes. "Too, too, too!" It was rather sad, I thought. Indeed, it almost made one feel a little melancholy.

Besides the musical instrument, he carried also a little forked stick. Gerald wondered if it was to give the cobra a blow on the head with it.

And "Too, too, too!" we followed the music a little distance off, and every pair of eyes was glued to the prickly pear.

At last, "Kape still, Master Gerald," I heard O'Connell whisper. And mother suddenly caught my hand, and held it tight in hers.

We stood. We all stood quite still. We hardly dared to breathe. For there we saw the cobra's head emerging from the prickly pear.

"Too, too, too!" played the charmer, "Too, too, too!" And the music sounded, to my ears, more monotonous, and more melancholy than ever.

The cobra crawled out of the hedge, and the charmer backed slowly away. He walked backwards into the compound, and the cobra followed him fascinated. It looked as if it was under a spell.

And "Too, too, too!" went the little pipe, and the snake thought it a ravishing air.

Suddenly the music stopped. And quickly — so quickly, that we hardly saw it done — with a dexterous thrust, he had pinned it to the ground — pinned it just behind the head, in the cleft of the little forked stick.

And the breathless silence amongst us was broken with, "Well done!" from father, "well done!" And, "Howly Saints presarve us!" cried O'Connell. And, "Wah, wah!" said Govind Rao.

So firmly was the cobra's head pinned down, that it was powerless to strike the charmer. And when he beckoned us to come and look at it, we all drew nearer very boldly.

The charmer then coolly took a pair of pin-cers from his cloth — the waist cloth which the natives always wear round their loins — and actually pulled out two of the cobra's teeth, which, he told us afterwards, were connected with the poison gland.

Then, with his thumbs, he pressed the cobra's jaws together so hard, that it was compelled to spit out the poison.

After that he dangled a bit of rag before its mouth, which, in its rage and fury, the baffled cobra snapped at, holding hard. And that, said the charmer, would wipe the rest of the poison away.

The cobra was now quite harmless, and, because it was still under the charm of the music, the charmer could do exactly what he liked with it, and made it go through many curious movements, although it kept on extending its hood, which is, of course, a sign of anger in the cobra.

Father gave the charmer five rupees, which made him *salaam* to the ground; and he went off still *salaaming*, with the cobra curled round his neck.

"And now for the treasure, Masther Gerald," O'Connell cried. But father and mother persisted in laughing at him.

However, O'Connell persisted in digging under the peepul tree, and he worked harder, indeed, than the natives.

And what you do think they found?

First of all they came upon a little box; and in the box was the skeleton of a little child. And round the skeleton was wrapped a native

woman's *saree*, that was thrust through with a blood-stained blade.

It was the blade of a dagger — a dagger with a jewelled handle, if you please. And some of the stones were emeralds, mother said.

The mystery was never cleared up. The murder might have been done in the Mutiny, father said.

However, O'Connell cleaned the blade for Gerald till he made it shine. And Gerald has the dagger now.



## SHERIDAN'S RIDE

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

(1822-1872)

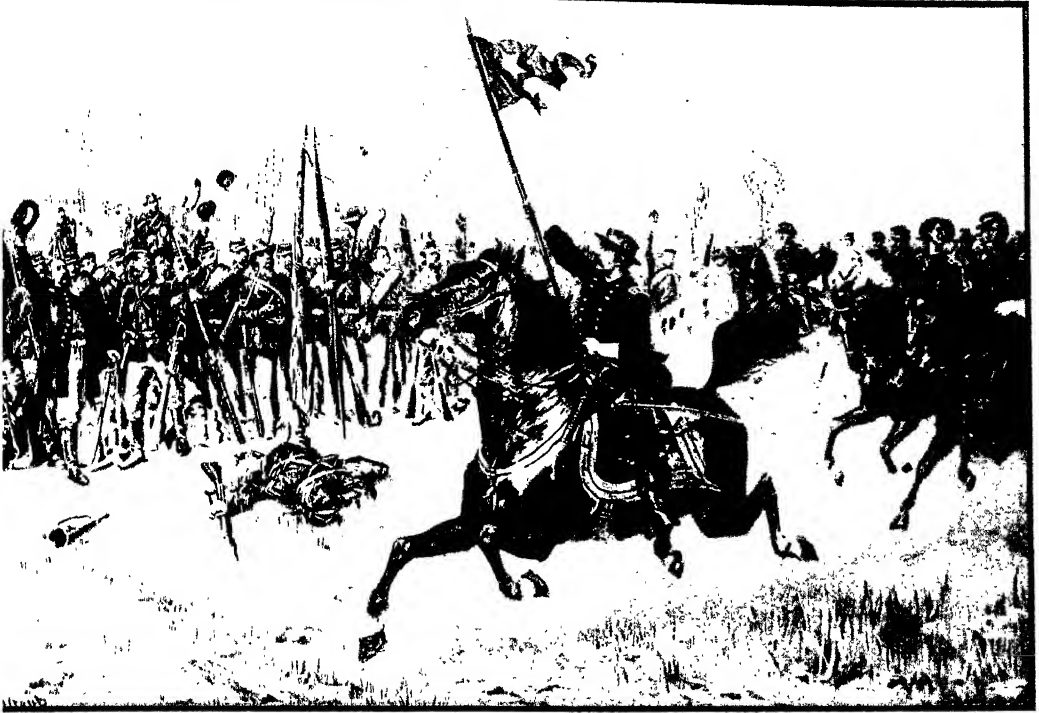
UP from the South at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar;  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway leading down;  
And there, through the flush of the morning  
light,

A steed as black as the steeds of night  
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;  
As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with his utmost speed;  
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering  
South,  
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;



the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and  
faster,  
boding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the  
master  
beating like prisoners assaulting their  
walls,  
patient to be where the battle-field calls;  
every nerve of the charger was strained to  
full play,  
with Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road  
like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
and the landscape sped away behind  
like an ocean flying before the wind,  
and the steed, like a bark fed with furnace  
fire,  
went on, with his wild eye full of ire.  
Now! he is nearing his heart's desire;  
he is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
with Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups  
stragglers, and then the retreating troops.

What was done — what to do? A glance told  
him both,  
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course  
there, because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was  
gray;  
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,  
He seemed to the whole great army to say:  
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!  
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!  
And when their statues are placed on high,  
Under the dome of the Union sky,  
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,  
There with the glorious General's name  
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:  
"Here is the steed that saved the day,  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight  
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

## LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE

[This selection is from Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, which contains some of the prettiest and most quaintly imaginative short stories in the English language. Hawthorne, as most boys and girls know, is probably the greatest of American prose writers.]

**D**ING-DONG! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The town-crier has rung his bell at a distant corner, and little Annie stands on her father's door-steps, trying to hear what the man with the loud voice is talking about. Let me listen too. Oh! he is telling the people that an elephant, and a lion, and a royal tiger, and a horse with horns, and other strange beasts from foreign countries, have come to town, and will receive all visitors who choose to wait upon them. Perhaps little Annie would like to go. Yes; and I can see that the pretty child is weary of this wide and pleasant street, with the green trees flinging their shade across the quiet sunshine, and the pavements and the sidewalks all as clean as if the housemaid had just swept them with her broom. She feels that impulse to go strolling away — that longing after the mystery of the great world — which many children feel, and which I felt in my childhood. Little Annie shall take a ramble with me. See! I do but hold out my hand, and, like some bright bird in the sunny air, with her blue silk frock fluttering upwards from her white pantalets, she comes bounding on tiptoe across the street.

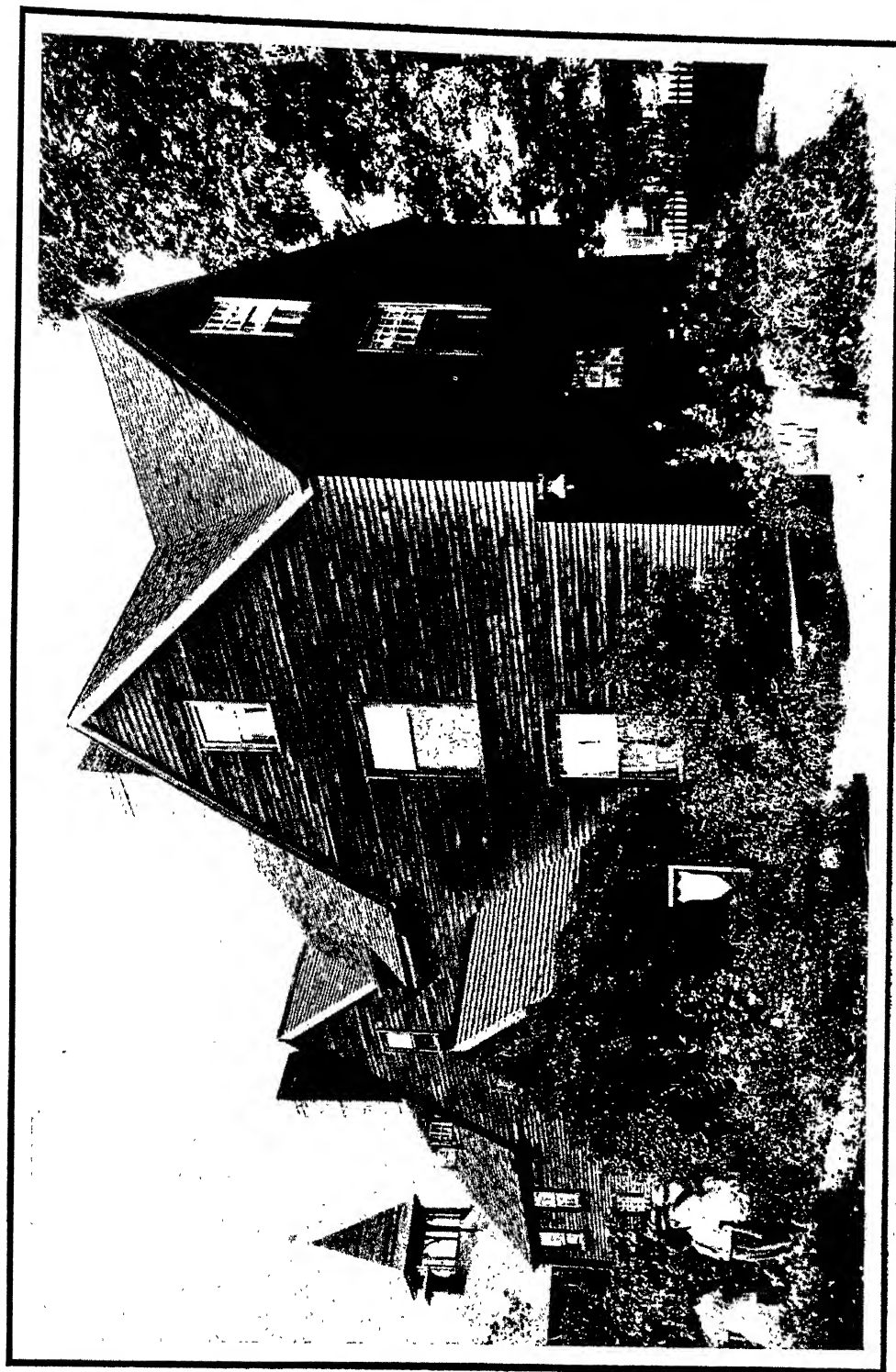
Smooth back your brown curls, Annie; and let me tie on your bonnet, and we will set forth! What a strange couple to go on their rambles together! One walks in black attire, with a measured step, and a heavy brow, and his thoughtful eyes bent down, while the gay little girl trips lightly along, as if she were forced to keep hold of my hand, lest her feet should dance away from the earth. Yet there is sympathy between us. If I pride myself on anything, it is because I have a smile that children love; and, on the other hand, there are few grown ladies that could entice me from the side of little Annie; for I delight to let my mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child. So, come, Annie; but if I moralize as we

go, do not listen to me; only look about you, and be merry!

Now we turn the corner. Here are hacks with two horses, and stage-coaches with four, thundering to meet each other, and trucks and carts moving at a slower pace, being heavily laden with barrels from the wharves; and here are rattling gigs, which perhaps will be smashed to pieces before our eyes. Hitherward, also, comes a man trundling a wheelbarrow along the pavement. Is not little Annie afraid of such a tumult? No; she does not even shrink closer to my side, but passes on with fearless confidence, a happy child amidst a great throng of grown people, who pay the same reverence to her infancy that they would to extreme old age. Nobody jostles her; all turn aside to make way for little Annie; and what is most singular, she appears conscious of her claim to such respect. Now her eyes brighten with pleasure! A street musician has seated himself on the steps of yonder church, and pours forth his strains to the busy town, a melody that has gone astray among the tramp of footsteps, the buzz of voices, and the war of passing wheels. Who heeds the poor organ-grinder? None but myself and little Annie, whose feet begin to move in unison with the lively tune, as if she were loth that music should be wasted without a dance. But where would Annie find a partner? Some have the gout in their toes, or the rheumatism in their joints; some are stiff with age; some feeble with disease; some are so lean that their bones would rattle, and others of such ponderous size that their agility would crack the flag-stones; but many, many have leaden feet, because their hearts are far heavier than lead. It is a sad thought that I have chanced upon. What a company of dancers should we be! For I, too, am a gentleman of sober footsteps, and, therefore, little Annie, let us walk sedately on.

It is a question with me whether this giddy child or my sage self have most pleasure in looking at the shop windows. We love the silks of sunny hue that glow within the darkened premises of the spruce dry-goods' men; we are pleasantly dazzled by the burnished silver and the chased gold, the rings of wedlock and the costly love-ornaments, glistening at the window of the jeweller; but Annie, more than I, seeks





*Photo, De Con-Gallery*

HAWTHORNE'S HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS  
Built in 1669.

for a glimpse of her passing figure in the dusty looking-glasses at the hardware stores. All that is bright and gay attracts us both.

Here is a shop to which the recollections of my boyhood, as well as present partialities, give a peculiar magic. How delightful to let the fancy revel on the dainties of a confectioner; those pies, with such white and flaky paste, their contents being a mystery, whether rich mince, with whole plums intermixed, or piquant apple, delicately rose-flavored; those cakes, heart-shaped or round, piled in a lofty pyramid; those sweet little circlets, sweetly named kisses; those dark majestic masses, fit to be bridal loaves at the wedding of an heiress, mountains in size, their summits deeply snow-covered with sugar! Then the mighty treasures of sugar-plums, white, and crimson, and yellow, in large glass vases; and candy of all varieties; and those little cockles, or whatever they are called, much prized by children for their sweetness, and more for the mottoes which they inclose, by love-sick maids and bachelors! Oh! my mouth waters, little Annie, and so doth yours; but we will not be tempted, except to an imaginary feast; so let us hasten onward, devouring the vision of a plum cake.

Here are pleasures, as some people would say, of a more exalted kind, in the window of a bookseller. Is Annie a literary lady? Yes; she is deeply read in Peter Parley's tomes, and has an increasing love for fairy tales, though seldom met with nowadays, and she will subscribe, next year, to the *Juvenile Miscellany*. But, truth to tell, she is apt to turn away from the printed page, and keep gazing at the pretty pictures, such as the gay-colored ones which make this shop-window the continual loitering place of children. What would Annie think, if, in the book which I mean to send her on New Year's day, she should find her sweet little self, bound up in silk or morocco with gilt-edges, there to remain till she become a woman grown, with children of her own to read about their mother's childhood! That would be very queer.

Little Annie is weary of pictures, and pulls me onward by the hand, till suddenly we pause at the most wondrous shop in all the town. Oh, my stars! Is this a toyshop, or is it fairy land? For here are gilded chariots, in which the

king and queen of the fairies might ride side by side, while their courtiers, on these small horses, should gallop in triumphal procession before and behind the royal pair. Here, too, are dishes of chinaware, fit to be the dining-set of those same princely personages, when they make a regal banquet in the stateliest hall of their palace, full five feet high, and behold their nobles feasting adown the long perspective of the table. Betwixt the king and queen should sit my little Annie, the prettiest fairy of them all. Here stands a turbaned Turk, threatening us with his sabre, like an ugly heathen as he is. And next a Chinese mandarin, who nods his head at Annie and myself. Here we may review a whole army of horse and foot, in red and blue uniforms, with drums, fifes, trumpets, and all kinds of noiseless music; they have halted on the shelf of this window, after their weary march from Lilliput. But what cares Annie for soldiers? No conquering queen is she, neither a Semiramis nor a Catherine; her whole heart is set upon that doll, who gazes at us with such a fashionable stare. This is the little girl's true plaything. Though made of wood, a doll is a visionary and ethereal personage, endowed by childish fancy with a peculiar life; the mimic lady is a heroine of romance, an actor and a sufferer in a thousand shadowy scenes, the chief inhabitant of that wild world with which children ape the real one. Little Annie does not understand what I am saying, but looks wistfully at the proud lady in the window. We will invite her home with us as we return. Meantime, good-by, Dame Doll! A toy yourself, you look forth from your window upon many ladies that are also toys, though they walk and speak, and upon a crowd in pursuit of toys, though they wear grave visages. Oh, with your never closing eyes, had you but an intellect to moralize on all that flits before them, what a wise doll would you be! Come, little Annie, we shall find toys enough, go where we may.

Now we elbow our way among the throng again. It is curious, in the most crowded part of a town, to meet with living creatures that had their birthplace in some far solitude, but have acquired a second nature in the wilderness of men. Look up, Annie, at that canary bird, hanging out of the window in his cage. Poor

little fellow! His golden feathers are all tarnished in this smoky sunshine; he would have glistened twice as brightly among the summer islands; but still he has become a citizen in all his tastes and habits, and would not sing half so well without the uproar that drowns his music. What a pity that he does not know how miserable he is! There is a parrot, too, calling out, "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!" as we pass by. Foolish bird, to be talking about her prettiness to strangers, especially as she is not a pretty Poll, though gaudily dressed in green and yellow. If she had said "Pretty Annie," there would have been some sense in it. See that gray squirrel at the door of the fruit shop, whirling round and round so merrily within his wire wheel! Being condemned to the treadmill, he makes it an amusement. Admirable philosophy!

Here comes a big, rough dog, a countryman's dog in search of his master, smelling at everybody's heels, and touching little Annie's hand with his cold nose, but hurrying away, though she would fain have patted him. Success to your search, Fidelity! And there sits a great yellow cat upon a window-sill, a very corpulent and comfortable cat, gazing at this transitory world with owl's eyes, and making pithy comments, doubtless, or what appear such to the silly beast. Oh, sage puss, make room for me beside you, and we will be a pair of philosophers!

Here we see something to remind us of the town-crier, and his ding-dong bell! Look! look at that great cloth spread out in the air, pictured all over with wild beasts, as if they had met together to choose a king, according to their custom in the days of Æsop. But they are choosing neither a king nor a president; else we should hear a most horrible snarling! They have come from the deep woods, and the wild mountains, and the desert sands, and the polar snows, only to do homage to my little Annie. As we enter among them, the great elephant makes us a bow, in the best style of elephantine courtesy, bending lowly down his mountain bulk, with trunk abased and leg thrust out behind. Annie returns the salute, much to the gratification of the elephant, who is certainly the best-bred monster in the caravan. The lion and the lioness are busy with

two beef-bones. The royal tiger, the beautiful, the untamable, keeps pacing his narrow cage with a haughty step, unmindful of the spectators, or recalling the fierce deeds of his former life, when he was wont to leap forth upon such inferior animals, from the jungles of Bengal.

Here we see the very same wolf — do not go near him, Annie! — the self-same wolf that devoured little Red Riding-Hood and her grandmother. In the next cage a hyena from Egypt, who has doubtless howled round the pyramids, and a black bear from our own forests, are fellow-prisoners, and most excellent friends. Are there any two living creatures, who have so few sympathies that they cannot possibly be friends? Here sits a great white bear, whom common observers would call a very stupid beast, though I perceive him to be only absorbed in contemplation: he is thinking of his voyages on an iceberg, and of his comfortable home in the vicinity of the North Pole, and of the little cubs whom he left rolling in the eternal snows. In fact, he is a bear of sentiment. But, oh, those unsentimental monkeys! the ugly, grinning, aping, chattering, ill-natured, mischievous, and queer little brutes. Annie does not love the monkeys. Their ugliness shocks her pure, instinctive delicacy of taste, and makes her mind unquiet, because it bears a wild and dark resemblance to humanity. But here is a little pony, just big enough for Annie to ride, and round and round he gallops in a circle, keeping time with his trampling hoofs to a band of music. And here — with a laced coat and a cocked hat, and a riding whip in his hand, here comes a little gentleman, small enough to be king of the fairies, and ugly enough to be king of the gnomes, and takes a flying leap into the saddle. Merrily, merrily, plays the music, and merrily gallops the pony, and merrily rides the little old gentleman. Come, Annie, into the street again; perchance we may see monkeys on horseback there!

Mercy on us, what a noisy world we quiet people live in! Did Annie ever read the *Cries of London City*? With what lusty lungs doth yonder man proclaim that his wheelbarrow is full of lobsters! Here comes another mounted on a cart, and blowing a hoarse and dreadful blast from a tin horn, as much as to say "Fresh fish!" And hark! a voice on high, like that of a

muezzin from the summit of a mosque, announcing that some chimney-sweeper has emerged from smoke and soot, and darksome caverns, into the upper air. What cares the world for that? But, well-a-day, we hear a shrill voice of affliction, the scream of a little child, rising louder with every repetition of that smart, sharp, slapping sound, produced by an open hand on tender flesh. Annie sympathizes, though without experience of such direful woe. Lo! the town-crier again, with some new secret for the public ear. Will he tell us of an auction, or of a lost pocketbook, or a show of beautiful wax figures, or of some monstrous beast more horrible than any in the caravan? I guess the latter. See how he uplifts the bell in his right hand, and shakes it slowly at first, then with a hurried motion, till the clapper seems to strike both sides at once, and the sounds are scattered forth in quick succession, far and near.

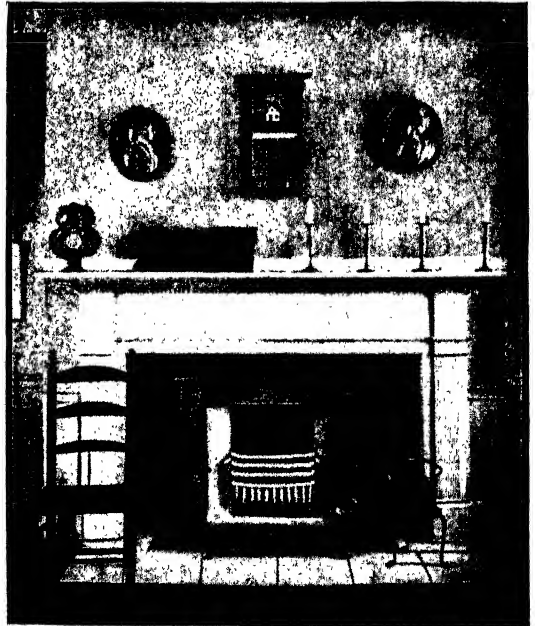
Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

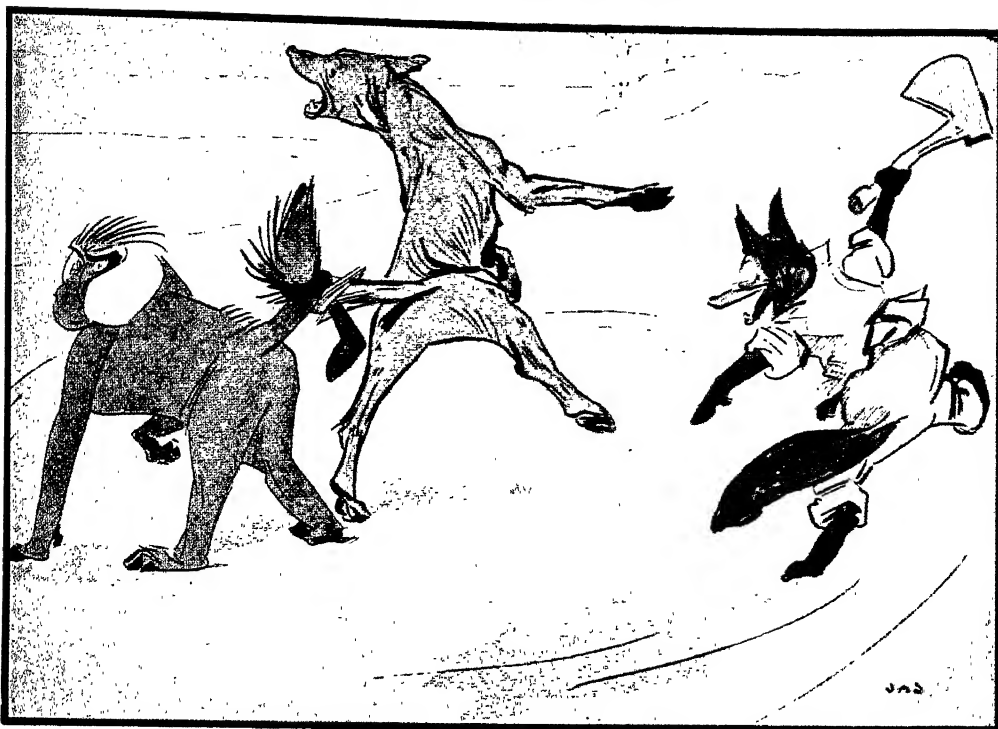
Now he raises his clear, loud voice, above all the din of the town; it drowns the buzzing talk of many tongues, and draws each man's mind from his own business; it rolls up and down the echoing street, and ascends to the hushed chamber of the sick, and penetrates downward to the cellar kitchen, where the hot cook turns from the fire to listen. Who, of all that address the public ear, whether in church, or court-house, or hall of state, has such an attentive audience as the town-crier! What saith the people's orator?

"Strayed from her home, a LITTLE GIRL, of five years old, in a blue silk frock and white pantalets, with brown, curling hair and hazel eyes. Whoever will bring her back to her afflicted mother —"

Stop, stop, town-crier! The lost is found. Oh, my pretty Annie, we forgot to tell your mother of our ramble, and she is in despair, and has sent the town-crier to bellow up and down the street, affrighting old and young, for the loss of a little girl who has not once let go my hand. Well, let us hasten homeward; and as we go, forget not to thank Heaven, my Annie, that, after wandering a little way into the world, you may return at the first summons, with an untainted and unwearied heart, and be a happy child again. But I have gone too far astray for the town-crier to call me back!

Sweet has been the charm of childhood on my spirit throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them. When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler woman, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!





"STAN' OVER A BIT, NIEF BAVIYÀAN; STAN' WIDE A BIT TILL I GETS A CLE'R BIFF AT HIM"

### WHY OLD BABOON HAS THAT KINK IN HIS TAIL

[This story, related by the old African servant, is from *Old Hendrik's Tales*, by Captain A. O. Vaughan.]

THE day was hot, and the koppies simmered blue and brown along the Vaal River. Noon had come, dinner was done. "Allah Mattie!" said the gray old kitchen boy to himself, as he stretched to sleep in the shade of the mimosa behind the house. "Allah Mattie! but it near break my back in dem tobacco lands this mawnin'. I sleep now."

He stretched himself with a slow groan of pleasure, settling his face upon his hands as he lay, soaking in comfort. In three minutes he was asleep.

But round the corner of the house came the three children, the eldest a ten-year-old, the youngest six. With a whoop and a dash the eldest flung himself astride the old Hottentot's

back, the youngest rode the legs behind, while the girl, the eight-year-old with the yellow hair and the blue eyes, darted to the old man's head and caught him fast with both hands. "Ou' Ta'! Ou' Ta'!" she cried. "Now you're Ou' Jackalse and we're Ou' Wolf, and we've got you this time at last." She wanted to dance in the triumph of it, could she have done it without letting go.

Old Hendrik woke between a grunt and a groan, but the merry clamor of the little girl would have none of that. "Now we've got you, Ou' Jackalse," cried she again.

The old man's yellow face looked up in a sly grin. "Ah, Anniekye," said he unctuously; "but Ou' Wolf never did ketch Ou' Jackalse. He ain't never bin slim enough yet. He make a big ole try dat time when he got Oom Baviyàan to help him; but all dey got was dat kink in Ou' Baviyàan's tail — you can see it yet."

"But how *did* old Bobbyjohn get that kink in his tail? You never told us that, Ou' Ta'," protested Annie.

The old Hottentot smiled to the little girl, and then straightway sighed to himself. "If you little folks only knowed de Taal," said he plaintively. "It don't soun' de same in you' Englis' somehow." He shook his head sadly over English as the language for a Hottentot story handed down in the Boer tongue. He had been long enough in the service of this "English" family (an American father and Australian mother) to know enough of the language for bald use; though, being a Hottentot, he had never mastered the "th," as a Basuto or other Bantu might have done, and was otherwise uncertain also — the pronunciation of a word often depending upon that of the words next before and after it. But English was not fond enough, nor had diminutives enough, for a kitchen tale as a house Kaffir loves to tell it.

None the less, his eyes brightened till the smile danced in his face as his words began. "Ou' Wolf — well, Ou' Wolf, he'd a seen a lot less trouble if he ha'n't had sich a wife, for Ou' Missis Wolf she yust had a temper like a meer-cat. Folks use' to won'er how Ou' Wolf manage' wid her, an' Ou' Jackalse use' to say to him, 'Allah man! if she was on'y my wife for about five minutes she'd fin' out enough to tink on as long's she keep a-livin'.' An' den Ou' Jackalse, he'd hit 'is hat back on to de back of his head an' he'd step slouchin' an' fair snort agen a-grinnin'.

"But Ou' Wolf ud look behind to see if his missis was hearin', an' den he'd shake his head, an' stick his hands in his pockets an' walk off an' tink. He'd see some mighty tall tinkin' yust up over his head, but he could n' somehow seem to get a-hold of it.

"Well, one mawnin' Missis Wolf she get up, an' she look on de hooks an' dere ain't no meat, an' she look in de pot an' dere ain't no mealies. 'Allah Crachty!' says she, 'but dat Ou' Wolf is about de laziest skellum ever any woman wore herse'f out wid. I'll ketch my deat' of him before I's done.'

"Den she look outside, an' dere she seen Ou' Wolf a-settin' on de stoop in de sun. He was yust a-waitin', sort o' quiet an' patient, for his breakfas', never dreamin' nothin' about bein' banged about de yead wid a mealie ladle, when out flops Missis Wolf, an' fair bangs him a biff on one side his head wid de long spoon.

'You lazy skellum!' ses she, an' bash she lams him on his t'other year. 'Where's darie<sup>1</sup> meat for de breakfas' I don' know?' ses she, an' whack she smack him right on top his head. 'Off you go an' fetch some dis ver' minute,' ses she, an' Ou' Wolf he don' say no moh, but he yust offs, an' he offs wid a yump too, I can tell you.

"Ou' Wolf as he go he won'er how he's goin' to get dat meat quick enough. 'I tink I'll get Ou' Jackalse to come along a-huntin' too,' ses he. 'He's mighty slim when he ain't no need to be, an' p'r'aps if he'd be slim a-huntin' dis mawnin' we'd ketch somet'in' quicker.' An' Ou' Wolf rub his head in two-t'ree places as he tink of it.

"Now Ou' Jackalse, he was a-sittin' in de sun agen de wall of his house, a-won'erin' where he's gun' to get breakfas', 'cause he feel dat hungry an' yet he feel dat lazy dat he wish de grass was sheep so he could lie down to it. But grass ain't sheep till it's inside one, an' so Missis Jackalse, inside a-spankin' little Ainkye, was a-won'erin' where she's gun' to get some breakfas' to stop it a-squallin'. 'I yust wish you' daddy 'ud tink a bit oftener where I's gun' to get bones for you,' ses she.

"Little Ainkye, she stop an' listen to dat, an' den she tink awhile, but she fin' she don't get no fatter on on'y talk about bones, an' fus' t'ing her mammy know she puts her two han's up to her eyes an' fair dives into squallin' agen.

"Missis Jackalse she ketches hold o' Ainkye an' gives her such a shakin' till her eyes fly wide open. 'I's yust about tired o' hearin' all dat row,' ses she. An' while Ainkye's quiet considerin' dat, Misses Jackalse she hear Ou' Wolf come along outside, axin' her Ou' Baas ain't he comin' huntin' dis mawnin'? Den she hear Ou' Jackalse answer back, sort o' tired like, 'But I cahnt come. I's sick.'

"Den Ainkye lets out a squall fit to split, an' her mammy she biffs her a bash dat s'prise her quite quiet, before she stick her head out o' de doh an' say, mighty tremblin' like — 'I don't tink we got no meat fo' breakfas' at all, Ou' Man.'

"But Ou' Jackalse he ain't a-troublin' hisse'f about no women's talk. He don't turn his 'ead nor nawtin'. He yust hutch hisse'f

<sup>1</sup> = that there.

closer to de wall to bake hisse'f some more, an' he say agen — 'I tell you I's sick, an' I cahnt go huntin' dis mawnin', nohow.'

"Missis Jackalse she pop her head inside agen mighty quick at dat, an' Ou' Wolf he sling off down de spruit wid his back up. Ou' Jackalse he yust sit still in de sun an' watch him go, an' he ses to hisse'f ses he: 'Now dat's big ole luck fo' me. If he ha'n't a-come along like dat I don' know but I'd a-had to go an' ketch somet'in' myse'f, I'm dat 'ongry. But now it'll be all right when he come back wid some sort o' buck.'

"Den he turn his head to de doh. '*Frowickie*,' ses he to his missis inside, soft an' chucklin', 'tell Ainky to stop dat squallin' an' bawlin'. Ou' Wolf's gone huntin', an' yust as sure as he come back we'll have all de breakfas' we want. Tell 'er if she don't stop anyhow I'll come inside to her.'

"Missis Jackalse she frown at Ainky. 'You hear dat now,' ses she, 'an' you better be quiet now 'less you want to have you' daddy come in to you.' An' Ainky she say, 'Well, will you le' me play wid your tail den?' An' her mammy she say, 'All right,' an' dey 'gun a-laughin' an' a-goin' on in whispers. But Ou' Jackalse he yust sit an' keep on bakin' hisse'f in de sun by de wall.

"By'n'by here comes Ou' Wolf back agen, an' a big fat Eland on his back, an' de sweat yust a-drippin' off him. An' when he comes past de house he look up an' dere he see Ou' Jackalse yust a-settin' an' a-bakin', an' a-makin' slow marks in de dust wid his toes now an' agen, an' lookin' might comfy. An' Ou' Wolf he feel darie big fat Eland more bigger an' heavier dan ever on his back, an' he feel dat savage at Ou' Jackalse dat he had to look toder way, for fear he'd let out all his bad words *Kerblob* in one big splosh on darie Ou' Jackalse head. But Ou' Jackalse he say nawtin'; he yust sit an' bake. But he tink inside hisse'f, an' his eye kind o' 'gun to shine behind in his head as he watch darie meat go past an' go on, an' he feel his mouf run all water.

"But he ha'n't watched dat breakfas' out o' sight, an' he ha'n't quite settle hisse'f yust how he's goin' to get his share, when up hops Klein Hahsie (what you call Little Hare).

"'Mawnin', Klein Hahsie,' ses Ou' Jackalse,

but yust so high an' mighty's he know how, 'cause little Hahsie he's de runner for Big Baas King Lion, an' Ou' Jackalse he tink he'll show him dat oder folks ain't no chicken feed, too.

"'Mawnin', Ou' Jackalse,' ses Little Hahsie, kind o' considerin' him slow out of his big shiny eyes. Den he make a grab at one of his own long years as if it tickle him, an' when he turn his face to look at de tip o' darie year he sort o' wunk at it, kind o' slow and solemn. 'Darie ou' year o' mine!' ses he to Ou' Jackalse.

"Den he sort o' remember what he come for, an' he speak out mighty quick. 'You yust better get a wiggle on you mighty sudden,' ses he. 'Ou' King Lion he's a roarin' for darie Ou' Jackalse fit to tear up de bushes. "Where's darie Ou' Jackalse? If he don't get here mighty quick he'll know all about it." roars he. "What's de use o' me makin' him my doctor if he ain't here when he's wanted? Dis claw I neah tore out killin' a Koodoo yeste'day — he'd better be yust lively now a-gittin' here to doctor dat. Fetch him!" roars he, 'an' here I am, an' I tell you you yust better git a move on you,' ses Hahsie.

"Ou' Jackalse he tink, but he don't let on nawtin' but what he's yust so sick as to split. 'I's dat bad I cahnt har'ly crawl,' ses he — 'but you go 'long an' tell King Lion I's a-comin' as soon's ever I get some medicine mix'.

"'Well, I tol' you — you better be quicker'n blue lightnin' all de same,' ses Hahsie, an' off he flicks, as if he's sort o' considerin' what's de matter wid Ou' Jackalse.

"Well, Ou' Jackalse he tink, an' he tink, an' he know he'd better be gettin' along to King Lion, but yet he ain't a-goin' to give in about darie breakfas'. He ain't a-movin' mighty fast about it, but he goes into de woods an' he gets some leaves off o' one bush, an' some roots off'n anoder, an' yust when he tink dat's about all he want, who should he see but Ou' Wolf, kind o' saunterin' along an' lookin' yust good an' full o' breakfas', an' chock full o' feelin' fine all inside him.

"Dat stir Ou' Jackalse where he's so empty in his tummy, an' dat make it strike him what to do. He comes along to Ou' Wolf lookin' like he's in a desprit rush an' yust in de worst kind of a tight place. 'Here, Ou' Wolf,' ses he in a hustle, 'you's yust him I was tinkin' on. Hyere's



King Lion about half crazy wid a pain, an' he's roarin' for me, an' I set off wid a yump, an' I got all de stuff for de medicine, but all de time I clean forgot de book to mix it by. Now you yust do me a good turn, like a good chap, an' you rush off to King Lion wid dis hyere medicine, while I streaks back for de book. You does dis foh me an' I ain't a-goin' to fo'get what I owe you for it.'

"Ou' Wolf he's quite took off his feet an' out o' breaf on it all. 'Why, o' course,' ses he. 'You gi' me darie medicine an' I offs right away. A good yob I had breakfas' a'ready,' an' he fair seizes darie medicine an' he offs.

"Ou' Jackalse lie right down where he's standin' an' he fair roll an' kick hisse'f wid laughin'. 'A good yob I *ar'nt* had my breakfas',' ses he. 'I'd a lost a deal more 'n meat if I had a done,' ses he agen, an' den he ups an' he offs back to Ou' Wolf's house.

"All de way back he kep' on a-smilin' to hisse'f, an' every once in a while he'd give a skip an' a dance to tink what a high ole time he was a-havin'. Den by'n'by he picks up a piece o' paper. 'Yust de t'ing I's wantin',' ses he.

"Well, he come to Ou' Wolf's house an' dere was Missis Wolf a-sittin' out on de stoop an' a pullin' down de flaps of her cappie to keep de flies off'n her nose. 'Mawnin', Cousin,' ses Ou' Jackalse; fair as polite as honey would n't run down his t'roat if you let him hold it in his mouf.

"'Mawnin',' ses she, an' she ain't a-singin' it out like a Halleloolya needer, an' she don't stir from where she's a-settin', an' she don't say how-dy-do. She yust look at him like she's seen him befo'e, an' like she ain't a breakin' her neck if she don't never see him agen.

"But Ou' Jackalse he ain't a-seein' nawtin' but what she's yust as glad to see him as if he was a predicant. 'I's got a bit of a note here from your man,' ses he. 'P'r'aps you don't mind readin' it an' den you'll know,' ses he.

"Missis Wolf she cock her nose down at dat note, an' den Missis Wolf she slant her eye up at Ou' Jackalse. But Ou' Jackalse he yust kep' on between a sort o' smilin' to see her keepin' so well, and a sort o' dat tired feelin' dat life's sich a one-hawse business anyhow, till at last she up an' took darie paper.

"She turn dis piece o' paper dis way an'

turn it dat way, an' upside-down an' t'oder-side-to, an' at last she ses, ses she, 'I don't never could read pen-writin' so well's I could book letters, an' darie Ou' Wolf he write sich a terr'ble fist anyhow. I al'ays said he ought to be sent to school agen. You better to read it fo' me,' ses she.

"Ou' Jackalse he took de paper as if it ain't nawtin' anyhow, an' he looks as if livin' ain't no more'n a team o' donkeys an' a ole rope harness to a buck wagon nohow. Den he reads it off to hisse'f, sort o' mutterin' it over fus' to see what it's all about, an' den he ups an' talks it off about as happy as if it give him a hoe an' sent him into de to'acco lan's.

"'Oh,' he ses. 'Your man he yust ses for you to gi' me dem hin' quarters o' darie Eland I yust bargained for wid him. But, *Siss!* it 'pears he want me to car' it home myse'f, an' all de time he bargain to do dat fo' me. Ne'er mind dough; now I's here I met as well take it anyhow. But I'll have a few remarks wid Ou' Wolf when I sees him agen.'

"Missis Wolf she look at Ou' Jackalse, an' Ou' Jackalse he smile as if it's all right an' quite nice dere in de sun. Den Missis Wolf she look at darie paper an' she shake her head yust once. 'Yes,' ses she, 'I s'pose you will ha' to take it if you bargained for it atween you, but—you le' me have darie paper an' den I's'll have a few remarks too wid Ou' Wolf when I see him agen,' an' she look at Ou' Jackalse as if dat was gun' to be a bit of all right.

"Ou' Jackalse he han' over darie piece o' paper as polite as sugar cane, an' he take over de hin' quarters of Eland wid a look on his face like dat meat was a hoe on a hot day. An' he grunt an' he grumble all de way he go till he's out o' sight an' hearin'.

"Den, — well, if you want to know yust what sort o' good ole time he had over darie breakfas', you should ha' seen him comin' out in de sun agen ahter it, his hair all shinin' wid fat an' his tail a-hangin' down straight 'cause he's too full to cock it.

"Well, ahter all, he's got to be gittin' away an' seein' to King Lion pretty quick if he ain't a-goin' to get into moh trouble dan he can comb out of his hair in a twel'-mont', but he do feel so good an' comfy all inside him dat he ain't in any *baiya* hurry even yet. 'I s'pose I better



'take a book wid me,' ses he to hisse'f. 'Wife,' ses he over his shoulder, back t'rough de do', 'gi' me some sort o' book; any sort; darie ole almanac Ainky was a-screevin' picters in 'll do me yust a treat. Ou' King Lion he ain't a-gun' to look inside it.'

"So he gets dis almanac an' off he sets, an' if he don't skip and flick dis time, it's only because his wais'coat's too tight. But he pick 'is teef wid a long stem o' grass, an' he biff his hat back over one year, an' one time he's a-winkin' to hisse'f an' t'oder time he wave one arm an' sing 'De Kimberleysa trainsa,' like a location Kaffir wid two tickies in his pocket.

"Well, by'n'by he come to de place, an' he hear King Lion a-roarin' fit to shake de wind, till yust at first Ou' Jackalse he miss a step or two, tinkin' what nex'. Den he tink again, an' it wahnt a minute till he wink at hisse'f, an' he touch up darie ol' almanac under his arm to make it look like it's mighty important. Den he set his hat on mighty straight an' pull down his coat, an' in he go.

"'Vah vas yeh all dis time?' roar Ou' King Lion, makin' all de place tremble.

"'Please, sir,' ses Ou' Jackalse, terr'ble busy to look at, 'my fool missis she len' de medicine book to darie ou' gossipin' Missis Duck, an' I had yust a terror of a yob to spoor her out where she was a quackin' an' a scan'alin' till I got it back. But I sent de medicine on by Ou' Wolf here an' tole him what to do till I come.'

"'Did you?' roars King Lion, fair a-lashin' his tail in such a wax; 'an' here he's bin standin' like a clay man all dis time, yust a-holdin' eaves an' roots, an' a-sayin' nawtin', an' my law gettin' moh and wohse pain every minute!'

"Ou' Wolf he look at de King an' he begin to shake a bit. Den he look at Ou' Jackalse an' he won'er how in de worl' he come to forget what he ses he tell him. But Ou' Jackalse he look at Ou' Wolf yust as if he was fair disgusted wid such forgettin', an' den he look at de King's law an' he shake his head. 'It's gone pretty bad, but dere is yust one t'ing might cure it — t might.'

"'What's dat?' roars King Lion, an' Ou' Wolf he begin to feel de air shake in de roots of his hair.

"'Well, sir,' ses Ou' Jackalse, 'if Ou' Wolf cud bring his uncle or his cousin I don't know.

But,' — an' he shake his head, an' tap de ole almanac under his arm, an' look solemn all over — 'dis book ses de same an' I agrees wid it, 'cause I's found it so; dere's nawtin' else for it but you take de skin of a live wolf an' wrop it roun' you' paw till it get well. Ou' Wolf's uncle now —' ses he.

"'Ou' Wolf hisse'f!' roars King Lion, an' — *clipl!* — he make a dive to gash a-hold of Ou' Wolf. But Ou' Wolf he'd bin a-feelin' somet'in' comin', feelin' it in his bones, an' Ou' Jackalse had n't more 'n said 'Wolf!' dan Ou' Wolf was n't dere — he was yust a-streakin' out o' dat till you could n't see him for heel dust.

"'Well, sir,' says Ou' Jackalse, an' he heaves a whackin' big sigh 'cause he's tinkin' what Ou' Wolf's gun' to do to him now when he see him agen — 'I'm a gall darn sorry, you' Majesty, but now you's let Ou' Wolf get away I can't do nawtin', on'y yest put some medicine on you' claw till you ketch him agen.' An' wid dat he ups an' he doctor darie ou' claw an' comes away. An' he ain't a-skippin' an' he ain't a-singin' nawtin' about de 'Kimberleysa trainsa' dis time nudder, 'cause he's thinkin' a deal about what Ou' Wolf's a-gun' to do.

"Ahter dat Ou' Jackalse keep his eye skin' pretty clear all de time, an' Ou' Wolf keep his eyes yust a-yinglin' till he hear King Lion's got well again. Den he say to hisse'f, 'Now I's gun' to get square wi' darie Ou' Jackalse — you watch me if I don't,' an' off he go to see Ou' Baviyaan in de koppies.

"'Mawnin', Nief,' ses he.

"'Mawnin', Oom,' ses Baviyaan.

"'Very dry,' ses Ou' Wolf; 'd'ye t'ink we'll get rain pretty soon?' ses he.

"Ou' Baviyaan, he scratch his back, an' he look roun', an' he chew de bark off'n a piece o' stick. 'P'raps it rain by'n'by,' ses he. 'Dese yer koppies pretty hot dis mawnin'.'

"'Well,' ses Ou' Wolf, now he'd cleared de groun' polite like dat, 'you 'members darie skellum, Ou' Jackalse, dat never pay you yet for all dat lamb meat an' dat kid meat you let him have, don't you?'

"'Don't I,' ses Baviyaan, puckerin' his eyebrows down an' makin' sharp eyes, an' grabbin' a fresh twig an' strippin' de bark off it — *ripl!* — wid one snatch of his teef. 'I yust does.'

"'Well now, look a-hyere, Nief,' ses Ou'

Wolf. 'I cahnt stan' him no longer nohow. I's jüst a-gun' to get even wid him. He done one t'ing an' he done anoder t'ing, an' he don't pay me for de hin'quarters o' de finest Eland you ever seen, an' so I votes we jüst stops all dese little die-does of his. Wat you say now if we go an' give him such a shambokkin' till he don't stir out till dis time nex' year?'

"Ou' Baviyàan look at de little bird in de tree, an' Ou' Baviyàan look at de little shiny lizard on de rock. An' he looks at Ou' Wolf an' he looks round agen, an' he yumps an' he biffs a scorpion what he sees him wriggle his tail out from under a stone. Den he say, ses he, 'Yeh, but how's I know you ain't a-gun' to streak it out o' dat as soon's Ou' Jackalse prance out for us? Den where'd I be, huh?'

"'But who's a-gun' to run away?' ses Ou' Wolf, swellin' hisse'f out mighty big. 'D' ye mean to say I's a-gun' to run away f'm a skellum like dat? Me scared o' him? Huh!'

"Ou' Baviyàan, he scratch hisse'f on de hip, an' he eat what you cahnt see out'n his finger an' t'umb. 'Den what you want me to help you foh?' ses he, kind o' puckerin' his eyes an' glintin' here an' dere in Ou' Wolf's face.

"'Oh, dat's all right,' ses Ou' Wolf, an' he try to t'ink so quick dat de inside his head tumble all over itself like rags in a basket upside down. 'On'y if I go an' do it my lone se'f, den people t'ink it's jüst fightin', an' dey say, "Poor Ou' Jackalse." But if we go an' do it, all two of us, den dey say, "What's darie ou' skellum bin up to dis time?" Dat's why I come for you, Nief.'

"Ou' Baviyàan, he screw hisse'f roun' on his part what he sits on, an' Ou' Baviyàan, he screw hisse'f back, an' he look at a fly dat wants to light on Ou' Wolf's nose. 'Look a-hyer, Oom Wolf,' ses he; 'you show me some way to make sure dat you don't run off an' leave me on my own if Ou' Jackalse do somet'in', den I'll listen to you. You can run jüst as fast as he can, but dere ain't no trees for me to yump for where Ou' Jackalse live.'

"Ou' Wolf he scratch his ear wid his back foot, but Ou' Baviyàan he scratch his tummy wid his front han'. 'Now you do dis, Oom Wolf,' ses he; 'you le' me tie our tails togedder good 'n fast so I know dey won't come undone, den I'll know you cahnt up an' dust it out o'

dat an' leave me when de time comes. You say yes to dat, an' I'll come.'

"Ou' Wolf jüst laugh right out. If he 'd axed for it hisse'f he cou'd n't a-done better. Dat way he's sure hisse'f dat Ou' Baviyàan can't skip out an' leave *him* needer, an' he know Ou' Baviyàan he's pretty full o' prickles to meddle wid in a tight corner. 'Dere's my tail,' ses Ou' Wolf; 'you tie it fas', an' you jüst keep on a-tyin' till you's satisfied.'

"So off dey starts.

"Well, I tole you Ou' Jackalse he jüst keep his eye a-rollin' all dese days, an' dis mawnin' he was out in front of his house a-choppin' out yokeskeys, an' you believe me darie axe in his han' was jüst so sharp an' jüst so bright in de sun dat it flashed like streaks o' hot lightnin' when he chop an' chip, an' keep on chip-a-choppin'. An' all de time his eye was jüst a-smokin' an' a-burnin' till a long an' a long way off he sees Ou' Wolf an' Ou' Baviyàan a-comin' a-wobblin', terr'ble close alongside each oder, an' mighty awk'ard.

"'Well, dat's about de funniest commando I ever did see,' ses he to hisse'f, wid his ear a-cockin' out, an' his nose a-cockin' up. An' den his tail begun to wilt a bit while he tink what he's goin' to do now.

"Den he scratch his ear, an' his tail begin to stick out agen, an' he wink one eye to his nose end. 'Ou' Frow!' ses he, back over his shoul'er to Missis Jackalse in de house.

"'Ya, daddy!' ses Missis Jackalse, stickin' her nose half an inch out o' de door.

"'Now you be careful an' do jüst what I tells you,' ses he. 'When I stop choppin' den you pinch Ainky, an' you pinch her till she fair bawls agen. An' when I shouts out for you to stop her a-squallin', den you answer up on you' top note an' say — "It's all you' own fault. You would bring you' baby up on nawtin' but wolf meat, an' now you shouts 'cause it cry fo' mo'." You hear me now, don't you forget,' ses Ou' Jackalse.

"'Dat's all right,' ses his ole missis.

"Well, along come Ou' Wolf, an' his commando — one Baviyàan — an' Ou' Wolf he say, 'What's dat flashin' like lightnin' in Ou' Jackalse han'? Hyere; I don't know what's a-gun' to happen,' ses he, an' he ain't a-comin' on so fast as he has bin.

"But Ou' Baviyàan he answer pretty scornful like, 'Dat's yust a axe he's a-choppin' out yokeskeys wid. You ain't a-gun' to turn afeard, huh?'"

"'Who's afeard?' ses Ou' Wolf, in yust such a bi-ig voice. 'But it do look like a terrible sharp axe,' ses he. 'Why don't he use a rusty ole, gappy ole axe, like anyb'dy else a-choppin' out yokeskeys, I want to know?' An' Ou' Wolf he 'gun a-movin' slower an' slower. 'I tink dat's mo'en yust a axe,' ses he."

"'No backin' out now,' ses Ou' Baviyàan, kind o' rough."

"'Ain't my tail tied fast enough?' savages Ou' Wolf. 'Di' n't you tie it yourse'f?' ses he, trying to stop still an' argue de point."

"Ou' Baviyàan he give a yank. 'Come on now,' ses he."

"'Ain't I?' ses Ou' Wolf, an' he come yust half a step — to easy de pull on his tail. An' while dey start to quar'lin', Ou' Jackalse he stop choppin' an' he lift up, an' right den his Ou' Missis she pinch Ainkye so she fair opens out a-bawlin' till her eyes shut tight. You could hear it a mile off."

"Den Ou' Jackalse he shout out, 'If you don't stop dat Ainkye a-squallin' like dat den I'll come inside dere, an' she'll get somet'in' to squall for,' ses he."

"'It's all you' own fault,' screams Ou' Missis (an' don't she yust like to say it! It makes her feel good an' good to talk back to her Ou' Baas once, i'stead of on'y tinkin' back). 'You goes an' brings up you' chile on nawtin' but wolf meat, an' den you 'gins to shout when she's yust so hungry fo' mo' dat she cahnt hold quiet.'"

"'Dat's all right,' ses Ou' Jackalse ('an' don' you get too high, Ou' Missis,' he puts in on de quiet, 'cause he hears what's in her mind). 'I send Ou' Baviyàan out t'ree days back to bring some wolf meat, an' here he comes now wid yust an ole scrag of a one. It look a bit flyblow a'ready, but it'll do better 'n nawtin' I s'pose,' ses he, an' he pick up his axe, an' he gin it a swing up an' roun' as if he's a-openin' his chest to slaughter lots."

"Ou' Wolf he hear dat an' he yust make one yump an' land right roun' wid his head where his tail was. He tinks it's nawtin' else but Ou' Baviyàan is drawed him on an' in to it, as Ou' Jackalse ses. 'Dat's why you wanted my tail

tied so fast, is it?' ses he. 'Dat's it, is it?' an' he ramp an' he yerk, an' car' on."

"'It ain't, fathead! big fathead!' ses Ou' Baviyàan, rearin' an' yankin' to pull Ou' Wolf roun' again to face it. 'Dat's yust Ou' Jackalse's lies to scare you.'"

"But Ou' Wolf he see Ou' Jackalse comin', a-skipin' an' a-runnin', wid de axe a-frolickin' in his han', an' he yust gi'es one yank an' lan's Ou' Baviyàan a yard back. Baviyàan he try to hold him, but about dat time Ou' Jackalse gets dere, an' he 'gins to yump an' dodge roun', an' all de time he's shoutin' out, 'Stan' over a bit, Nief Baviyàan; stan' wide a bit till I gets a cle'r biff at him. Yust shift you' head de oder side till I gaps him one wi' dis yere axe.'"

"Den dere was de fuss. De more Ou' Baviyàan try to hol' back de more Ou' Wolf yerks him away, an' de wusser Ou' Jackalse sings out, till at last Ou' Wolf he get dat ter'fied he fair yanks Ou' Baviyàan right into de air an' over an' over, an' den streaks out straight for de koppies, wid him on de end of him like a dog an' a kettle."

"'I tink dat's about de finish to dat little lot,' ses Ou' Jackalse, watchin' de dust an' de hair fly.'"

Old Hendrik paused, looked the little girl very seriously in the eye; and then concluded, using his most impressive tones: "An' if you don' b'lieve me, den you yust look at Ou' Baviyàan's tail nex' time he comes stealin' in de garden — you'll see de kink yet where it ain't never straighten out f'm dat day to dis."



## IN THE COILS OF DEATH

BY ALFRED H. MILES

PERHAPS of all modern boa stories, that narrated by Captain Speke of his own experiences when seeking the source of the Nile is one of the most thrilling. On one occasion, in company with Captain Grant, Captain Speke



THE BOA CRUSHES THE BUFFALO

left the camp in search of game, to replenish an exhausted larder. They had shot a young buffalo cow and sighted an elephant, which was engrossing their attention when the shouts of the native attendants caused Captain Speke to look round only to discover a huge boaconstrictor in the act of darting down upon him from a tree above. Caught in one of the coils of the snake Speke was thrown down beside the animal they had just killed.

"In a moment," says Captain Speke's narrative, "I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck the young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left fore-arm had only been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb lay just in front of the shoulder, at the root of the neck, and thus had a short bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was like iron in hardness.

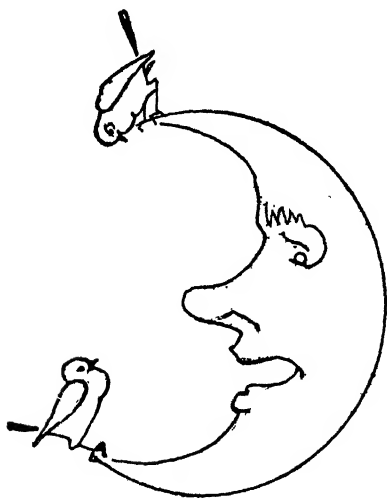
"As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror took possession of me; for if he refrained I might possibly escape, after the boa released its folds from the dead cow; but should he fire and strike the reptile, it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces. Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared fully to comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended upon the will of the constrictor. We could see every line of each other's faces, so close were we, and I would have shouted, or spoken, or even whispered to him had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few feet of mine, and a wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared, stared, stared, like a dead man, at Grant and at the blacks.

"Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after re-tightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the one which held me a prisoner; and as I felt it little by little unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed, the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by any will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay! And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest—and then farewell to the sources of the Nile! Oh, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant, and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes, and saw them still gazing, as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head

and saw its bright, deadly eyes watching for the least sign of life in its prey.

"Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a hair's breadth, and now a little more, till half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself. The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one easing. Should I dash away now, or await a more favorable moment? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed I bounded away towards Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the next instant.

"For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-unconscious state for several minutes. When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, which was still writhing in its death-agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of its tremendous dying strength. For yards around where it lay, grass, and bushes, and saplings, and, in fact, everything except the more fully-grown trees were cut quite off, as though they had been trimmed by an immense scythe. The monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two and a half inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of its body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of."



## BARON MUNCHAUSEN

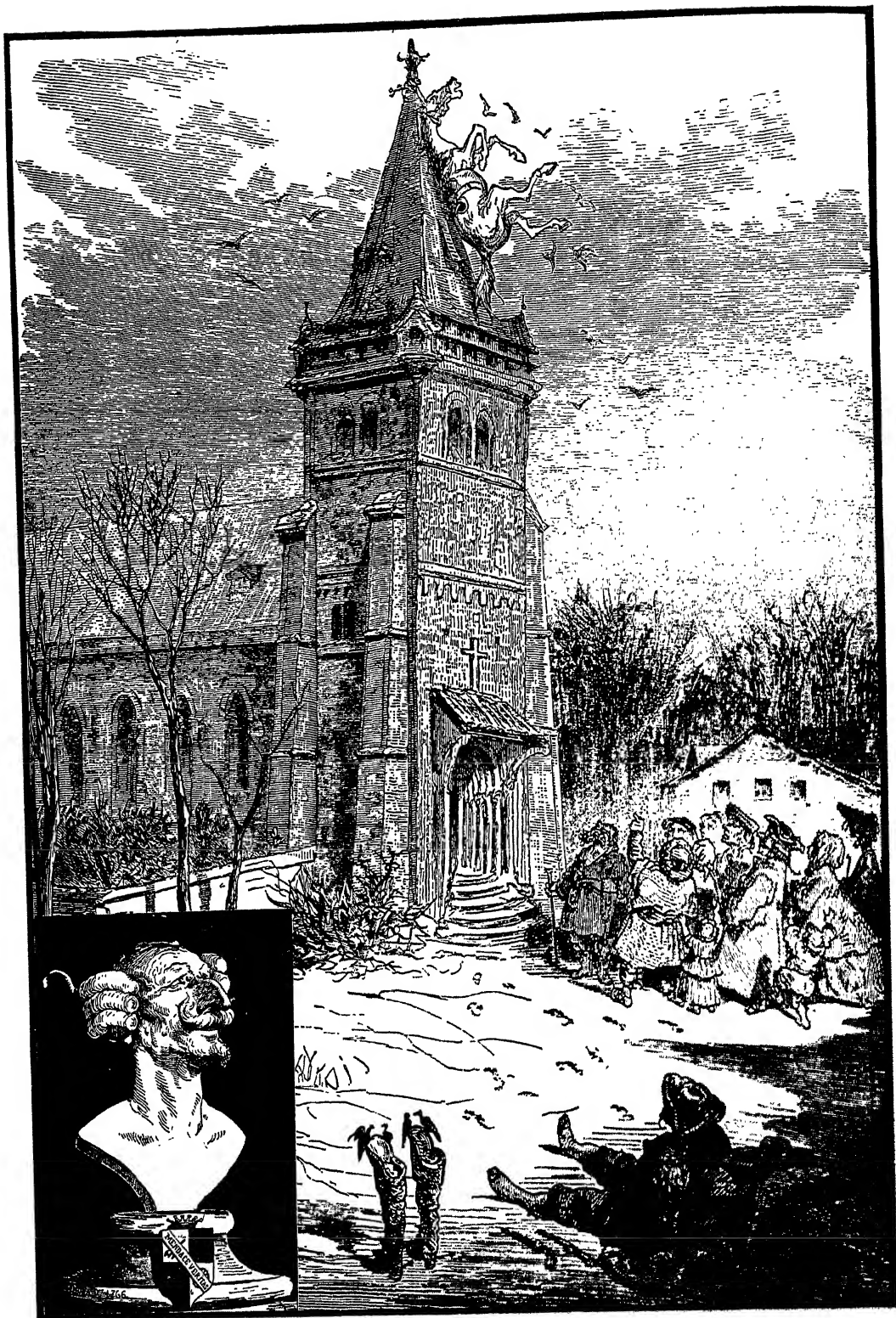
[The writer known as Baron Munchausen doubtless had one of the most vivid imaginations ever bestowed upon a mortal. When anyone tells a most improbable story, it is commonly called a "Munchausen." We give an illustration of the Baron's whimsical ability for telling what could not be true.]

### A TRIP TO THE MOON

I HAVE already informed you of one trip I made to the Moon, in search of my silver hatchet; I afterwards made another in a much pleasanter manner, and stayed in it long enough to take notice of several things, which I will endeavor to describe as accurately as my memory will permit.

I went on a voyage of discovery, at the request of a distant relation, who had a strange notion that there were people to be found equal in magnitude to those described by Gulliver in the empire of *Brobdignag*. For my part, I always treated that account as fabulous; however, to oblige him, for he had made me his heir, I undertook it, and sailed for the South Seas, where we arrived without meeting with anything remarkable, except some flying men and women who were playing at leap-frog, and dancing minuets in the air.

On the eighteenth day after we had passed the island of Otaheite, a hurricane blew our ship at least one thousand leagues above the surface of the water, and kept it at that height till a fresh gale arising filled the sails in every part, and onward we traveled at a prodigious rate. Thus we proceeded above the clouds for six weeks. At last we discovered a great land in the sky, like a shining island, round and bright; where, coming into a convenient harbor, we went on shore, and soon found it was inhabited. Below us we saw another earth, containing cities, trees, mountains, rivers, and seas, which we conjectured was this world which we had left. Here we saw huge figures riding upon vultures of a prodigious size and each of them having three heads. To form some idea of the magnitude of these birds, I must inform you that each of their wings is as wide and six times the length of the main-sheet



BARON MUNCHAUSEN HIMSELF. MELTING SNOW LEFT HIS HORSE HITCHED TO THE CHURCH STEEPLE WHICH THE BARON MISTOOK FOR A POST THE NIGHT BEFORE

el, which was about six hundred tons  
Thus, instead of riding upon horses,  
in this world, the inhabitants of the  
we now found we were in Madam  
about on these birds. The king,  
was engaged in a war with the Sun,  
ered me a commission, but I declined  
his majesty intended me. Everything  
orld is of extraordinary magnitude;  
a flea being much larger than one of

In making war, their principal wea-  
adishes, which are used as darts: those  
wounded by them die immediately.  
lds are made of mushrooms, and their  
en radishes are out of season) of the  
paragus. Some of the natives of the  
are to be seen here; commerce tempts  
amble: their faces are like large mas-  
their eyes near the lower end or tip  
oses: they have no eyelids, but cover  
s with the end of their tongues when  
to sleep: they are generally twenty  
1. As to the natives of the Moon,  
hem are less in stature than thirty-six

they grow old, they do not die, but  
o air, and dissolve like smoke! They  
t one finger upon each hand, with which  
form everything in as perfect a manner  
lo who have four besides the thumb.  
eads are placed under their right arm;  
n they are going to travel, or about any  
exercise, they generally leave them at  
or they can consult them at any distance.  
a very common practice; and when those  
or quality among the Lunarians have  
lination to see what's going forward  
the common people, they stay at home,  
e body stays at home, and sends the head  
which is suffered to be present *incog.*,  
urn at pleasure with an account of what  
ssed.

ir eyes they can take in and out of their  
when they please, and can see as well  
hem in their hands as in their heads!  
by any accident they lose or damage one,  
can borrow or purchase another, and see  
rly with it as their own. Dealers in eyes  
n that account very numerous in most  
of the Moon, and in this article alone all  
inhabitants are whimsical: sometimes

green and sometimes yellow eyes are the fashion.  
I know these things appear strange, but if the  
shadow of a doubt can remain on any person's  
mind, I say, let him take a voyage there him-  
self, and then he will know I am a traveler of  
veracity.

#### A WHALE STORY

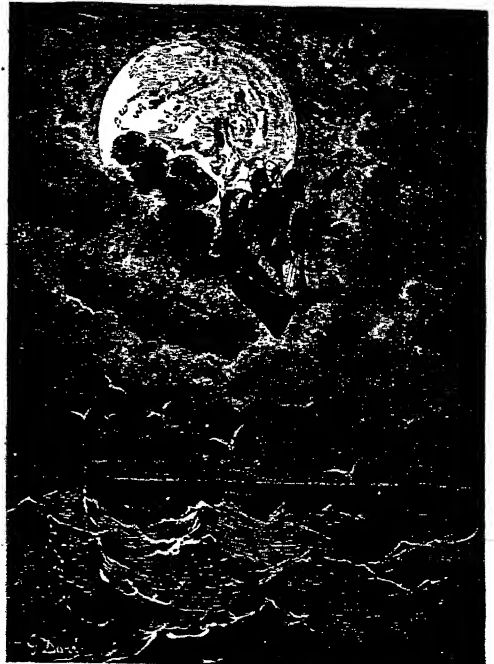
I embarked at Portsmouth in a first-rate  
English man-of-war, of one hundred guns, and  
fourteen hundred men, for North America.  
Nothing worth relating happened till we arrived  
within three hundred leagues of the river St.  
Lawrence, when the ship struck with amazing  
force against (as we supposed) a rock; however,  
upon heaving the lead, we could find no bottom,  
even with three hundred fathom. What made  
this circumstance the more wonderful and in-  
deed beyond all comprehension, was, that the  
violence of the shock was such that we lost our  
rudder, broke our bowsprit in the middle, and  
split all our masts from top to bottom, two of  
which went by the board. A poor fellow, who  
was aloft, furling the main-sheet, was flung  
at least three leagues from the ship; but he  
fortunately saved his life by laying hold of the  
tail of a large sea-gull, who brought him back,  
and lodged him on the very spot from whence  
he was thrown. Another proof of the violence  
of the shock was the force with which the people  
between-decks were driven against the floors  
above them; my head particularly was pressed  
into my stomach, where it continued some  
months before it recovered its natural situation.  
Whilst we were all in a state of astonishment at  
the general and unaccountable confusion in  
which we were involved, the whole was suddenly  
explained by the appearance of a large whale,  
who had been basking asleep, within sixteen  
feet of the surface of the water. This animal  
was so much displeased with the disturbance  
which our ship had given him, for in our passage  
we had with our rudder scratched his nose,  
that he beat in all the galley and part of the  
quarter-deck with his tail, and almost the same  
instant took the main-sheet anchor, which was  
suspended, as it usually is, from the head,  
between his teeth, and ran away with the ship,  
at least sixty leagues, at the rate of twelve  
leagues an hour, when fortunately the cable





"I PERCEIVED THAT THE LION HAD JUMPED INTO THE CROCODILE'S MOUTH, WHICH WAS WIDE OPEN"





FOUR EVENTFUL SCENES: 1. THE BARON CARRIES OFF THE HORSES; 2. THE PEOPLE ARE SURPRISED AS THE SEA MONSTER DISGORGES THE BARON; 3. THE COMBAT WITH THE FISH ON OCEAN'S BOTTOM IS TRULY FIERCE; 4. THE VOYAGE FROM THE MOON IS CERTAINLY EXCITING IF TRUE

broke, and we lost both the whale and the anchor. However, upon our return to Europe some months after, we found the same whale within a few leagues of the same spot, floating dead upon the water; it measured above half a mile in length. As we could take but a small quantity of such a monstrous animal on board, we got our boats out, and with much difficulty cut off his head, where, to our great joy, we found the anchor, and about forty fathom of the cable concealed on the left side of his mouth, just under his tongue. (Perhaps this was the cause of his death, as that side of his tongue was much swelled, with a great degree of inflammation.) This was the only extraordinary circumstance that happened on this voyage.

#### THE LION-CROCODILE ENCOUNTER

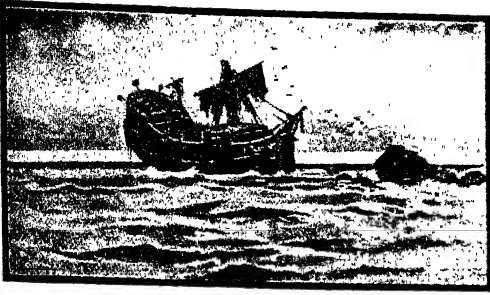
After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting-party. Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about, I was almost petrified (as who would not?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach; and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed: I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about, I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended, almost ready to receive me; on my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures: in short, I gave myself

up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind-legs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment: after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded. After listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth, which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other, and they were struggling to extricate themselves. I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse*, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet. I then with the butt-end of my fowling-piece rammed the head further into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way, or met with some accident. After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.



"THE LION WAS . . . JUST IN THE ACT OF SEIZING ME;  
I FELL INVOLUNTARILY TO THE GROUND"



## ROBINSON CRUSOE

**T**HIS story, which made its author world famous and will be read as long as boys live, was at first named: "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, who lived eight-and-twenty years all alone on an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America near the Mouth of the great River Oronoque, having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pirates. Written by himself." The title tells the story. The book is long, too, but what reader ever found it too long? It pleased the men and women and children of two hundred years ago as much as it pleases them now. It has been printed in countless editions and in many languages. It was not written until Daniel Defoe (1661-1731), the author, was nearly sixty years old.

Defoe doubtless got the idea of "Robinson Crusoe" from the adventures of a Scots sailor named Alexander Selkirk, who quarreled with his captain and was set ashore upon an uninhabited island where he remained for more than four years, when he was rescued by a passing ship and brought home to England. Out of his real experience the author built his fascinating account of such adventures as no one else ever imagined. Our pictures show some of the striking incidents.

Of course our purpose is merely to remind you of the remarkable tale, which you will wish to read at length, if you have not done so. "Robinson Crusoe" and the other stories which he wrote afterward brought Defoe a comfortable fortune. He built himself a handsome house, had carriages and horses, and lived in good style. But one day he disappeared, and for

two years lived as a homeless fugitive, dying in 1731 in loneliness. He made his stories so real that it is difficult to believe that Robinson Crusoe was not an actual person and his adventures true happenings. That is the highest art of the story teller.

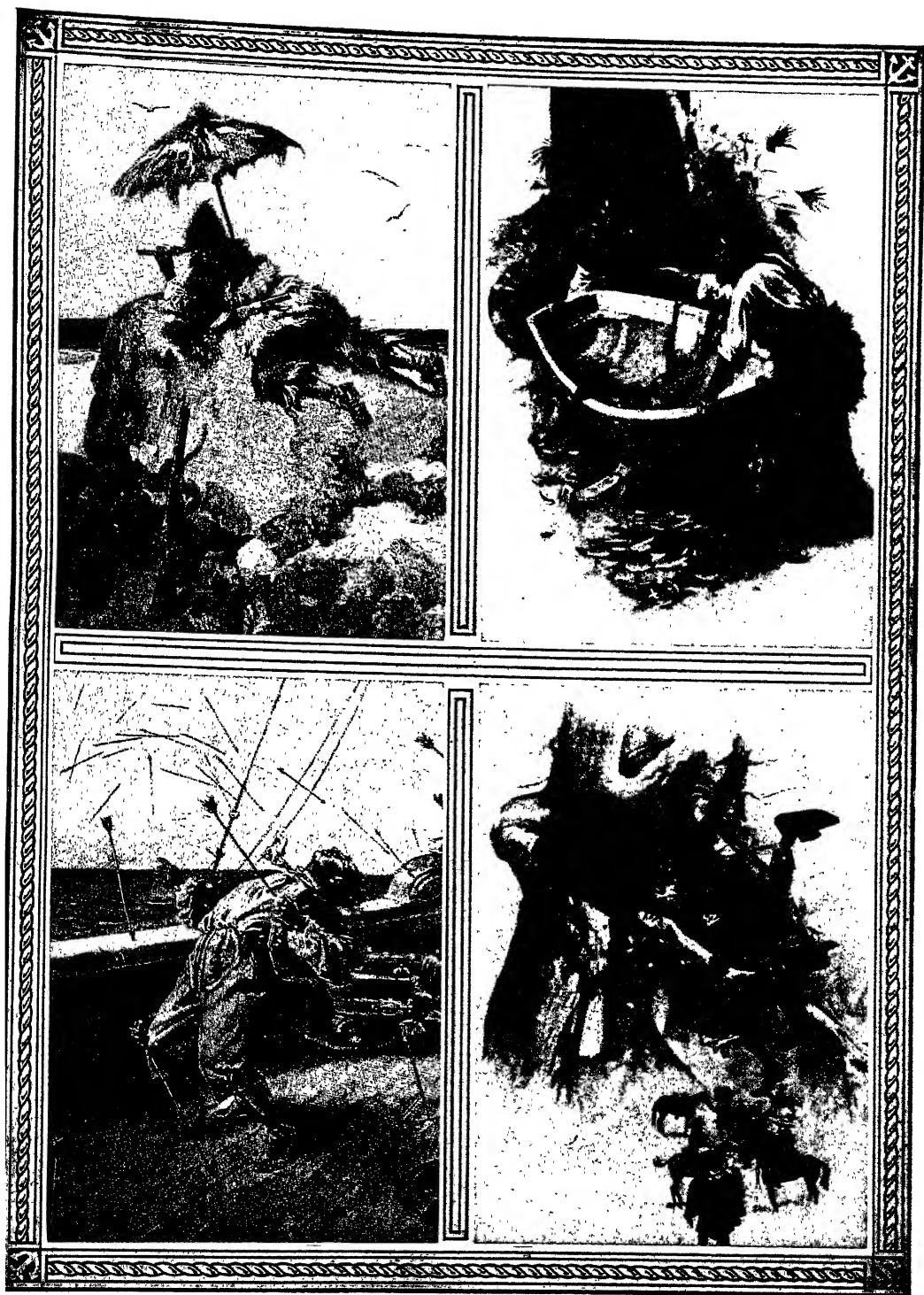
The story recites at great length the hero's early life, his going to sea, suffering all sorts of dangers and fortune, and at last being wrecked on an island in the West Indies. Then begins the description of his lonely experiences. It was fifteen years before he saw a footprint, and eight more before he found his man Friday, so named because it was on Friday he appeared. Later, cannibal savages were overcome, a white man was rescued, and now a little company held the island, until one day an English ship came in sight. This made it possible to return to England, and after an absence of thirty-five years Crusoe reached his native land, bringing Friday with him. Other adventures he had, but the life on the island during the years when he was without a human companion forms the most engrossing part of the story. A good and inexpensive edition is that in "Everyman's Library."



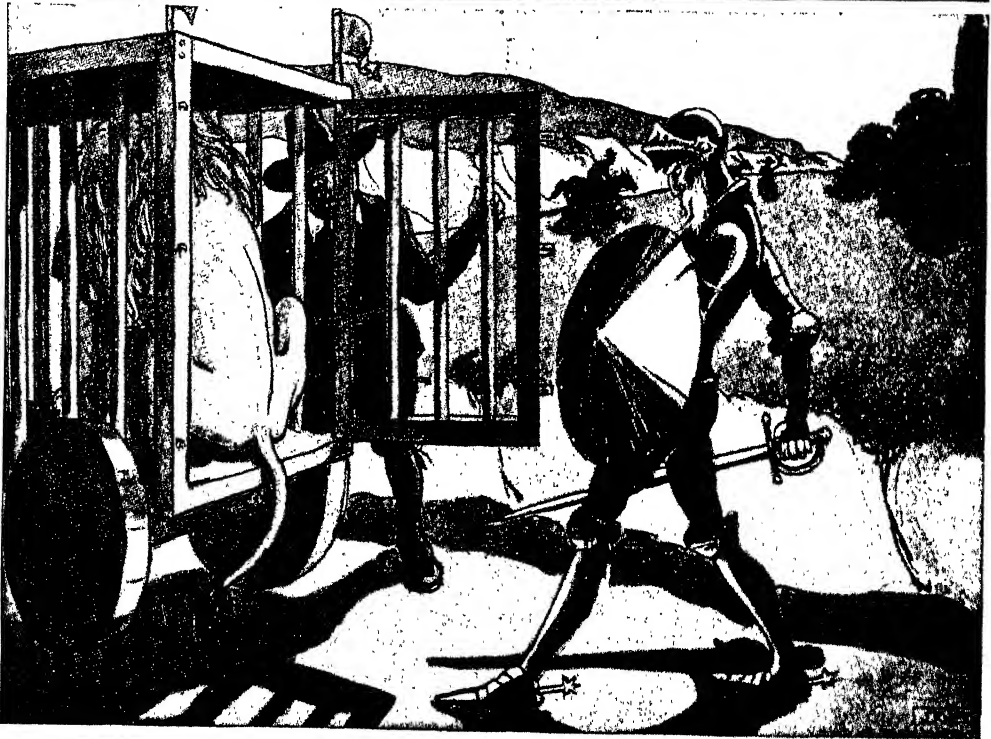
ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS DOG



ROBINSON CRUSOE'S EXPERIENCES: 1. The lifeboat is soon swamped. 2. Crusoe gets a raft load from the ship.  
3. Taking comfort with his dog and a fire. 4. Comradeship with the animal pets.



1. Robinson Crusoe looks out for savages or ships. 2. Crusoe and Friday build a boat. 3. Friday falls, pierced by arrows. 4. A thrilling encounter.



TOP: DON QUIXOTE IS KNIGHTED BY THE WORTHY INNKEEPER IN DUE FORM. BOTTOM: THE LION PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE VALOROUS KNIGHT'S DEFIANCE



## CERVANTES AND "DON QUIXOTE"

THE most famous of Spanish authors is Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, commonly known as Cervantes. His masterpiece, *Don Quixote*, has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and has come to rank among the world's great books.

Cervantes was born in a small Spanish village in the year 1547. When he was seven years old his parents took him to live in Madrid. The family was of good birth, but was reduced in circumstances, and though Cervantes was a born writer, poverty compelled him to take up the career of soldiering. He went to Italy and served in wars against the Turks and African corsairs, winning a reputation for courage. At the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, he lost his left hand. A few years later he was captured by a pirate and was sold as a slave in Algiers, in which unfortunate condition he remained for seven years, until his family and friends were able to ransom him. After his escape from slavery, he returned to Spain and devoted the rest of his life to writing. He composed about thirty plays for the stage, wrote a number of poems and novels, and finally, in 1615, completed his *Don Quixote*, the work by which he will always be remembered. He died in 1616, the very year of Shakespeare's death.

## DON QUIXOTE

*Don Quixote* was written in ridicule of the extravagant and high-flown romances of knight-errantry that flourished in Cervantes's day. They were wild tales that were likely to turn people's heads, and Cervantes's book made them appear so ridiculous and untrue to life, that it "laughed them out of Europe."

The hero of the story is a kindly old gentleman who has lost some of his wits through reading hundreds of these trashy novels. He imagines he was born to be a great knight, and so he sets forth on his wanderings, mounted on a bony old horse, whose high-flown name is Rozinante, and accompanied by a fat little servant named Sancho Panza. His aim is to rescue fair ladies in distress, to make war upon giants, and in general to do those impossible things that the knights-errant in the novels

were accustomed to doing. And the book is made up of his wonderful adventures. It is crowded full of the most amusing incidents and situations. The selections that follow will give some idea of its humor.

## DON QUIXOTE IS DUBBED A KNIGHT

But one uncomfortable thought chilled the heat of his enthusiasm — he had not yet been dubbed a knight, and was therefore still unqualified to engage in any chivalrous adventure. Accordingly, as soon as he had finished his scanty and sordid meal, he took the landlord aside, and shutting himself up with him in the stable and falling on his knees before him, said: "I will never rise from this posture, valiant knight, until thou hast granted me of thy courtesy the favor which I desire, and which shall redound to thine honor and to the benefit of the human race."

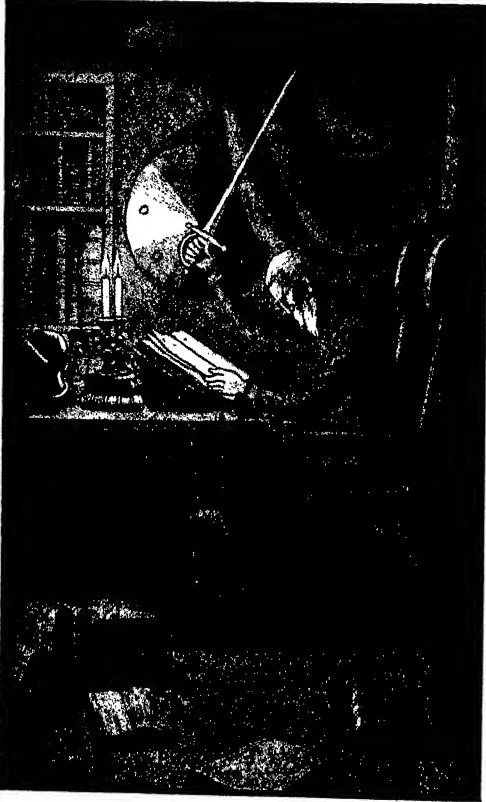
Dumfounded at the strange attitude and still stranger language of his guest, the landlord stared at him, not knowing what to do or say. He begged him to rise, but Don Quixote steadily refused, so that at last he was obliged to give the promise required.

"I expected no less from your High Mightiness," answered Don Quixote. "And now hear what I desire: to-morrow at dawn you shall dub me knight, and to that end I will this night keep the vigil of arms in the chapel of your castle, so that I may be ready to receive the order of chivalry in the morning, and forthwith set out on the path of toil and glory which awaits those who follow the perilous profession of knight-errantry."

By this time the landlord began to perceive that Don Quixote was not right in his wits, and being somewhat of a wag he resolved to make matter for mirth by humoring his whim; and so he replied that such ambition was most laudable, and just what he would have looked for in a gentleman of his gallant presence. He had himself, he said, been a cavalier of fortune in his youth — which in a certain sense was true, for he had been a notorious thief and rogue, known to every magistrate in Spain — and now, in his declining years, he was living in the retirement of his castle, where his chief pleasure was to entertain wandering knights; which, being

interpreted, meant that he was a rascally landlord, and grew fat by cheating the unfortunate travelers who stayed at his inn.

Then he went on to say that, with regard to the vigil of arms, it could be held in the courtyard of the castle, as the chapel had been pulled down to make place for a new one.



DON QUIXOTE IN STUDY AMONG HIS LOVED BOOKS

"And to-morrow," he concluded, "you shall be dubbed a knight—a full knight, and a perfect knight, so that none shall be more so in all the world."

Having thanked the landlord for his kindness, and promised to obey him, as his adoptive father, in all things, Don Quixote at once prepared to perform the vigil of arms. Collecting his armor, he laid the several pieces in a horse-trough, which stood in the center of the inn-yard, and then, taking his shield on his arm, and grasping his lance, he began to pace up and down with high-bred dignity before the trough.

The landlord had lost no time in informing those who were staying at the inn of the mad freaks of his guest, and a little crowd was gathered to watch his proceedings from a distance, which they were the better able to do, as the moon was shining with unusual brightness. Sometimes they saw him stalking to and fro, with serene composure, and sometimes he would pause in his march, and stand for a good while leaning on his lance, and scanning his armor with a fixed and earnest gaze.

While this was going on, one of the mule-drivers took it into his head to water his team, and approaching the horse-trough prepared to remove Don Quixote's armor, which was in his way. Perceiving his intention, Don Quixote cried to him in a loud voice, saying: "O thou, whoever thou art, audacious knight, who drawest near to touch the armor of the bravest champion that ever girt on sword, look what thou doest, and touch it not, if thou wouldst not pay for thy rashness with thy life!"

The valiant defiance was thrown away on the muleteer, whose thick head needed other arguments, and taking the armor by the straps, he flung it a good way from him. Which when Don Quixote saw, he raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as may be supposed) on his lady Dulcinea, he exclaimed: "Shine on me, light of my life, now when the first insult is offered to my devoted heart! Let not thy countenance and favor desert me in this, my first adventure."

As he put up this pious appeal he let go his shield, and lifting his lance in both hands, brought it down with such force on the muleteer's head that he fell senseless to the ground; and if the blow had been followed by another, he would have needed no physician to cure him. Having done this, Don Quixote collected his armor, and began pacing up and down again, with the same tranquillity as before.

Presently another muleteer, knowing nothing of what had happened, came up to the trough with the same intention as the first, and was about to lay hands on the armor, when Don Quixote, without uttering a word, or asking favor of anyone, once more lifted his lance, and dealt the fellow two smart strokes, which made two cross gashes on his crown.

Meanwhile the alarm had been raised in the





TOP: BRAVE SANCHO FLINGS HIS ARMS ROUND HIS MASTER, THE KNIGHT. BOTTOM: AT MIDNIGHT, WEARING MASKS AND STRANGE COSTUMES, THEY ENTERED THE KNIGHT'S ROOM

house, and the whole troop of muleteers now came running to avenge their comrades. Seeing himself threatened by a general assault, Don Quixote drew his sword, and thrusting his arm into his shield cried: "Queen of Beauty, who givest power and might to this feeble heart, now let thine eyes be turned upon thy slave, who stands upon the threshold of so great a peril."

His words were answered by the muleteers with a shower of stones, which he kept off as well as he could with his shield. At the noise of the fray the innkeeper came puffing up, and called upon the muleteers to desist. "The man is mad," said he, "as I told you before, and the law cannot touch him, though he should kill you all."

"Ha! art thou there, base and recreant knight?" shouted Don Quixote in a voice of thunder. "Is this thy hospitality to knights-errant? 'Tis well for thee that I have not yet received the order of knighthood, or I would have paid thee home for this outrage. As to you, base and sordid pack, I care not for you a straw. Come one, come all, and take the wages of your folly and presumption."

His tones were so threatening, and his aspect was so formidable, that he struck terror into the hearts of his assailants, who drew back, and left off throwing stones; and, after some further parley, he allowed them to carry off the wounded, and returned with unruffled dignity to his vigil of arms.

The landlord was now thoroughly tired of his guest's wild antics, and, resolving to make an end of the business, lest worse should come of it, he went up to Don Quixote, and asked pardon for the violence of that low-born rabble, who had acted, he said, without his knowledge, and had been properly chastised for their temerity. He added that the ceremony of conferring knighthood might be performed in any place, and that two hours sufficed for the vigil of arms, so that Don Quixote had fulfilled this part of his duty twice over, as he had now been watching for double that time.

All this was firmly believed by Don Quixote, and he requested that he might be made a knight without further delay; for if, he said, he were attacked again, after receiving the order of chivalry, he was determined not to leave a

soul alive in the castle, excepting those to whom he might show mercy at the governor's desire.

The landlord, whose anxiety was increased by this alarming threat, went and fetched a book in which he kept his accounts, and came back, attended by a boy who carried a stump of candle, and by the two damsels aforesaid. Then, bidding Don Quixote to kneel before him, he began to murmur words from his book, in the tone of one who was saying his prayers, and in the midst of his reading he raised his hand and gave Don Quixote a smart blow on the neck, and then taking the sword laid it gently on his shoulder, muttering all the time between his teeth with the same air of devotion. Then he directed one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with equal liveliness and discretion—and she had much need of the latter quality to prevent an explosion of laughter; however, the specimen which the new knight had just given of his prowess kept their merriment in check.

When his spurs had been buckled on by the other damsel the ceremony was completed, and after some further compliments Don Quixote saddled Rozinante and rode forth, a new-made knight, ready to astonish the world with feats of arms and chivalry. The innkeeper, who was glad to see the last of him, let him go without making any charge for what he had consumed.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE WINDMILLS

Chatting thus they reached the top of a rising ground, and saw before them thirty or forty windmills in the plain below; and as soon as Don Quixote set eyes on them he said to his squire: "Friend Sancho, we are in luck to-day! See, there stands a troop of monstrous giants, thirty or more, and with them I will forthwith do battle, and slay them every one. With their spoils we will lay the foundation of our fortune, as is the victor's right; moreover, it is doing heaven good service to sweep this generation of vipers from off the face of the earth."

"What giants do you mean?" asked Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered



UP: RIGHT, DON QUIXOTE AT REST. LEFT, DON QUIXOTE CHARGES DOWN THE HILL. BOTTOM: THE TWO ADVENTURERS, DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA, ON THE ROAD

his master, "with the long arms, which in such creatures are sometimes two leagues in length."

"What is your honor thinking of?" cried Sancho. "These are not giants, but windmills, and their arms, as you call them, are the sails, which, being driven by the wind, set the mill-stones going."

"T is plain," said Don Quixote, "that thou hast still much to learn in our school of adventures. I tell thee they are giants, and if thou art afraid, keep out of the way, and pass the time in prayer, while I am engaged with them in fierce and unequal battle."

Saying this, he set spurs to Rozinante, and turning a deaf ear to the cries of Sancho, who kept repeating that the supposed giants were nothing but windmills, he thundered across the plain, shouting at the top of his voice: "Fly not, ye cowardly loons, for it is only a single knight who is coming to attack you!"

Just at this moment there came a puff of wind, which set the sails in motion; seeing which Don Quixote cried: "Ay, swing your arms! If ye had more of them than Briareos himself, I would make you pay for it." Then, with a heartfelt appeal to his lady Dulcinea, he charged full gallop at the nearest mill, and pierced the descending sail with his lance. The weapon was shattered to pieces, and horse and rider,

caught by the sweep of the sail, were sent rolling with great violence across the plain.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried Sancho, who had followed as fast as his ass could trot, and found his master lying very still by the side of his steed. "Did I not warn your honor that these things were windmills, and not giants at all? Surely none could fail to see it, unless he had such another whirligig in his own pate!"

"Be silent, good Sancho!" replied Don Quixote, "and know that the things of war, beyond all others, are subject to continual mutation. Moreover, in the present case I think, nay, I am sure, that an alien power has been at work, even that wicked enchanter Friston, who carried off my books; he it is who has changed those giants into windmills, to rob me of the honor of their defeat. But in the end all his evil devices shall be baffled by my good sword."

"Heaven grant that it may be so!" said Sancho, assisting him to rise; and the knight then remounted Rozinante, whose shoulders were almost splayed by his fall, and turned his face towards the Puerto Lapice, a rugged mountain pass, through which ran the main road from Madrid to Andalusia; for such a place, he thought, could not fail to afford rich and varied matter for adventures.



HOW THE EUROPEAN COURTILERS DRESSED IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY



